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THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

AND

BOSTON REVIEW.

CONTAINING

SKETCHES AND REPORTS OF PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION, HISTORY, ARTS, AND MANNERS.

Omnes undique flosculos carpam atque delibem.

VOL. X.

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THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JANUARY, 1811.

ADDRESS OF THE EDITORS.

In addressing our readers at the commencement of a new year, it may be expected, either that we are about to minister to our own self complacency by reviewing our past labours, or to feed the hopes of our friends with generous promises for the future. At once to put an end to mere conjecture, we must observe that no other motive operates in the case, than that which is derived from precedent: we choose not at present to omit, what for so many years has been performed.

If we are asked what we have done to deserve the thanks and patronage of the publick, we are no doubt obliged to answer the question, and, as far as possible, to vindicate our claims to both. It is very certain, however, that we shall not make out our title to either, by fair professions of disinterested exertions in the cause of learning. The publick takes no cognizance of motives in matters of taste. A good-natured man may write originally for his own amusement, and afterwards print for the amusement of others. But if he chance to fail in the last attempt, which by the way it is rather more probable he will do than in the first; they who are as good-natured as himself, may yet think themselves entitled to a laugh; and a laugh carries with it more terrours to an author than all the frowns of the satirist. We are aware that we cannot persuade our readers to be grateful for any thing we present, unless they esteem it of positive value. And in consequence of their different sorts of taste, degrees of learning, and extent of intellectual capacity, their decisions will be various upon what we offer them. A censor of a severe and saturnine stamp will set down to the sum of graceless levity, what

another of a more cheerful cast will regard as the innocent recreation of literature. If a man's favourite opinions happen to be assailed, we must lay our account in meeting nothing less than the charge of ignorance or prejudice. Sensibility to the literary reputation of friends seems also to be a very prominent and not unamiable virtue among some, whose good opinions we should take no pains to alienate; and this adds one more to the catalogue of those difficulties not connected with the well or ill performance of our duties which we must sometimes contend with.

Since the readers of such a work as we wish the Anthology to be, must of necessity be not very numerous, the contrarieties of character and inclination, which we are often called on to gratify and regard, must sometimes occasion embarrassment, as well in our personal contributions, as in our selections for the work; and in our remarks on the works of others, since the adventurers for the meed of literary fame are few, and often personally known to us, an unwillingness to give offence is liable to check that boldness and freedom of criticism, which, however mortifying it may sometimes prove to individuals, is in the main a great publick good.

There are here no parties among literary and scientifick men; except political and religious parties, and such as spring merely from collisions among professional gentlemen. These parties, though they serve to sharpen the wits and raise the zeal of those who are engaged in them, do not necessarily promote the cause of learning; and they are sure to impair that of benevolence. We do not therefore voluntarily enlist in the service of any party; yet when we are either called in the way of defence, or impelled by a sense of duty, to become militant either in affairs of church or state, we do not shrink from the contest. We always lament the occasion, but cannot always refuse taking our share in resisting every species of bigotry and intolerance; especially in religion, where our highest interests are involved.

In countries where literature as such is as much a business as any profession or handicraft, and every caterer in letters knows what sort of guests he has to provide for, and how he can best gratify their tastes; with tolerable talents for his office, he is sure to derive a profit from his employment. Opposition strengthens his friends, and makes him more sedulous to please them; but the absence of it is indifference, fre-

quently a fatal indifference. Here, on the other hand, union is strength, and opposition, to be harmless, must also be solitary and scattered.

One of the greatest inconveniences we experience from month to month is that which arises from the want of an editor devoted to the work, whose literary reputation would be in a measure at stake. Hitherto the receipts of the Anthology have not enabled us to make such a provision. One of our number has voluntarily assumed the responsibility of seeing the work through the press; and when the materials have not been furnished to his hands, he has been obliged to make such hasty selections, in order to complete the requisite number of pages, as his leisure amidst professional engagements would permit. For this evil we have the prospect of a speedy remedy, and if our hopes are not disappointed, the Anthology will be placed under the peculiar care of a gentleman, whose learning, talents, and taste, will enable him to make it all that its friends can desire. Those who have hitherto contributed to it, will still continue their exertions; and will, we hope, acquire new energy from the recollection that they are writing in the cause of a friend. If this should take place, we shall, we trust, be able, *Paulo majora canere.*

In looking over the contents of the Anthology for the last year, we find fewer occasions than we could wish, for expressing our thanks to correspondents. But we recollect with grateful pleasure the entertainment we have received from the journal of a tour in Spain, from the philological disquisitions of a distant correspondent, and from the delicate verses of the author of *Myrtilla*, who had before favoured us with that amusing, and highly poetical ballad, *The Paint-King.*

We have only to subjoin our thanks to new subscribers, and those who continue to patronize the Anthology. Our aim is to afford them rational entertainment: when *they* are disappointed, *we* are mortified. If we cannot always provide for them what we wish, we had rather put before them a dry morsel, than any thing nauseous or disgusting. In this way, if we are sometimes obliged to offer for their acceptance, what is not the best in its kind, we shall always, we hope, avoid offering that which is positively bad. The work, however, must be of no inconsiderable value, as a general repository of elegant letters, and will not be condemned by generous criticks, because it is not always equally interesting.

FOR THE ANHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Continued from page 369, vol. ix.)

Lisbon, September 19.

On Tuesday we went on shore for the second time. Not being able to get back early enough to go on board, we determined to remain in town for the night, and trust to fortune for a lodging. We found it, however, a more difficult matter than we had supposed to procure one. The coffee-house, for so it was called, where we dined, was unable to furnish a hole to put our heads in. As for beds, I question much whether they ever had such an article of furniture in the house. Indeed we dined there only by compulsion; for we could discover in the course of our inquiries no other place which seemed to promise any thing eatable; that is to say, any thing which our stomachs could swallow. Here they gave us soup and bouillè. The soup appeared to be the scourings of the kettle. The second course was an omelet mixed with *tomates* and garlick, fried in such villainous oil that I was nearly poisoned. We had afterwards a cat that weighed eight pounds; the landlord said it was a fricaseed rabbit.

We were about to give up the idea of a resting place in despair, when it was resolved as a dernier resort to make trial of a low-lived-looking sort of a wine-house, decorated with the sign of General Washington, hung out, I suppose, as a lure for such unfortunate Americans as may chance to pass by, whose patriotism is of a sufficiently substantial nature to supply the deficiency of other food. Even this house, uninviting as it appeared, was filled with English officers, in a similar predicament with ourselves. Such a miserable want is there in this vast city of any thing like a hotel. Mine host, whose tongue bespoke him a German, though he called himself an American, told us that it was out of his power to furnish us with beds, the only two he possessed being already bespoken. All the apartments in the house, except the billiard room, were also occupied. After a good deal of deliberation he said that provided we would consent to sleep on the billiard table, he would endeavour to provide us a couple of mattresses. Finding that there would be no possibility of bettering ourselves, we e'en thought best to take up with his proposal.

It was with no little difficulty that he was enabled to fulfil his promise. He succeeded at last in procuring two mattresses, but of such an appearance, that, unless I had been exceedingly weary, I should infinitely have prefered sitting up all night to reposing on them. Mine possessed every variety of hill and dale. In some parts its thickness was about an inch, and the materials with which it was stuffed were of so solid a nature, that it seemed to be filled with potatoes. Compared to it, Damien's couch of steel was a *thrice driven bed of down*. I passed

> Such a miserable night,
> "That as I am a christian, faithful man,
> I would not spend another such a night,
> Though 'twere to buy a world of *easy* days."

My couch possessed an infinity of nooks and corners, where its inhabitants lay in ambush, and from whence they sallied out by thousands to attack whoever was rash enough to trespass on their territories. Never before was martyr so *flead*.

Yet this was but one of the miseries. The house was part of a convent of barefooted friars, and the chapel belonging to it was contiguous to our *bed-chamber*; the rooms over head being wholly occupied by the reverend brothers. Thus during my intervals of rest from the work of destruction and bloodshed in which I was occupied, my ears were most agreeably entertained by the sonorous musick of our neighbours, who were chanting without ceasing a moment the whole night. I suppose they were singing anthems on their deliverance from the French. A certain convocation of politick dogs, of which the number here is incredible, likewise assembled before the house. These animals belong to nobody, but they prowl in herds about the streets at night, annoying every body. They were probably attracted by the sweet sounds that issued from the convent, and accordingly planted themselves under our windows, where they did all in their power to render the serenade more musical. The softness of the concert was moreover increased by a company of cats, that were courting in an adjacent lobby, and saying tender things to each other in most vile Portuguese.

Through the assistance of an English gentlemen, who is one of the factory here, we have succeeded to our satisfaction in procuring lodgings, and are already established in our new

quarters. Our house, which consists of eleven stories, is one of the highest in Lisbon. It is built on the declivity of a hill, and looks on the south toward the Tagus. We are lodged in the upper story, and occupy a suite of six apartments, so that there is a view from the balconies and windows on each side the house, and most beautiful indeed is the prospect. To be sure, it is something of a labour to climb up so high, and would not be very pleasant in case of an earthquake.

Our hostess is an Irish lady who has lived here many years. One of her countrymen not long since became enamoured of her charms, and persuaded her, *nothing loth*, to enter into the matrimonial state. No sooner, however, had the false-hearted swain got possession of the only treasures he was in love with, than he made off without saying adieu to his bride, leaving her *to pine in secret*, in which melancholy condition she has since continued. Her figure is not very striking, nor is her face remarkably prepossessing; though among Portuguese women she will pass for handsome. She is moreover *somewhat declin'd into the vale of years*, and has an unfortunate cast in one of her eyes, which induced me the first time I saw her to imagine, while she was speaking to me, that she was looking out of the window. The other, like Polonius's, *purges* continually *thick amber and plumb-tree gum*. Yet, to counterbalance any want of personal charms, she is a good housewife, and withal very pious. We have that rare luxury here, clean rooms and good beds, to know the value of which, it is necessary to pass such a night as I did on the billiard table.

My landlady, as I intimated, is a zealous catholick, and the walls of our apartments are decorated accordingly, with a profusion of saints. At the head of my bed hangs a picture of *nossa senhora dos dolores*, (our lady of sorrows,) representing the Virgin Mary holding the head of Christ in her lap, while six long swords are sticking through her body. The subject of another is the miraculous removal of the holy house from Jerusalem to Loretto. The Virgin Mary is seen flying through the air with a two story house of red brick under her arm. His holiness the Pope is standing at the water side with his hands elevated in the act of catching it, accompanied by an elderly gentleman in a pea-green coat and tye-perriwig.

From morning till midnight a posse of beggars lay regular siege to the doors, which open immediately into the street, and if the waiter, (of whom there is seldom more than one,)

chances to turn his back, you will find in a twinkling two or three tatterdemalions at your elbow. Let you be sitting in the most distant part of the room, they will come without ceremony up to the table. It is by no means a very pleasant accompaniment to a breakfast to have these gentry shaking their rags in your face, independent of the risque you run of receiving a colony of the live stock which they generally carry about them. Never did I behold objects so horrible as some of the beggars here. It is indeed a most melancholy and disgusting sight to see such an immense assemblage of miserable wretches, made monstrous by nature and their own vices, as infest the streets.

Of this multitude, many rove about from place to place, while others have their fixed and regular stations. Here they remain crying out continually in the most doleful cadence, wearying you to death as you pass, with everlasting supplications for the love of God, the most holy Virgin *Maria santissima dos Dolores*, and St. Antonio. They most faithfully promise, if you will bestow your charity, to mention your name to *Nossa Senhora* in their prayers. Some of them practise artifices to excite compassion. A friend of mine told me that one of them fell down before him, as he was walking along the other day, pretending to be expiring through hunger, by which means he obtained a considerable present. He afterwards saw the fellow in another part of the town rehearse the same theatrical feat, though not so successfully as before. Many of the beggars whom you meet, are, according to the order of the day, decorated like the rest of their fellow citizens, with that patriotick badge, the Portuguese cockade. They are also strict observers of the national costume. They are wrapped up in cloaks, have their hair queued, and wear a *chapeau bras* of vast circumference. The politeness of these gentlemen to each other when they meet, is also a remarkable trait in their character. They take off their hats with the most courtly ceremony, bow down to the ground, embrace, and reciprocally present their snuff-boxes; which last is considered by a Portuguese as the highest mark of civility which one human being can pay to another. No one is ever so rude as to refuse taking a pinch.

The number of female mendicants is equally great. The multitude of both sexes is inconceivable. Many of the women are exceedingly well clad. You will often see them

with white muslin handkerchiefs on their heads, and the rest of their apparel comparatively neat. Those of this description do not so much annoy you. Their supplications are more silent, and of course frequently more effectual. This last sort of beggars I am told, do not belong to the regular established fraternity. Their appearance is comparatively very respectable, and they are by no means so insufferably troublesome as the others. Many among them are reduced servants, persons who have been thrown out of employment by the emigration of the court, or the invasion of the French. Their number is however lamentable. I was solicited the other evening by a whole family, a man, his wife, and five daughters, all of whom appeared to have been accustomed to better days.

There is another branch of begging here, in every respect as annoying as the first, and which is carried on with considerably more success; that is for souls in purgatory. The Portuguese consider that whatever they bestow for this object, is so much gained by themselves, as an account current is said to be kept, by which they receive credit when their own souls are in purgatory; and for every penny which they give for the souls of others, a certain deduction will be made from the period of their own durance. Self interest of course operates as a very powerful incentive to this species of charity; and this class of beggars is in a very flourishing condition. The employment is farmed out by different religious societies to certain individuals, who pay annually for their privilege a regular stipend, or sometimes a per centum, on the profits of the year. These persons post themselves in the neighbourhood of the church or convent in whose employ they are, and in their begging are quite as vociferous as the less successful members of the profession. These religious beggars frequently gain a very comfortable subsistance. Their solicitations are made, *pelo amor de Dios & pelas almas. For the love of God and suffering souls.* This class of charity is considered much the most meritorious, and those persons, whose limited means do not allow them to give much away, bestow all that they do give on the purchase of masses for the souls of such unfortunate wights as have died without leaving *sixpence to save themselves from the flames.* They think it is their duty, having little to give, to take especial care that this little should be applied to the

most useful purpose. Of how much less importance is it to save a fellow-creature from the trifling inconvenience of starvation in this world, than to rescue his soul from ages of fire and brimstone? Such convents as do not employ agents to beg for them have boxes at the doors with most piteous inscriptions, imploring the charitable for the love of all the saints in heaven, to drop a little money into them. In order more effectually to awaken compunction in the hard hearted and unfeeling, divers views taken from the regions of purgatory are painted on the boxes in the most fiery colours. These miserable wretches are seen in all the agonies which hell flames can communicate, lifting up their imploring eyes in anguish and indignation to those of their relatives and friends who are so stingy and niggardly, that they will suffer their souls to remain in these abodes of torment, sooner than put a few farthings into the box. How any one can be so unfeeling as to grudge a little money to secure a tolerable reception for an acquaintance in the other world, or to allow a neighbor's soul to continue in torture when these pictures salute his eyes, I cannot for my part possibly conceive. Every thing in this country is done for the love of God and for souls. The convents send out the fruits, which their gardens produce to be sold, in order, as they say, to perform masses with the money, though the proceeds of their sales are generally appropriated in a much more substantial manner. The fruit, which is most usually grapes or figs, is hawked by little boys about the streets, vociferating with all their might, *uvas pelas almas! figos pelas almas! grapes for the souls! figs for the souls!* and intreating all good christians to buy some of their cargo. They are by far the most successful traders in Lisbon, and very speedily dispose of their load, as a Portuguese will much more readily purchase of them than of the *lay* fruit sellers. He thinks it is in a certain degree cheating the Devil; and it is also, as it were, killing two birds with one stone, as he fills his belly and stands an additional chance of saving his soul. Cigars *for the souls*, made by nuns, are likewise cried through the town by little bandy-legged urchins, who run about with lighted oakum.

SEPTEMBER 24.

The Portuguese are great lovers of bell-ringing. Immediately opposite to our lodgings is a convent of Franciscans

which to those who are partial to this sort of musick is another strong recommendation. As for myself, I must confess that I am so much of a heretick as not to be remarkably fond of it. However agreeable the sound may be to the people here, it is to me an insufferable annoyance. At first I supposed it to proceed from the present occasion of rejoicing, and comforted myself that it would soon be over. But alas! I have been miserably mistaken. All days I find are alike. The noise never ceases. The discord is everlasting. From dawn till midnight, and indeed all night, there is an eternal ding dong of great bells and small. We can sometimes scarcely hear one another speak. Of all the monks in Lisbon our neighbours are most particularly attached to the amusement. It appears to be their only employment. It is the first sound which salutes my ears when I wake, and the last which rings in my ears at night. Twenty times an hour I wish the monks and the bells at the Devil. By the way, it is well understood that Satan is afraid of bells, or at least that he has a singular antipathy to the sound. Indeed, in this respect, I much approve the taste of his infernal majesty, in which I have the honour most fully to coincide. This I believe is one reason of the incessant ringing, for so long as he hears the sound, it is supposed that he will fear to approach. By this means they are always enabled to defy the Devil, and keep him at bay.

It is utterly impossible for one who has not been here to have an adequate idea of the filth of this city. Such things as pipes and common sewers are unknown. The streets are the receptacle of every species of uncleanliness and corruption, and there can be no greater proof of the excellence of the climate than the absence of a perpetual plague. In order that the balconies in rainy weather may be preserved against the wet, the spouts for conveying water from the roofs of the houses are made to project very far into the street. Here the water lies stagnant in the middle of the street, and mixing with the heaps of accumulated filth forms puddles, that are frequently impossible to pass, and which continue until dried by the sun, or swept away by the wind. It consequently requires no small share of skill and knowledge of geography in walking the streets to avoid foundering in some of these bogs, or running foul of a dunghill, especially in those narrow streets where the dirt is never washed away by the rain. In many of those which are most frequented, there is only a narrow path

winding near the sides of the way, where there is any possibility of walking. It may easily be conceived how agreeable it must be between such a Scylla and Charibdis to encounter carriages, carts, horses and mules, and to jostle with a multitude of people all equally anxious with yourself to avoid being thrust against one of the neighbouring mountains of dung. With the utmost care you can seldom escape being splashed and bespattered from top to toe. When there is no moon, the streets at night are in a state of Egyptian darkness. The lamps are never lighted. The city is illuminated only by the dim tapers which are placed here and there at long and unequal intervals before the image of some saint. The feeble rays which they emit serve only to heighten the surrounding gloom, and to make the *darkness visible*. The city is badly paved with small sharp stones that cut your feet, and the streets are so steep that many of them you are actually obliged to climb up. These circumstances render walking at noon day exceedingly disagreeable, but when added to the obscurity of the night, and the facility which is thereby afforded to the perpetration of murder, you cannot walk abroad at unseasonable hours without danger.

Lisbon has ever been infamous for the frequency of assassinations, and for the boldness of its assassins; and there is perhaps no city in Europe, where deeds of darkness can be committed with such impunity. But at the present moment these perils are infinitely increased. Not a night passes but we hear of a dozen murders: of French centinels who have been stabbed by parties of the populace, and of numbers of the latter who have been killed in retaliation by the French soldiers. Only two evenings since there were three murders before my door. Walking at night is thus rendered unsafe as well as highly disagreeable. You are also, if you would go any considerable distance, under the necessity of passing through a French camp, which is by no means a pleasant affair. I have several times found myself among them before I was aware of the circumstance, and have only been apprised of my proximity by the hoarse voice of the centinel, exclaiming *Qui vive? Ne boutez la*, and not seldom by finding his bayonet at my breast. The frequency of assassination was, however, always such as to render it perilous to walk alone at night. In the most peaceable times, every night was marked by bloodshed. The most audacious robberies were constantly com-

mitted; and robbery was ever accompanied by murder. The punishment of death was very seldom inflicted for the offence, no severer sentence being passed on the culprit than transportation to Angola, or the Indies. To this cause must be attributed the frequency of the crime. To such a pitch of boldness had they risen that murders were often committed even at noon-day. The inhabitants, instead of endeavouring to arrest the criminal in his flight, by a kind of infatuation seem willing and eager by every means in their power to facilitate his escape. They exclaim when they see him pursued *Coutadinho! alas, poor fellow*, and do whatever they are able to assist him in his flight. The usual price of a bravo is not more than a moidore, and should he be discovered in the execution of his villainy, he has only to take refuge in a convent. In the sanctuary he is safe.

(To be continued.)

SILVA, No. 71.

* * Tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.

MONTESQUIEU

In chap. 13eme De l'Esprit des Lois, with his usual brevity and acuteness expresses in a short metaphor his idea of the nature of a despotick government.

Quand les Sauvages de la Louisiane veulent avoir du fruit, ils coupent l'arbre au piè et ceuillent le fruit. Voilà le Gouvernement despotique. A sentiment worthy of the free spirit of Demosthenes, and an image worthy of the genius of Homer. These few words are the whole chapter.

BEZA.

The celebrated Theodore Beza during his life, married three wives. This fact has been commemorated in the following lines.

Uxores ego tres vario sum tempore nactus,
Cum juvenis, tum vir factus, et inde senex,
Propter OPUS prima est validis mihi juncta sub annis,
Altera propter OPES, altera propter OPEM.

The force is lost by translation.

FRANCIS I.

Of all the monarchs who have filled the French throne, there was never a more fickle one than Francis. Among the many curious stories related by Jortin, there is one which illustrates this trait in his character very fully. Castellanus in his funeral sermon on this monarch, who was his good patron, declared his hope that he had gone directly to Paradise. This gave great offence to the Sorbonne, which sent deputies to complain of it at court. But they were coldly received: and Mendoza, the king's steward, told them that he knew his old master's temper better than they; that he never could endure to remain long in any place; and that if he went into Purgatory he only stopped there just to take a gill of wine, or so.

THE THUMBS.

Among the Romans it was a sign of approbation to turn the thumbs downward,

Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum. Hor.

But of displeasure and disgust to raise them and turn them out.

——— converso pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter. Juv.

LUTHER

Was born at Isleben, in the county of Mansfield, on the tenth day of November, 1483. His name in his native language was Lutter, which afforded some one of his numerous adversaries a subject for the following lines, more remarkable for their scurrility than their wit.

Germanis *Lutter* scurra est, est Latro Bohemis.
Ergo quid est *Lutter?* scurra latroque simul.

SMALL TOWNS

Are said by Sorbiere to be liable to the following plagues; a lawyer with great knowledge, great sophistry, and no judgment; an eminent physician with little skill or conduct; a preacher without conscience; a quarrelsome knight at arms; a politician without principles; and a man of letters who eternally dogmatizes.

JOHN LILBURN

WAS one of the presbyterians and rebels in the time of Charles the First. He was so notorious for his quarrelsome disposition, that Judge Jenkins said to him, "That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John and John with Lilburn." This trait in his character, and probably this observation, gave occasion for the following lines at his death:

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
Farewel to both, to Lilburn and to John.
Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
Let them not both in one grave buried be:
Lay John *here*, and Lilburn *thereabout*,
For if they both should meet they would fall out.

MARTIAL.

THE following is an unacknowledged translation from Martial. I forget the author:

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell."

This method of making the first and third line rhyme to the second, is not unpleasant. It gives an air of compactness. Martial writes

"Non amo te Sabidi—non possum dicere quare
Hoc possum tantum dicere—non amo te."

The epigram has little merit. The capricious dislike of no man is worth recording. The translation is better than the original; for in the latter, "hoc possum tantum dicere," which constitutes one fourth of the epigram, is mere verbosity.

SACERDOTES POST MORTEM.

IT was not uncommon in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, for the higher class of society, however dissolutely they might have lived, to be buried in the habit of monks. Baldus, in the year 1400, Christophorus Longolius, in 1522, and Agricola, in 1485, were buried in the habit of a Cordelier. Petrarch, in 1374, and the Duke of Parma, in 1592, were buried as they had desired, in the robes of a monk. Marot, in one of his poems, ridicules Albertus Pius, 'who,' says he, 'turned monk after he was dead.' Jortin, in noticing this circumstance, observes, "This calls to mind a story, which I have

seen somewhere. A certain prince, who had led a very wicked life, was carried to his grave in the humble disguise of a monk. A woman, whose husband he had murdered, seeing the masquerade go by, cried to him, Ah you dog! you think you are finely concealed under that habit; but Jesus Christ will find you out!

GAMING.

"I FORESEE," said Montesquieu to a friend visiting him at La Brede, "I foresee that gaming will one day be the ruin of Europe. During play, the body is in a state of indolence, and the mind in a state of vicious activity."

LEO X.

ON the elevation of Leo X. to the papal throne, triumphal arches, and statues, and mottoes were arranged in the streets, through which he was to pass, in order to take possession of the Lateran see. Agostino Chisi, a rich merchant, adopted on this occasion an inscription, which refers with some degree of freedom to the preceding pontificates of Alexander VI. and Julius II.

Olim habuit Cypris sua tempora; tempora Mavors
Olim habuit, nunc sua tempora Pallas habet.

"Once Venus rul'd, next Mars usurp'd the throne;
"Now Pallas calls these favour'd seats her own."

This device was no sooner exhibited, than Antonio da S. Marino, a goldsmith, who lived near him, displayed an elegant statue of Venus, under which he inscribed in allusion to the former lines:

Mars fuit; est Pallas; Cypria semper ero.

"Once Mars prevail'd; now Pallas reigns;
"But Venus yet her power retains."

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CRIMINAL LAW OF ENGLAND.

THE following Observations contain the substance of a Speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 9th Feb. 1810, on *moving for leave to bring in bills to repeal* the Acts of 10 and 11 Will. III. 12 Ann. and 24 Geo. II.; which make the crimes of stealing privately in a shop, goods of the value of five shillings; or in a dwelling-house, or on board a vessel in a navigable river, property of the value of forty shillings; capital felonies. Some arguments are added, which on that occasion were suppressed, that the patience of the House might not be put to too severe a

trial. Inaccuracies of style might have been corrected, if the Author's occupations would have allowed of his rendering this pamphlet as little unworthy of being offered to the publick, as he could have wished: but to be useful, it was necessary that this publication should appear before the fate of the bills, which are now depending in parliament, was decided; and his only object in publishing it is, that it may be useful.

THERE is probably no other country in the world in which so many and so great a variety of human actions are punishable with loss of life as in England. These sanguinary statutes, however, are not carried into execution. For some time past the sentence of death has not been executed on more than a *sixth part* of all the persons on whom it has been pronounced; even taking into the calculation crimes the *most atrocious* and the most dangerous to society; murders, rapes, burning of houses, coining, forgeries, and attempts to commit murder.—If we exclude *these* from our consideration, we shall find that the proportion which the number executed bears to those convicted is, perhaps, as *one to twenty*:—and if we proceed still further, and, (laying out of the account burglaries, highway robberies, horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, and returning from transportation), confine our observations to those larcenies, unaccompanied with any circumstance of aggravation, for which a capital punishment is appointed by law, (such as stealing privately in shops, and stealing in dwelling-houses and on board ships, property of the value mentioned in the statutes,) we shall find the proportion of those executed reduced *very far indeed below that even of one to twenty*.

This mode of administering justice is supposed by some persons to be a regular, matured, and well-digested system.—They imagine, that the state of things which we see existing, is exactly that which was originally intended; that laws have been enacted which were never meant to be regularly enforced; but were to stand as objects of terror in our statute-book, and to be called into action only occasionally, and under extraordinary circumstances, at the discretion of the judges.—Such being supposed to be our criminal system, it is not surprising that there should have been found ingenious men to defend and to applaud it.—Nothing, however, can be more erroneous than this notion. Whether the practice which now prevails be right or wrong, whether beneficial or injurious to the community; it is certain that it is the effect not of design; but of that change which has slowly taken place in the man-

ners and character of the nation, which are now so repugnant to the spirit of these laws, that it has become impossible to carry them into execution.

There probably never was a law made in this country which the legislature that passed it *did not intend should be strictly enforced.*—Even the Act of Queen Elizabeth, which made it a capital offence for any person above the age of fourteen to be found associating for a month with persons calling themselves Egyptians, (the most barbarous statute, perhaps, that ever disgraced our criminal code,) was executed down to the reign of King Charles the first; and Lord Hale mentions 13 persons having in his time been executed upon it at one assizes. It is only in modern times that this relaxation of the law has taken place; and only in the course of the present reign that it has taken place to a considerable degree.—If we look back to remote times, there is reason to believe that the laws were *very rigidly executed.* The materials, indeed, from which we can form any judgment on this subject, are extremely scanty; for in this, as in other countries, historians, occupied with recording the actions of princes, the events of wars, and the negotiations of treaties; have seldom deigned to notice those facts from which can be best collected the state of morals of the people, and the degree of happiness which a nation has at any particular period enjoyed.—Sir John Fortescue, the chief justice, and afterwards the chancellor of Henry VI., in a very curious tract on absolute and limited monarchy, in which he draws a comparison between England and France; says, that at that time more persons were executed in England for robberies in one year than in all France in seven.—In the long and sanguinary reign of Henry VIII. it is stated by Hollinshed that 72,000 persons died by the hands of the executioner; which is at the rate of 2,000 in every year.—In the time of Queen Elizabeth, there appears to have been a great relaxation of the penal laws; but not on the part of the crown; and Sir Nicholas Bacon, the lord keeper, in an earnest complaint which he makes to parliament on the subject, says, "it remains to see in whose default this is;" and he adds, "certain it is, that her Majesty leaveth nothing undone meet for her to do for the execution of laws;" and it is related, that in the course of her reign 400 persons were upon an average executed in a year.

These statements, however, it must be admitted, are extremely vague and uncertain;—and it is not till about the middle of the last century that we have any accurate information which can enable us to compare the number capitally convicted with the number executed.—Sir Stephen Theodore Janssen, who was chamberlain of London, preserved tables of the convicts at the Old Bailey and of the executions. These tables have been published by Mr. Howard, and they extend from 1749 to 1772. From them it appears that in 1749, the whole number convicted capitally in London and Middlesex was 61, and the number executed 44; being above two-thirds. In 1750 there were convicted 84, and executed 56; exactly two-thirds. In 1751, convicted 85, executed 63; about three-fourths. In the seven years which elapsed, from 1749 to 1756 inclusive, there were convicted 428, executed 306: rather less than three-fourths. From 1756 to 1764, of 236 convicted, 139 were executed; being much more than half. From 1764 to 1772, 457 were convicted, and of these 233 were executed; a little more than half.—From this period to 1802 there has not been published any accurate statement on this subject.—But from 1802 to 1808 inclusive, there have been printed, under the direction of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, regular tables of the number of persons convicted capitally; and of those on whom the law has been executed; and from these we find, that in London and Middlesex, the numbers are as follows;

	Convicted.	Executed.	
In 1802 . . .	97 . . .	10	about 1-10th
1803 . . .	81 . . .	9	—— 1-9th
1804 . . .	66 . . .	8	about 1-9th
1805 . . .	63 . . .	10	about 1-6th
1806 . . .	60 . . .	13	about 1-5th
1807 . . .	74 . . .	14	about 1-5th
1808 . . .	87 . . .	3	—— 1-29th
Total . .	528	67	rather more than 1-8th

It appears, therefore, that at the commencement of the present reign, the number of convicts executed, exceeded the number of those who were pardoned;—but that at the present time, the number pardoned very far exceeds the number of those who are executed.—This lenity I am very far from censuring; on the contrary, I applaud the wisdom as well as

the humanity of it. If the law were unremittingly executed, the evil would be still greater; and many more offenders would escape with full impunity: much fewer persons would be found to prosecute, witnesses would more frequently withhold the truth which they are sworn to speak, and juries would oftener in violation of their oaths acquit those who were manifestly guilty.—But a stronger proof can hardly be required than this comparison affords, that the present method of administering the law is not, as has been by some imagined, a system maturely formed and regularly established; but that it is a practice which has gradually prevailed, as the laws have become less adapted to the state of society in which we live.

There is no instance in which this alteration in the mode of administering the law has been more remarkable, than in those of privately stealing in a shop or stable, goods of the value of five shillings; which is made punishable with death by the statute of 10 and 11 William III.; and of stealing in a dwelling-house property of the value of forty shillings, for which the same punishment is appointed by the statute of 12 Ann; and which statutes it is now proposed to repeal.—The exact numbers cannot, from any thing that has hitherto been published, be correctly ascertained; but from Sir Stephen T. Janssen's tables it appears, that (after laying out of the calculation the numbers convicted of murder, burglary, highway robbery, forgery, coining, returning from transportation, and fraudulent bankruptcies,) there remain convicted at the Old Bailey of shop-lifting and other offences of the same nature, in the period from 1749 to 1771, 240 persons; and of those no less than 109 were executed.

What has been the number of persons convicted of those offences within the last seven years does not appear;—but from the tables published under the authority of the Secretary of State, we find that within that period there were committed to Newgate for trial, charged with the crime of *stealing in dwelling-houses*, 599 men and 414 women; and charged with the crime of *shop-lifting*, 506 men and 353 women; in all 1,872 persons; and of these *only one was executed.*

In how many instances such crimes have been committed, and the persons robbed have not proceeded so far against the offenders as even to have them committed to prison: how many of the 1,872 thus committed were discharged, because those who had suffered by their crimes would not appear to

give evidence upon their trial: in how many cases the witnesses who did appear withheld the evidence that they could have given: and how numerous were the instances in which juries found a compassionate verdict, in direct contradiction to the plain facts clearly established before them;—we do not know; but that these evils must all have existed to a considerable degree, no man can doubt.

Notwithstanding these facts, however, and whether this mode of administering justice be the result of design or of accident; there are many persons who conceive that it is upon the whole wise and beneficial to the community.—It cannot, therefore, but be useful to examine the arguments by which it is defended. Discussions on such subjects are always productive of good. They either lead to important improvements of the law, or they afford additional reasons for being satisfied with what is already established.

It is *alleged by those who approve of the present practice*, that the actions which fall under the cognizance of human laws are so varied by the circumstances which attend them; that if the punishment appointed by the law were invariably inflicted for the same species of crime, it must be too severe for the offence, with the extenuating circumstances which in some instances attend it; and it must in others fall far short of the moral guilt of the crime, with its accompanying aggravations:—that the only remedy for this, the only way in which it can be provided that the guilt and the punishment shall in all cases be commensurate, is to announce death as the appointed punishment; and to leave a wide discretion in the judge of relaxing that severity, and substituting a milder sentence in its place.

If this be a just view of the subject, it would render the system more perfect, if in no case specifick punishments were *enacted;* but it were always left to the *judge*, (after the guilt of the criminal had been ascertained,) to fix the punishment which he should suffer, from the severest allowed by our law to the slightest penalty which it knows:—and yet what Englishman would not be alarmed at the idea of living under a law which was thus uncertain and unknown; and of being continually exposed to the arbitrary severity of a magistrate? All men would be shocked at a law which should declare that the offences of stealing in shops or dwelling-houses, or on board ships, property of the different values mentioned in the seve-

ral statutes, should in general be punished with transportation; but that the King and his judges should have the power, under circumstances of great aggravation, (respecting which they should be the sole arbiters,) to order that the offender should suffer death;—yet such is in practice the law of England.

In some respects, however, it would be far better that this ample and awful discretion should be formally vested in the judges; than that the present practice should obtain; for it would then be executed under a degree of responsibility which does not now belong to it. If a man were found guilty of having pilfered in a dwelling-house, property worth forty shillings, or in a shop that which was of the value only of five shillings, with no one circumstance whatever of aggravation; what judge whom the constitution had intrusted with an absolute discretion, and had left answerable only to publick opinion for the exercise of it; would venture for such a transgression to inflict the punishment of death:—but if in such a case, the law having fixed the punishment, the judge merely suffers that law to take its course, and does not interpose to snatch the miserable victim from his fate; who has a right to complain?—A discretion to fix the doom of every convict, expressly given to the judges, would in all cases be most anxiously and scrupulously exercised; but appoint the punishment by law, and give the judge the power of remitting it, the case immediately assumes a very different complexion. A man is convicted of one of those larcenies made capital by law, and is besides a person of very bad character. It is not to such a man that mercy is to be extended; and, the sentence of the law denouncing death, a remission of it must be called by the name of mercy; the man, therefore, is hanged; but in truth it is not for his crime that he suffers death, but for the badness of his reputation.—Another man is suspected of a murder, of which there is not legal evidence to convict him; there is proof, however, of his having committed a larceny to the amount of forty shillings in a dwelling-house; and of that he is convicted. He, too, is not thought a fit object of clemency, and he is hanged; not for the crime of which he has been convicted, but for that of which he is only suspected.—A third upon his trial for a capital larceny attempts to establish his innocence by witnesses whom the jury disbelieve; and he is left for execution, because he has greatly enhanced his guilt

by the subornation of perjured witnesses. In truth, he suffers death, not for felony, but for subornation of perjury; although that be not the legal punishment of this offence.

If so large a discretion as this can safely be intrusted to any magistrates, the legislature ought at least to lay down some general rules to direct or assist them in the exercise of it; that there might be, if not a perfect uniformity in the administration of justice, yet the same spirit always prevailing, and the same maxims always kept in view; and that the law, as it is executed, not being to be found in any written code, might at least be collected with some degree of certainty from an attentive observation of the actual execution of it.—If this be not done, if every judge be left to follow the light of his own understanding; and to act upon the principles and the system which he has derived partly from his own observation, and his reading, and partly from his natural temper and his early impressions; the law, invariable only in theory, must in practice be continually shifting with the temper, and habits, and opinions of those by whom it is administered.—No man can have frequently attended our criminal courts, and have been an attentive observer of what was passing there, without having been deeply impressed with the great anxiety which the judges feel to discharge most faithfully their important duties to the publick. Their perfect impartiality, their earnest desire in every case to prevent a failure of justice, to punish guilt, and to protect innocence, and the total absence with them of all distinctions between the rich and the poor, the powerful and the unprotected; are matters upon which all men are agreed. In these particulars the judges are all actuated by one spirit, and the practice of all of them is uniform.—But in seeking to attain the same object, they frequently do, and of necessity must, from the variety of opinions which must be found in different men, pursue very different courses. The same benevolence and humanity, understood in a more confined or a more enlarged sense, will determine one judge to pardon and another to punish.—It has often happened, it necessarily must have happened, that the very same circumstance which is considered by one judge as matter of extenuation, is deemed by another a high aggravation of the crime. The former good character of the delinquent, his having come into a country in which he was a stranger to commit the offence, the frequency or the novelty of the crime; are all circumstances which have

been upon some occasions considered by different judges in those opposite lights: and it is not merely the particular circumstances attending the crime, it is the crime itself, which different judges sometimes consider in quite different points of view.

Not a great many years ago, upon the Norfolk circuit, a larceny was committed by two men in a poultry yard; but only one of them was apprehended; the other, having escaped into a distant part of the country, had eluded all pursuit. At the next assizes the apprehended thief was tried and convicted; but Lord Loughborough, before whom he was tried, thinking the offence a very slight one, sentenced him only to a few months imprisonment.—The news of this sentence having reached the accomplice in his retreat, he immediately returned; and surrendered himself to take his trial at the next assizes. The next assizes came; but, unfortunately for the prisoner, it was a different judge who presided; and still more unfortunately, Mr. Justice Gould, (who happened to be the judge, though of a very mild and indulgent disposition,) had observed, or thought he had observed, that men who set out with stealing fowls, generally end by committing the most atrocious crimes; and building a sort of system upon this observation, had made it a rule to punish this offence with very great severity; and he accordingly, to the great astonishment of this unhappy man, sentenced him to be transported.—While one was taking his departure for Botany Bay, the term of the other's imprisonment had expired; and what must have been the notions which that little publick, who witnessed and compared these two examples, formed of our system of criminal jurisprudence?

In this uncertain administration of justice, not only different judges act upon different principles; but the same judge, under the same circumstances, acts differently at different times. It has been observed, that in the exercise of this judical discretion, judges, soon after their promotion, are generally inclined to great lenity; and that their practical principles alter, or, as it is commonly expressed, they become more severe, as they become more habituated to investigate the details of human misery and human depravity.

Let us only reflect how all these fluctuations of opinion and variations in practice must operate upon that portion of mankind, who are rendered obedient to the law only by the terrour

of punishment.—After giving full weight to all the chances of complete impunity which they can suggest to their minds; they have besides to calculate upon the probabilities which there are, after conviction, of their escaping a severe punishment; to speculate upon what judge will go the circuit; and upon the prospect of its being one of those who have been recently elevated to the bench. As it has been truly observed, that most men are apt to confide in their supposed good fortune, and to miscalculate as to the number of prizes which there are in the lottery of life; so are those dissolute and thoughtless men, whose evil dispositions penal laws are most necessary to repress, much too prone to deceive themselves in their speculations upon what I am afraid they accustom themselves to consider as the lottery of justice.

Let it at the same time be remembered, that it is universally agreed, that the certainty of punishment is much more efficacious than any severity of example for the prevention of crimes. Indeed this is so evident, that if it were possible that punishment, as the consequence of guilt, could be reduced to an absolute certainty; a very slight penalty would be sufficient to prevent almost every species of crime, except those which arise from sudden gusts of ungovernable passion.—If the restoration of the property stolen, and only a few weeks, or even a few days imprisonment, were the unavoidable consequence of theft; no theft would ever be committed. No man would steal what he was sure that he could not keep; no man would, by a voluntary act, deprive himself of his liberty, though but for a few days.—It is the desire of a supposed good which is the incentive to every crime: no crime, therefore, could exist, if it were infallibly certain that not good, but evil must follow, as an unavoidable consequence to the person who committed it.—This absolute certainty, however, is unattainable, where facts are to be ascertained by human testimony, and questions are to be decided by human judgments. All that can be done is, by a vigilant police, by rational rules of evidence, by clear laws, and by punishments proportioned to the guilt of the offender; to approach as nearly to that certainty as human imperfection will admit.

There is *another* point of view in which this matter may be considered; and which will make it evident that it would be more expedient that the judges should have the power vested in them by law, of appointing the punishment of every of-

fence after it had been established with all its circumstances in proof, and of proportioning the particular nature and degree of the punishment to those circumstances; than that, (for such offences as I am speaking of,) so severe a punishment should be fixed by law, with a power left in the judges according to circumstances, to relax it.—In the former case it is highly probable that the discretion would in practice be exercised by none but the judges; that is, by magistrates accustomed to judicial investigations, fully aware of the importance of the duties which they are called on to discharge; and who from the eminence of their stations, are, and cannot but be sensible, that they are under a very great degree of responsibility to the publick.—According to the practice which now prevails, this most important discretion is constantly assumed by persons to whom the constitution has not intrusted it; and to whom it certainly cannot with the same safety be intrusted; by prosecutors, by juries, and by witnesses. Though for those thefts which are made capital by law, death is seldom in practice inflicted; yet (as it is the legal appointed punishment,) prosecutors, witnesses, and juries, consider death as that which, if it will not with certainty, yet possibly may be the consequence, of the several parts which they have to act in the judicial proceeding: and they act their parts accordingly, though they never can, in this indirect way, take upon themselves to prevent the execution of the law, without abandoning their duty; and in the case of jurymen and witnesses, without a violation of their oaths.

There is still *another* view which may be taken of this subject; and which is perhaps more important than those which have been already considered. The sole object of human punishments, it is admitted, is the prevention of crimes; and to this end, they operate principally by the terrour of example.—In the present system, however, the benefit of example is entirely lost; for the real cause of the convict's execution is not declared in his sentence; nor is it in any other mode published to the world. A man is publickly put to death. All that is told to the spectators of this tragedy, and to that part of the publick who hear or who read of it, is, that he stole a sheep, or five shillings worth of goods privately in a shop, or that he pilfered to the value of forty shillings from his employer in a dwelling-house; and they are left in total ignorance that the criminal produced upon his trial perjured witnesses to prove

an alibi, or some other defence; and that it is for that aggravation of his crime that he suffers death. The example cannot operate to prevent subornation of witnesses to establish a false defence; for it is not known to any but those who were present at the trial, that such was the offender's crime;—neither can it operate to prevent sheep-stealing, or privately stealing in a shop, or larceny in a dwelling-house, because it is notorious that these are offences for which, if attended with no aggravating circumstances, death is not in practice inflicted.—Nothing more is learned from the execution of the sentence, than that a man has lost his life because he has done that which by a law not generally executed, is made capital; and because some unknown circumstance or other existed, either in the crime itself or in the past life of the criminal, which in the opinion of the judge who tried him, rendered him a fit subject to be singled out for punishment.—Surely if this system is to be persevered in, the judge should be required in a formal sentence to declare why death is inflicted; that the sufferings and the privations of the individual might be rendered useful to society in deterring others from acting as he has done, and drawing on themselves a similar doom. The judge would undoubtedly be required to do this, if the discretion which he exercises in point of fact, were expressly confided to him by law. But unfortunately, as the law stands, he is supposed not to select for capital punishment; but to determine to whom mercy shall be extended; (although these objects of mercy, as compared with those who suffer, are in the proportion of six to one). Were recorded reasons to be required of the judge, it will be said, they must be his reasons for extending mercy, which is *his* act; not his reasons for inflicting punishment, which is the act of the *law*:—and additional proof of the mischief which results from leaving the theory and the practice of the law so much at variance.

In truth, where the law which is executed is different from that which is to be found in the written statutes, great care should be taken to make the law which is executed known; because it is that law alone which can operate to the prevention of crimes.—An unexecuted law can no more have that effect, than the law of a foreign country; and the only mode that can be adopted for making known the law which is executed, is that of stating in a written sentence the circumstances which have rendered the crime capital. Such written sen-

tences, like the reported decisions upon the common law, would stand in the place of statutes.—It must, however, be admitted, that it would be still more desirable, that instead of having recourse to such substitutes, the law should be embodied in written statutes.

Another consequence of the present system is, that it deprives juries of the most important of their functions; that of deciding upon facts on which the lives of their fellow-subjects are to depend.—The circumstance of aggravation, whatever it be, for which the judge inflicts the punishment of death, in reality constitutes the crime for which he suffers. If, for example, the judges made it an invariable rule to leave for execution every man convicted of highway-robbery, who had struck or done any injury to the person of the party robbed; and to inflict only the punishment of transportation, for robbery unattended with such violence; the effect would be the same as if the crimes of mere robbery, and of robbery with violence offered to the person, (so distinct in themselves,) were distinguished by written laws; and were made punishable, the one with death, and the other with transportation.—The effect would be the same with respect to the punishments; but by no means the same with respect to the mode of trial. Because if the law had considered them as distinct offences, it would be the province of the *jury* to decide whether the circumstance of aggravation, which altered the nature and description of the crime, did or did not exist; whereas in the present system, it is the *judge* alone on whom that important office is devolved.—The fact of violence may in his opinion be established; though the jury may have withheld all credit from the witness who swore it. That fact has probably not been investigated with the same accuracy as the other parts of the case; because it is to constitute no part of the finding of the jury. It is in truth altogether immaterial to the verdict which they have to pronounce; which is merely whether the prisoner be guilty or not guilty of the robbery.—The same observation may be made upon every other circumstance of aggravation which decides the fate of convicted criminals; the judge necessarily acts upon his own opinion of the evidence by which these circumstances are supported; and he sometimes proceeds upon evidence not given in open court, or under the sanction of an oath.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AMATEURS.

AN ODE.

When Festin*, heavenly swain, was young,
When first attuned his viol rung,
And the soft oboe's melting trill
Confess'd the magick master's skill;
Beneath his opening windows round
The admiring rabble caught the sound,
And oft at early morn, the throng
Besieg'd the house to hear his song.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
With one consent they brought around
Dire instruments of hellish sound,
And each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would try his own sky-rending power.

First in the ranks his skill to try
A stout and sturdy clown was there;
A deaf'ning hautboy, crack'd and dry,
Brayed harsh discordance on the air.
With breath retained, and laboured grin,
Rapt by his own tremendous din,
With blood suspended in his face,
And paws that could not find their place;
The champion played: while every peal confess'd,
How strong the throes that heaved his massy chest.

Next came a brawny nurse, but six feet high,
With leathern lungs and throat of brass supplied;
Striving with "Chevy Chase," and "Lullaby,"
To drown the screeching infant at her side.
And ever and anon the babe she seized,
And squeezed and sung, and sung and squeezed,
Although sometimes, each dreary pause between,
The strangled infants' piercing shrieks,
And writhing limbs, and black'ning cheeks,
Full well confest the secret pin,
That keenly goaded him within—
Yet closer squeezed the nurse, and louder was her din.

* Mr. John Festin, a musick master, was the intended hero in Hogarth's celebrated piece, "The Enraged Musician."

A wheezing sawyer, standing by,
Industriously was sawing wood;
Though dull his saw, his throat though dry,
Awhile he used them as he could.
At length, grown tired of toil in vain,
The wretch resolved to change his strain;
With fell intent defying nature's law,
He paused, and held his breath—to whet his saw.—
With eyes half closed, and rolled to heaven;
And starting teeth from sockets driven,
And clenching jaws convulsed in ghastly smile,
Across the wiry edge he drew the shrieking file.

A boy came next, loud whooping to the gale,
And on his truant shoulders bore a pole;
Two furious cats, suspended by the tail,
Were swinging cheek by jole.
O, dulcet cats, thus hung at leisure,
What was your delighted measure!
Entangled in no faint embrace,
With claws deep buried in each other's face,
How did ye hiss, and spit your venom round,
With murderous yell of more than earthly sound.
O, dulcet cats, could one more pair like you
Assist the fight, and pour the strain anew;
Not earth could bear, nor hell itself contain,
Your fiendish catterwaul of rage and pain.

A fish cart next came rattling by;
Its lusty driver perched on high,
Recruited by his recent bowl,
Poured through the deafening horn his greedy soul.
Such notes he blew as erst threw down
Old Jericho's substantial town;*
While scarce was heard, so loud he wound his peal,
The mangled cur that yelped beneath his wheel.

Then came a child, eloped from home,
Pleased, in the streets at large to roam;
His cart behind him dragged. Before
A huge tin coffee-pot he bore,
Which ever and anon he beat
With sticks and stones in furious heat.
Nor heeded he that at his heels
The crier rung his frequent peals.
With brazen throat, and hideous yell,
That distanced all the hounds of hell;

* Vide Mr. John Ireland.

In air his stunning bell he tossed,
And swelled and shouted "lost, lost, lost."

Emblem of justice, high above,
A ponderous pair of steelyards hung;
Hooked by the nose, his weight to prove,
A living hog beneath was swung.
Dire was the squeal that rent the sky
With sounds too dread for earthly throat,
While not a butcher lingered nigh
To stop the howling monster's note.
Fast to escape the hated strain
With ears compress some fled amain,
While others paused, all hopeless of relief,
And curst the stars that had not made them deaf.

Thus long ago,
E'er * * drew his fiddle bow,
While saw-mills yet were mute;
The jarring, howling, deafening choir,
With notes combined in concert dire,
Could shake the sky, the solid earth could move,
While milder thunders burst unheard above.

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Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi quae commutanda, quae eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. Plin.

ARTICLE 17.

A Treatise on the Law of War, translated from the original Latin of Cornelius Van Bynkershoek, with Notes, by Peter Stephen Du Ponceau, Counsellor at Law. Philadelphia, published by Farrand and Nicholas: Fry and Kammerer, printers, 1810. 8vo. pp. 284.

Bynkershoek, considered as a jurist, has uncommon claims on our attention. He was endowed by nature with a strong and discriminating mind, and during the course of a long and laborious life, he concentrated all his energies on the study of the law. The volume, which is now published under the appropiate title of a Treatise on the Law of War, is a translation of the first book of his "Quaestiones Juris Publici." This work has several advantages over almost every other, which has been written on the same subject. Most essays on the laws of nations have been called forth by the pressure of extraordinary circumstances, and took their hue from the contests which gave them birth. They generally betray an absurd attachment to some particular doctrines, which were embraced through want of reflection or from interest. But, Bynkershoek wrote at a period, when his country was in a state of profound peace, and it has been alleged as a proof of his independence and impartiality, that he had the hardihood to oppose some of the most favourite opinions of his native government. His treatise, therefore, comes to us with all the authority of learning and integrity. Besides these accidental

advantages, which it inherits in common with all the works of Bynkershoek, it has the intrinsical merit of perspicuity. He has suffered his matter to distribute *itself* into chapters, and there is, of course, no confusion in the arrangement. After a definition of war, which with its explanation, occupies the first chapter, his subject naturally divides itself into two parts; the rights and duties of belligerents, and the rights and duties of neutrals. Under the first head he inquires, whether a previous declaration is necessary in order to make a war lawful, and concludes with Thomasius*, that it is a mere act of humanity, which can never be demanded as a right. He then examines the various questions of the capture and recapture of moveables, what right to immoveables can be acquired by the fortune of war, how far it is lawful to confiscate the credits and actions of an enemy, and whether it is, in any case, proper to pursue him with force after he has taken shelter in a neutral territory. This division extends through seven chapters. He begins the examination of the second division of his subject by determining who are neutrals, and what are contraband goods. He then treats of the right of neutrals to trade with places which are beseiged or blockaded, of the goods of neutrals found in the ships of enemies, and the goods of enemies found in the ships of neutrals. He then discusses successively the right of postliminy, which he supposes to extend no farther than to the territory of those, who are actually engaged in the war; the punishment of pirates, the privileges of privateers, the propriety of insuring the property of an enemy, and the right of enlisting soldiers in a neutral territory. The twenty-third chapter is devoted to a contested point in the Dutch federal constitution, and the twenty-fourth to reprisals. The last is composed of miscellaneous remarks, which though important, could not properly be included in any other chapter.

This plan is more full and comprehensive than that of any writer on the subject, whom we have ever seen. Its execution is marked with the same ability, which distinguishes its design. The principles advanced by Bynkershoek, and the arguments by which those principles are supported, are, in general, correct and acute. He has fallen into more errours in the first part, where he treats of the rights and duties

* Ad Huberum de Jur. Civ. l. 3. § 4. c. 4.

of belligerents, than in the remainder. The cause of this may be found in an important doctrine, which he assumes in the first chapter; but, whose effects may be traced through the whole division: that "war is of so general a nature, that it knows no measure or bounds." Generalis nempe belli conditio est, ut ad mensuram non geratur. This position is too general to be true, and extends farther than he himself anticipated, for he afterwards excepts perfidy from the list of lawful hostilities. Ego omnem dolum permitto sola perfidia excepta. But, is there only one exception from this ferocious maxim? It is decidedly the opinion of Bynkershoek, that there is but one, and when he afterwards descends from principles to their exemplification, he expressly declares, that he considers poison, assassination and wild-fire to be lawful methods of annoying an enemy; cum liceat veneno, cum liceat percussore immisso et igne factitio.* In this sentence, and the one next succeeding, he has assumed as an established principle, what never has been, and we trust never will be granted, that war is always made upon an enemy for the purpose of extermination, and as the end is universal destruction, it is immaterial what means are used. Bellum alicui facimus, qui putamus cum per injuriam nobis illatum, sui suorumque perniciem meruisse, isque armorum nostrarum finis est, quem, qua forma adsequaris, quid refert? If the principle were correct, we should not controvert the inference; but those writers on the law of war, whom we are accustomed to reverence as oracles, have intrenched themselves on quite different ground. Grotius† and Vattel‡ have established their

* We cannot conjecture on what authority Mr. Du Ponceau has translated this important passage "of poison, *of missile weapons, of fire arms.*" "Percussor," certainly means an assassin, or a bravo, and when joined with "immissus," which signifies sent against, it should undoubtedly be rendered *a hired assassin.* If citations to establish this point are necessary, one may be found in Tac. Ann. l. 3. c. 16. Nec illum sponte extinctum, verum *percussore immisso.* There are two more in Seutonius. Vit. Ner. c. 37. and Vit. Sulp. Galb. c. 19. The meaning of "igne factitio" is not so clear, because factitio is not a legitimate word. We presume, however, that Bynkershoek referred to the tremendous wild-fire of the Turks and Grecians in the fourteenth century, πυρ θαλασσιον υγρον μετα βροντης και καπνου. At any rate, it is a palpable absurdity to join "fire arms" which are unquestionably fair weapons, with assassination and poison, when it is evident the author meant to propose extreme cases.

† De Jur. Bel. & Pac. l. 3. c. 4. § 1. ‡ L. 3. c. 8. § 155.

systems on the more mild and generous principle, that war should be conducted with as little ferocity as possible, and, that the only end proposed should be the defence of what we rightfully possess, or the recovery of what has been wrongfully wrested from us, and *they* require many concessions from the belligerent in the name of justice, which *Bynkershoek* regards as the voluntary sacrifices of generosity. His doctrines are yet more formidable in their remote, than in their immediate consequences. An attempt at assassination compels the prince, who is attacked, to prevent a repetition by the torture or execution of his captives and he must proportion his rigour to the exigences of the case. This will of course excite retaliation, and thus the horrours of war are to be indefinitely continued and increased, because an unlawful instrument has been resorted to intemperately. Poison is yet more odious and terrible. It is more treacherous and inevitable, and, therefore, more generally detested. We would not by this kind of reasoning be supposed to carry our principles of generosity to such an extravagant height as to deny, with some,* all artifice in the conduct of war. It is enough, that we renounce those instruments and avoid those methods in the pursuit or defence of our rights, which have a tendency to cast a more portentous gloom upon what is already the most appalling of national calamities.

We have dwelt with considerable emphasis on this point, because it appears to be the source of several errours, which occur in the first eight chapters of the treatise. As a consequence of this maxim, Bynkershoek holds it to be entirely unnecessary to utter a manifesto before the commencement of hostilities, because he regards the enemy as a convict on whom sentence is to be executed, without the least ceremony. This question has been agitated a long time; but, it seems at last to be tacitly acknowledged by invariable usage, that a declaration is necessary. It is true, that in modern times this formality is principally preserved for reasons very different from those for which it was originally instituted; that it is now used, rather as the means of domestick excitement, than as a

* The Roman senate, even after the dagger and the bowl had long been domesticated in the palace of the Caesars, replied to the proposal of Adgandesterius, to poison Arminius; non fraude neque occultis, sed palam et armatum populum Romanum hostes suos ulcisci. Tac. Ann. l. 2. c. 88.

defiance to the enemy; but as long as the effect is produced, we should be satisfied, and rejoice that a motive is offered which will induce even violence to regard the rights of humanity. The custom is certainly ancient, for Selden* traces it among the Jews. Many † have supposed it indispensable, and that all seizures or captures, made during an undeclared war, are mere piracies. Grotius and Vattel maintain the propriety and necessity of a declaration; but go no farther. Grotius requires a declaration that the consequent hostilities may appear to be the deliberate act of the state, and not the unauthorized violence of individuals.‡ Vattel§ thinks we owe it to humanity, to make this last appeal from the justice to the fears of the enemy, so as if it be possible to bring him to our terms without bloodshed, or at least convince him of our inflexible determination to support our rights.‖

As a corollary from the same principle, Bynkershoek derives the right of the conqueror "to do any thing he pleases with the vanquished," in victum victori liceut omnia. c. 3. It is very remarkable, that a writer of the eighteenth century should advance this doctrine. The times are long since passed, when the victor refused quarter to his enemy;¶ and the Mussulman alone, in modern days, claims even the right of enslaving him. No one is hardy enough to defend the hang-

* De Jur. Nat. et Gent. l. 6. c. 13.

† Heineccius, p. 791.

‡ Ut certo constaret non privato ausu sed voluntate utriusque populi aut populi capitum, geri bellum. De. J. Bel. et Pacis, l. 3. c. 3. § 11.

§ L. 3. c. 4. § 51.

‖ We cannot persuade ourselves, with Mr. Du Ponceau, that the ancients generally neglected to declare war, for if this were the fact, why did they maintain a privileged order, who had no other employment than to adjust national differences, and ceremoniously to denounce war on their enemies. Among the Greeks the Κηρυκες Διος αγγελοι ηδε και ανδρων proceeded to the enemy's frontier, and hurled a spear into his territory in token of defiance. The Romans, in imitation of the Greeks, devoted a number of priests, collegium fecialium, Liv. l. 36. c. 3. to the same duties. They retained the ceremony of throwing the bloody spear, and used, besides, a form of speech on the occasion, called clarigatio, and when this had been pronounced, and not till then,

Tum certare odiis tum res rapuisse licebat. *Virg.*

Vide Polyb. l. 4. c. 4, and Liv. l. 36. c. 3 and 4.

¶ Burlamaqui, p. 4. c. 6. § 7.

ing of captives, merely because they were not ransomed.* Quia non redimebantur.

In chap. 7. he says; si merum jus belli sequamur, etiam immobilia possent vendi. This is not the opinion of recent jurists. It is now decided, that only the rent of real property owned by an enemy, shall be confiscated, because, by permitting foreigners to purchase and possess estates, they are in this respect admitted into the number of subjects. Only one reason can be assigned, why even rent should be seized and that has been given by Vattel,† "to hinder the remittance of it to the enemy's country."

We were compelled to enter into details in noticing the preceding errours, because the learned translator did not undertake the task of commenting on his author, until the first ten chapters had irrevocably passed the press. The few faults in those which remain are generally exposed by Mr. Du Ponceau, who has thus relieved us from the most ungrateful part of our task, that of controverting opinions supported by a name so respectable as Bynkershoek's.

In the course of his discussion of neutral rights, he starts several questions, which though acknowledged to be of the first importance, are yet sub judice. On the great question, whether free ships shall make free goods,‡ he supports the belligerent principle; and, on the equally important subject of individual expatriation,§ he defends the right of the citizen, in general, to transfer his allegiance; but, at the same time, recognizes the right of the supreme power in the state to prohibit him in case of necessity, and Grotius thinks it may be done, whenever emigration threatens to become extensive. Among the miscellaneous principles in the last chapter, he maintains one ‖ with considerable vehemence, which within a few years has been warmly canvassed by the ablest politicians in Europe and America. The forcible seizure of the Danish fleet will never be forgotten, and although if examples are to be counted and not weighed, this will be reckoned but one, yet it is a powerful one, and goes far towards establishing the general principle. Notwithstanding the outcry which was raised on that occasion, and which is now supported by the authority of Bynkershoek and Du Ponceau, if the subject is examined with temper, it will be found that no doctrines were

* Bynk. c. 3. † Law of Nations, b. 3. c. 5. § 76. ‡ Cap. 14.
§ Cap. 22. ‖ Cap. 25. § 1.

advanced then, which have not been maintained both in theory and practice, ever since the time of Xenophon. The conduct of the English ministry can be defended on the rule laid down by Grotius, and supported by Zouch and Buddoeus: liceat locum occupare, qui situs sit loco pacato, si non imaginarium sed certum sit periculum ne hostis cum locum invadat et inde irreparabilia damna det.* Zeiglerust thinks the right exists, but that caution should be used in the exercise of it. The majority of writers on the law of war, so far as we have examined them, are of the same opinion, and Heineccius‡ in particular, declares that the right cannot be denied. Hic sane nos jure nostro uti nemo negabit.

Bynkershoek's Quaestiones Juris Publici were never before fairly translated into English. Lee's Essay on Captures, professing to be "an enlarged translation" of this work, is a treatise of equivocal value, which has no merit as a translation because extraneous matter is frequently thrust into the text without acknowledgement, and little as a law book, because he seldom cites his authorities, and in both capacities is completely superceded by the labours of Mr. Du Ponceau. His translation, though sometimes stiff, and almost always diffuse, is faithful and impartial. It is introduced by an able preface, and accompanied by a body of notes, which we wish had extended through the whole, instead of being confined to the last fourteen chapters. The tables and indices are copious and accurate. Mr. Du Ponceau has occasionally omitted long passages, and once an entire chapter, because their value was merely local. The reason is sufficient; but the right should seldom be exercised. We do not mean to complain, but we should not have been displeased had he translated the whole. We must, however, confess our dissatisfaction at his frequent interpolations. In the following passages, the words which are italicized, have no counterpart in the original.

"Whenever men are formed into a social body, war cannot exist between individuals, the use of force between them is not war; *but a trespass cognizable by the municipal law.*" Chap. I.

"But when the Roman consuls wrote to king Phyrrus: We do not wish to contend with you by means of bribery or fraud, *and at the same time gave him notice of the offer that had been made to poison him, they certainly did an act of the greatest generosity.*" Chap. I.

* De Jur. Bel. et Pac. l. 3. c. 3. § 11. † Page 232. ‡ Page 260.

After Bynkershoek has been speaking of the lex talionis of princes, Mr. Du Ponceau inserts a reflection which is very proper in itself; but has no right to its present station.

"*It is thus that princes, though bound by no positive law, enforce upon one another the law of reciprocity.*" Chap. III.

Owing probably to an error in his text book, he has translated in mores *Gentium*, cap. 2. "customs handed down by the *Germans*."

We forbear all verbal criticisms, although it would be very easy to select many exceptionable passages from a work of this size, and in the trifling defects we have noticed, we have endeavoured to avoid all acrimony. We do not wish, however, to disguise the pleasure we feel at receiving a work of Bynkershoek's in a respectable English dress, and we sincerely hope that this is not the last time we shall meet Mr. Du Ponceau in the character of a jurist.

DEFENCE OF THE REVIEW OF MR. LAMBERT'S MEMORIAL.

OUR review of Mr. Lambert's Memorial, in October last, has produced an answer from that gentleman, published in the Chronicle, and also in a pamphlet which has been forwarded to us. In this answer he is very liberal in his charges of "twistical cunning—ingenious quibbling—sophistical evasions—subtle prevarications—local and political prejudices—zeal for the honour of the British nation, and the convenience of British mariners—and has the assurance to insinuate that in our review we were endeavouring to promote the dignity and influence of a foreign nation, to the prejudice of our own," &c.

Charges like these are beneath our notice, and the manner in which Mr. Lambert has chosen to treat the subject, might justify us in passing over his answer with silent contempt: but as the object is of considerable national importance, and as Mr. Lambert has among his illiberal reflections undertaken to contradict some of our statements, and roundly asserted that the remarks we made on some of his rules, are wholly destitute of truth, we have thought it our duty to exhibit such proofs and authorities as will fully substantiate our observations in the minds of all scientifick men.

In page 261 of our review, we stated that the angle formed at the star by the vertical circle, and circle of declination, was

called the angle of position by Mr. Lambert, *contrary to the definitions of the greatest astronomers.* This assertion Mr. Lambert says "seems to be either gross ignorance in you, or a wilful perversion of the truth. I call the angle opposite to the latitude of the place, (or rather its complement to 90°) the angle of position, not *contrary*, but *in conformity* to the appellation given it by the *greatest astronomers.*"

On this point we shall bring proofs of Mr. Lambert's incorrectness, from two of the most celebrated works on astronomy extant. To facilitate the understanding of this question, we shall suppose, on a celestial globe, the point corresponding to the zenith of the spectator to be marked with the letter Z, the pole of the equator by P, the pole of the ecliptick by E, and the place of the sun, moon, or star, whose angle of position is to be found, with the letter S. Great circles being drawn through these points, the angle of position according to Mr. Lambert is the spherical angle PSZ,* whereas by the usual definition it is the spherical angle PSE, formed at the star S, by the circle of latitude ES, and the circle of declination PS. For Vince, in his System of Astronomy, Vol. I. page 7. Def. 53, edition of 1797, 4to. says, "The angle of position is the angle at an heavenly body, formed by two great circles, one passing through the pole of the equator, and the other through the pole of the ecliptick," or in other words, it is the angle PSE, as we have defined it.† The same author has *once* in his work, (Vol. I. page 535.) employed the term angle of position *differently*, (and as Mr. Lambert has used it,) but at the same time he apprizes the reader that he there

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* To prevent any dispute about this, we shall quote Mr. Lambert's rule for calculating that angle, in page 12.

Arith. comp. cosine true alt. + log. sine horary angle + log. cos. lat. place = log. sine ang. position. Or sine ZS : Sine SPZ :: Sine PZ : Sine Angle of Position. Now the usual rules of sphericks applied to the triangle SPZ, give Sine ZS : Sine SPZ :: Sine PZ : Sine PSZ. Hence PSZ is the angle of position as defined by Mr. Lambert.

† In page 41 of the same volume, Vince gives this rule for calculating the angle of position; Sine PS : Sine PES :: Sine PE : "Sine angle of position," which angle is therefore equal to PSE agreeable to his definition.

uses it in a peculiar sense, and expressly states (in page 536) that the angle "ZSP which is *here* called the angle of position, *is not the angle generally understood under this appellation.*" In the second volume of the same work, he has given three tables for calculating more easily the angle of position, agreeably to the common acceptation of the term, and to his 53d definition. If farther proof of the correctness of our assertion were wanted, we might quote the words of La Lande, an authority equal to any in a point of this kind, since all (or nearly all) the terms of astronomy are the same in the French as in our language. In Vol. I. page 380 of the third edition of his astronomy. 4to. 1792, he says "In calculating eclipses we make use of the angle formed at the centre of the planet by the circles of latitude and declination, which is called the *angle of position*, because it is a fixed angle, depending only on the position of the planet with respect to the ecliptic and equator," &c.* which is directly contrary to Mr. Lambert's assertion.

Having shewn by these authorities that Mr. Lambert was wholly mistaken in his objections to this part of our review, we shall proceed to examine another. We observed in page 262 of our review, that the formula for calculating the moon's parallax, page 13, contained a term depending on the cosine of the moon's latitude, which it ought not to do. On this Mr. Lambert, *with his usual modesty*, triumphantly remarks—"Where did you obtain this information, gentlemen reviewers? You had better consult your books again, and see whether the moon's true latitude is not a necessary element in and for the computation. I contend that it is, *your positive assertion and high authority to the contrary notwithstanding.* You seem to be determined to *impose* on others, or on yourselves, by some of your critical remarks."

* The original is thus "On se sent, dans le calcul des eclipses, de l'angle formé au centre d'un astre par le cercle de latitude et le cercle de declinaison : qu'on appelle *angle de position*, parceque c'est un angle fixé qui ne depend que de la position de l'astre, par rapport à l'ecliptique et à l'equateur et qui designe lui-meme la position des principaux cercles qui se coupent au centre d'une etoile." In the same page La Lande gives a rule for finding this angle, which is in substance as follows. Cos. lat : Cos. Right Ascension :: Sine 23° 28′ : Sine Angle Position agreeably to his definition.

We shall make no other reply to these observations, than that of *proving* Mr. Lambert to be wrong by applying his own rule* to a simple example where the moon is supposed to be in the same longitude as the nonagesimal, or in the great circle passing through EZ. For it is well known that when the object is in that situation, (whatever be its latitude) the parallax in latitude is *equal* to the parallax in altitude, consequently the sines of these angles must also be equal, and this is agreeable to what Mr. Lambert himself says in page 9. Now when the object is thus situated, the angle between the parallel to the ecliptick and vertical circle is evidently equal to 90°, and its log. sine is equal to radius. Substituting these in Mr. Lambert's equation (quoted in the note below) and reducing it by neglecting the terms that destroy each other, we have

Arith. comp. log. cos. ☾'s lat.=log. radius.

Whence it would follow that the moon's latitude is at all times equal to nothing, because the moon is at every moment in the

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* This rule, as given in page 13, is as follows.

"Log. sine parallax in altitude+log. sine angle between vertical circle and parallel to the ecliptic+arith. comp. log. cosine ☾'s true latitude=log. sine parallax in latitude nearly approximated.

"If the moon's true latitude be *north*, subtract the approximated parallax in latitude therefrom, for the moon's apparent latitude approximated; then

"Log. sine parallax in altitude+log. sine angle between vertical circle and parallel to the ecliptic+arith. comp. log. cosine moon's apparent latitude approximated=log. sine parallax in altitude farther approximated and very near the truth.

"Repeat the process, using the moon's apparent latitude last found, and the correct parallax in latitude will be obtained."

Now we assert that this repetition of the process is *wholly wrong*, and that the correct rule upon the principles assumed by Mr. Lambert, is simply this.

Log. sine par. in alt.+log. sine angle of vertical and parallel to the ecliptic=log. sine par. in alt. as may be proved from what is said by La Lande in Vol. II. page 295 of his Astronomy, by Vince, in pages 65, 66, Vol. I. of his System of Astronomy, or by President Willard, in Vol. I. pages 13, 14, of the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

longitude of the nonagesimal of some particular place. In other words, the rule given by Mr. Lambert leads to this absurd conclusion, that *the moon's orbit is not inclined to the ecliptick!* Whence the incorrectness of the method is sufficiently obvious. We have preferred taking this simple example, in order to point out the defects of the formula, rather than enter into a minute discussion of it, particularly as the thing is already done to our hands in the works of La Lande, Vince and Willard, mentioned in the preceding note.

Again. Mr. Lambert observes, "I have stated in my paper No. 2, that the parallactic angle—is found by either adding the angle of position to, or subtracting it from, the angle between the meridian passing through the centre of the sun, moon or star, and a parallel to the ecliptic—and this in your opinion is one of my *palpable mistakes*. You ought to be careful not to suffer your great anxiety to find out imperfections in others, to lead to the discovery and exposure of your own." What Mr. Lambert could mean by making this assertion as to our opinion on this point, we leave to the reader to judge. If he will turn to our Review, in page 262, he will find that the only mention we have made of the rule for finding the "parallactic angle" is, that the part of it for finding the angle between the parallels of the ecliptick and equator (which is equal to the angle of position as defined by most astronomers) is the same as in ¶1047 of La Lande's or ¶754 of Vince's astronomy; and we have never expressed the least doubt of the accuracy of the rule in any part of our review. On this point Mr. Lambert must therefore rest under the imputation of gross ignorance or wilful perversion of the truth. Perhaps it was through ignorance in not understanding the import of the words that followed in page 262, viz. "and the rule for applying the parallax in latitude is not correct in some cases where the moon is between the zenith and the elevated pole of the ecliptick." If Mr. Lambert does not understand this, we will explain it to him by an example. Suppose that at a place between the tropicks in north latitude, the moon was in the same longitude as the nonagesimal and between the zenith and the north pole of the ecliptick, (or between the points corresponding to Z, E) the parallax in latitude would, in this case, *decrease* the north polar distance, and if the moon's latitude were north, the parallax ought evidently to be *added* to the true latitude instead of *subtracted*, as directed by Mr. Lambert in his

rule given in the preceding note. This we considered as one of his palpable mistakes. If he wishes us to point out a few more, we will mention his method of finding the Arch II in the rules 2, 3 page 12, where he directs in all cases to *subtract* the Arch I, whereas it ought to be *added* in some cases where the horary angle exceeds 90°. We might mention many other instances.

Mr. Lambert, unable to account for the difference between the ratio of the equatorial diameter and the polar axis of the earth as calculated by Newton and La Place, intimated in his paper that it might be owing to "*a diminution in the equatorial diameter.*" We stated the various causes which made astronomers assume a different ratio from that of Newton, and pointed out a mistake of Mr. Lambert in asserting, "that in consequence of new lunar equations, discovered in France by Mr. de La Place, the proportion of the equatorial diameter to the polar axis of the earth is now assumed as 334 to 333." Mr. Lambert endeavours to evade the question, and insinuates that there is an errour in the calculation of La Place of the ellipticity $\frac{1}{334}$ (deduced from combining the degrees of the meridian in France and Peru) or in that of $\frac{1}{305}$ (deduced from the lunar equations) which are the only ratios of La Place that we have used in our review. *Now we state explicitly that both these calculations are perfectly correct*, upon the principles and data assumed by La Place*, and we *challenge* Mr. Lambert to prove the contrary. It is true that La Place has in one instance made a small mistake in calculating the ellipticity $\frac{1}{333 \cdot 78}$ from *the lengths of pendulums* in different latitudes; and the ratio $\frac{1}{313}$ *from combining all the degrees of the meridian measured in different parts of the earth*, requires some modification on account of the late measurement in Sweden; but neither of these calculations have any reference to the ratio used by Mr. Lambert, on which our former remarks were founded.

Mr. Lambert, in another part of his answer, says, "I demand, in explicit and unequivocal terms, of you, and your mathematical coadjutors, (if any you have) to examine the computation of the longitude of the capitol in the city of

* La Place generally neglects terms of the same order as the square of the ellipticity, as is usual in such calculations.

Washington from Greenwich, on the principles and data contained in my paper No. 2, and point out *a mistake that you can make palpable* in the result. This is coming at once to the point in question; and let us have no more of your ingenious quibblings, sophistical evasions and subtle prevarications, so far as they relate to my plan, its execution or object."

We are willing to gratify Mr. Lambert in his request, and shall therefore answer "in explicit and unequivocal terms," *that there is an errour in every one of the six examples he has given in page* 14, in calculating the parallax in latitude; his estimate being too great in every instance by about five seconds; and *this errour affects the calculation in the following pages*, though we presume that the estimated longitude of the place will not be materially altered, since the errour of the parallax at the emersion has a tendency to balance the errour at the immersion, and thus, by *one of his errours correcting the other*, the result may be nearly correct. If this is not explicit enough, we will also add, that the cause of this mistake is his having *erroneously introduced* the term cosine of the moon's latitude in his rule page 13, and *not having introduced it* in his rule page 11*. This is a fair sample of that kind of mistake of which Mr. Lambert complains that we accuse him—*of sometimes doing too much, and sometimes too little.*

Mr. Lambert pretends to compare the proposed change of meridians to that made in the currencies of this country by the introduction of the decimal ratio of dollars, dimes, cents and mills. But the cases are not parallel; so far, however, as Mr. Lambert's example is applicable, it is against his argument; for by the former change *four* different currencies were reduced to *one* uniform method of computation, by which all the calculations were much facilitated; whereas by Mr. Lambert's project, instead of *one* meridian, we shall be

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* As Mr. Lambert insists that his rule is correct, notwithstanding the authority of La Lande to the contrary, we shall mention another authority that we presume will not be disputed by Mr. Lambert, namely, that of Mr. Garnett, in page 48 of the appendix to his Requisite Tables, where the rule is given correctly, and we would ask what has become of the term cosine *l* in the value of sine 2, which term is neglected in the rule page 11.

obliged to make use of *two*, to the great embarrassment of all geographical and *nautical* calculations.

We need not spend time in examining Mr. Lambert's opinion, that the establishment of a first meridian is as much the prerogative and evidence of sovereignty as the establishment of a mint, or the forming a standard of weights and measures. But we may remark that the business of fixing a first meridian is generally left to astronomers and geographers to manage in their own way. Every citizen, *in his intercourse with others, is under the necessity* of making use of the coins, weights and measures established by the laws of his country; but the case is essentially different with respect to a first meridian, since each individual has it completely in his power to use any one he pleases.

Having, in our former review, pointed out the sources from which Mr. Lambert had compiled most of his rules, the few that remained unnoticed seemed hardly worth his claiming; but Mr. Lambert has formed quite a different opinion, and says, "I have constructed two tables of logarithms on a *new plan* and accurate principles, in my papers No. 4 and 5, and given a *new* rule in No. 3, to find the moon's hourly velocity, but you will not agree that I am entitled to the least credit for them." As Mr. Lambert appears to rest his chief claim to originality on these points, we shall briefly examine them.

The Table in No. 5, for finding the moon's horizontal parallax for any latitude is useful, but it *is not on a new plan.* For one *exactly similar* was published in Burg's tables (tab. XLV.) a long time before Mr. Lambert's paper*. Table No. 4, for finding the augmentation of the moon's semidiameter on account of the elevation above the horizon may be on a *new* plan, but it is a plan we believe that no one except the author will follow; since the object may be obtained in less than half the time, and in a way that is less liable to any *great* mistake, by a table of double entry like Table XLIV of Burg, so that on this score the publick are not under any great obligation to Mr. Lambert. The rule for calculating the moon's hourly

* These tables were published by the board of longitude in France in 1806, and republished in England in Vince's Astronomy, vol. 3, in 1808. It is this last edition to which we have referred.

velocity when the time from noon or midnight is not an aliquot part of 12 hours, or a fractional part expressed in small numbers, is *far* more laborious than Mr. Garnett's method, (given by Mr. Lambert) and as *a considerable number* of solutions of this question may be found by any *tyro* in mathematicks, by combining in various ways the *differences* of the several orders, we think but little merit can be attached to the discovery of *one* formula of this kind, unless it be *more simple* than those in general use; and as Mr. Lambert's method is of an opposite kind, his claim to originality in this instance, as well as in the others, does not deserve much attention.

There are many other points of minor consideration in Mr. Lambert's answer, in which we might point out gross errours and mis-statements, but as we have already extended our remarks to a great length, we shall refrain.

We have now examined the most important parts of the defence of Mr. Lambert's *rules* and *calculations*, and *proved him to be wrong in every instance*, and even in the calculation of the occultation at Washington, in which he more particularly challenged us to discover *one single mistake*—we have pointed out several. In doing this, we have been influenced not so much by a desire of vindicating ourselves from his impotent aspersions, as of lending our aid (so far as we are able) to the cause of truth. Before closing our remarks, however, we shall observe, that the whole tenour of Mr. Lambert's papers bears strong marks of his wishing to make the business of his memorial a question of party politicks, than which nothing can be more improper and unworthy a man of *real* science. We trust that the good sense of the legislature of the United States, will prevent the adoption of a scheme that would be so injurious to the cause of science in our country.

INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Monthly Repository.

ACCOUNT OF THE NEW GALLERY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Continued from page 210, vol. ix.)

THE fifth room is entirely appropriated to Roman sepulchral antiquities, so very curious and well adapted in their several catacombs and niches, that were the architecture rather more grave, the spectator might almost fancy himself in a Roman family mausoleum. This effect is heightened by the centre of the floor being composed of a real Roman tesselated pavement, discovered in digging the foundation of the new buildings at the Bank of England, and presented by the directors. This room is of excellent proportions, vaulted, and lighted from a dome; the ceiling is supported by antæ of the Doric order. The contents consist principally of cinerary and sepulchral urns and monumental inscriptions, each deposited after the ancient manner in a catacomb. No. 13 is a remarkable sarcophagus, of good workmanship, representing the lamentation of a family over the corpse of a relative. Nos. 21 and 24 are both Etruscan cinerary urns in terra cotta. The basso-relievos on the fronts of both represent the Grecian hero Echetles fighting with a ploughshare at the battle of Marathon, and on each of the covers is a recumbent female figure. On the upper part of the latter urn is an Etruscan inscription in red letters. The next room is appropriated to Greek and Roman sculptures; as medallions, sarcophagi, basso-relievos, fragments, shields, altars, busts, &c. Among these may be remarked the following: No. 10, a fine fragment of a magnificent sarcophagus, representing an elderly man with a manuscript roll in his hand, which he is reading, and a Muse standing before him holding a mask; No. 21, an altar of Roman workmanship, ornamented with Egyptian figures, which for singularity is unequalled in the collection; No. 32, a fine basso-relievo, representing Priam supplicating Achilles to deliver to him the dead body of his son Hector; several sepulchral urns and Greek funeral monuments of invaluable worth, particularly one to Deucocles (62), containing a basso-relievo and eight elegiac verses in Greek; a fine statue of the infant Bac-

chus, represented as a boy about five years old, his head crowned with a wreath of ivy, and his body partly covered with a goat-skin. No. 64 is a striking instance of the aid which the arts afford to history. It is the front of a votive altar, with an inscription for the safe return of Septimius Severus and his family from some expedition. Some parts of the inscription are effaced; these appear to have recorded the name of his son Geta, which, by a severe edict of his brother Caracalla, was ordered to be erased in every inscription throughout the empire. These two brothers jointly succeeded their father, but Caracalla, jealous of the superior qualifications of Geta, stabbed him in the arms of their mother, and issued the above-mentioned edict, as if to obliterate the memory of his existence. No. 81 is an earthen vase, which has two handles at the neck, and terminates in a point at the bottom like an amphora. Its value is enhanced by the circumstance of its having been found in the baths of Titus with about seventy others, all containing the fine African sand, with which, when mixed with oil, the athletæ rubbed their bodies before they exercised. No. 88 is a singular group of an Egyptian tumbler standing on his hands with his feet upwards, on the back of a young tame crocodile. We here find a head of the notorious Messalina (94); and a highly characteristic head of Jupiter Serapis, on which the paint with which the face was anciently coloured is still discernible. No. 100, with which this room finishes, is an exquisitely fine basso-relievo, formerly one of the ornamental pannels on the triangular base of a candelabrum. It represents a female bacchante dressed in floating drapery, through which the beautiful forms of her body are perfectly apparent. With one hand, raised above her head, she holds a knife, and at the same time secures a portion of her robe, which is blown behind her; with the other, which is held downwards, she carries the hind quarters of a kid.

The seventh room is also devoted to Roman antiquities, the majority of which have been discovered in England. No. 1 is a beautiful group representing a Faun struggling with a nymph; the size is smaller than life. Their limbs are entwined with the greatest skill, and evince the most perfect knowledge of the art in the sculptor. The passions of anger in the one, and fear of disappointment in the other, are well expressed: Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, are pigs of lead found in different parts of England, two of them inscribed with the names

of the emperors Domitian and Hadrian. No. 8 is a puteal or cover to a well, three feet high and three feet in diameter. It is a cylinder of marble, placed over the central diameter of a well, and ornamented with beautiful basso-relievos; on the outside representing Fauns, bacchanals, and nymphs. The inside is worn in several places by the ropes that pulled up the buckets.

The eighth room, appropriated to Egyptian antiquities, contains two Egyptian mummies, with their coffins. One of these, sent to England by Edward Wortley Montagu, and presented to the Museum by his Majesty, is supposed to be one of the finest specimens in Europe. Some of the coloured glass beads with which it was ornamented yet remain. The face of the second was gilt, and the other parts of the body ornamented with paintings. Here is also a small square coffin, the lid and sides of which are covered with paintings, containing the mummy of a child. In one of the coffins is a conical vessel of baked clay, inclosing an embalmed ibis. Opposite the entrance to this room, against the wall, is a frame containing the bones of another embalmed ibis. Underneath is a manuscript taken from a mummy; it is written on papyrus in the Egyptian language. Near it are the fragments of another manuscript of the same kind; and on the right of the door is a frame containing an Egyptian painting, taken from the breast of a mummy.

The ninth room is principally devoted to the Egyptian antiquities which were collected by the French, and fell, on their expulsion from Alexandria, into the possession of the British army. Among these we remark,—No. 1. a large Egyptian sarcophagus of breccia, brought from the mosque of St. Athanasius at Alexandria, covered both within and without with hieroglyphics; another sarcophagus of black granite (2), covered in like manner with hieroglyphics, which was brought from Cairo, and was used by the Turks as a cistern, called by them the Lover's Fountain; the celebrated Rosetta stone (23), containing three inscriptions of the same import, one in hieroglyphics, another in the vernacular language of Egypt, and another in Greek, recording the services which Ptolemy V. had rendered their country.

The tenth room comprehends Greek and Roman sculptured marbles. In this collection we observe a subject which is calculated to excite either envy or exultation, or perhaps both,

in our modern fashionables. It is a small female head (23), the hair of which is formed of a distinct piece of marble, and is fitted to the head in the manner of a wig. No. 34 is the statue of a discobolus already noticed, which is represented at the moment of the delivery of the discus. It is an ancient copy in marble of the celebrated bronze statue by Myro. In the bust of Minerva (85), the head only is antique: the helmet and the bust, which are of bronze, are, with some variations, copied from an ancient bust of the goddess, formerly in the Vatican, but now at Paris.

The eleventh room is occupied by coins and medals. This collection, the basis of which was formed by the cabinets of Sir Hans Sloane and Sir Robert Cotton, has been since enlarged by many valuable purchases and donations, but principally by a part of the munificent bequest of the Rev. Mr. Cracherode, valued at the sum of 6000*l.* It is comprised under the heads of ancient coins, modern coins, and medals. The first consists of Greek and Roman coins. The former are arranged in geographical order, and include all those struck with Greek characters in Greece or elsewhere, by kings, states, or cities, which were independent of the Romans. With these are also classed the coins of free states and cities which used either the Etruscan, Roman, Punic, Spanish, or other characters. The Roman coins are placed, as far as can be ascertained, in chronological order. They consist of the *as* and its divisions, family or consular coins, imperial coins struck in Rome, imperial coins struck in Egypt, imperial coins struck with Greek characters in different states and cities subject to the Romans, imperial coins struck in the Roman colonies, imperial coins struck with Roman characters.—The second head comprehends modern coins, consisting of Saxon, English, Anglo-Gallic, Scotch, and Irish coins, and likewise those of foreign nations. In this class the coins of each country are separately arranged. The third head, comprising medals struck in this and other countries, are classed in the same manner as the coins.

In the twelfth, an elegant and spacious room up stairs, are deposited Sir William Hamilton's valuable and elegant collection of vases, penates or household gods, vessels and utensils of every description, by far too numerous to be particularised here. Many of these were recovered from the subterranean city of Herculaneum, of which so ample and so able an

account has been given in our preceding numbers by the writer of the Letters from Italy. In the cases in which these precious remains are preserved, we remark also two of the bricks which have given rise to so much discussion among the learned. They have each an inscription in unknown characters, and were taken out of the ruins of a large city, supposed to have been Babylon, near the town of Hillah, on the river Euphrates.

The thirteenth room is appropriated to the extensive collection of prints and drawings, the most important part of which was bequeathed by the Rev. Mr. Cracherode.

The contents of this last room, as well as those of the coins and medals, can be inspected only by a few persons at a time, and by particular permission. The rest are subject to the same regulations in regard to the admission of strangers as the other part of the Museum; and one day in the week, Friday, is set apart for artists, who, on the recommendation of the Royal Academy, are allowed to draw from the antique marbles, or other objects on which they may choose to exercise their talents.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

SICILIAN LITERATURE, FROM 1790 TO 1803.

In the flourishing times of Greece and Rome, Sicily held a distinguished place in the republick of letters. In reflecting on what this island once was, our eyes survey it with the same sentiment of melancholy and of regret which so painfully affects us when contemplating the ruins of the ancient Palmyra. But let us not invoke the shades of those who are no more, and forget the former splendour of this island, that we may consider it only in its present state.

The dawn of a glorious day appeared in Sicily at the period when Francesco de Aquino, Prince of Caramanico, assumed the reigns of government in quality of viceroy. The Sicilian is not accustomed to consider the means adopted by the representatives of the sovereign, in the exercise of their functions; it is sufficient for him if they are actuated by the will to do good. Caramanico not only possessed this happy will, but likewise all the means of executing it with success. A young advocate, named Cazelli, accompanied the Prince in

1786 to Palermo, where he filled the station of Secretary of State. Notwithstanding all the reproaches cast upon him for his conduct in that post, reproaches which cannot but have been extremely exaggerated, it is impossible to deny, that to him were, in a great measure, owing the revival of the arts and sciences in Sicily, and their progress during the administration of his patron. Prince Caramanico, after the example of his predecessor the Marquis Caraciolo, made a point of conferring distinction on men of learning, and of paying a publick homage to science, by honouring with his favour those who cultivated them with the greatest success. His zeal was not confined to empty demonstrations; several chairs were vacant at the university of Palermo; these he not only seized the first opportunity of filling, but he founded several new ones, among others, that of rural economy, so ably occupied by Paolo Palsamo, whom he sent on a tour through France and England. The university is likewise indebted to him for a botanical garden, which cost 50,000 ducats, and which he established on a spot where once the Inquisition prepared its faggots. It was on his invitation that the Professor Eliseo repaired to Naples to begin a course of experimental philosophy. Lastly, after having in vain endeavoured to induce, first, M. de Lagrange, and afterwards Toaldo, to settle in Sicily, he was so fortunate as to make the most excellent choice in the person of Piazzi, the astronomer, who himself formed the plan of that splendid observatory of which he has given such a satisfactory description in his work entitled, *Giuseppi Piazzi della Specula astronomica dei regii studii di Palermo*, in two volumes folio, Palermo, 1792-1794. I shall say nothing of the anatomical theatre, nor of many other interesting establishments scarcely sketched out by this zealous protector of every thing great and useful in the arts and sciences, and which, in a short time, would certainly have attained to a high degree of perfection had not death snatched him away in the midst of his laudable exertions.

The propagation of knowledge among the lower classes of the people had likewise been an object of his attention. Seconded by the worthy Giovani Agostino de Cosmi in the establishment of national schools, he enjoyed, before he died, the sweet consolation of knowing that his labours had not been in vain. The loss of Prince Caramanico must ever be an object of regret to Sicily. With him expired the spirit by

which he was animated; and after his death, the magnificent fabrick, scarcely begun, crumbled into ruin. The horrours which at this period convulsed all Europe, hastened still more the fatal catastrophe.

But without dwelling upon these causes, which were owing to the misfortunes of the times, it will perhaps be asked why the class of men of science is so small in Sicily, and why the interest which the nation in general feels for them is so weak?

This question may be asked at Naples as well as at Palermo: the evil there proceeds from the same source, from the defectiveness of the penal code, and the wretched organization of the judicial establishment, which opening a vast field for chicane, beget a multitude of lawyers, who, abusing the noblest functions of the state, are intent only on acquiring fortunes, and gradually undermine the publick strength. The Sicilian is born with a spirit of chicane; in his eyes a lawyer is a man of the highest importance: accordingly, in the city of Palermo alone, their number, including their trains of solicitors, notaries, clerks, scribes, &c. amount to no less than four thousand. As their profession is almost the only road to honours and to fortune, it is perfectly natural that there should prevail an universal eagerness to enter into it, and the multitude is so much the greater for this reason, that, as the government does not make it a rule to give the preference to the nobility in the distribution of employments, every lawyer indulges the hope of one day obtaining the most important situations. But a lawyer, I shall be told, is, from his profession, a man of letters. He is so, indeed, in every country but Sicily. There, from an *esprit de corps*, the lawyer imbibes a certain contempt of the cultivation of literature; and if he should chance to be an admirer of the Muses, his intercourse with them is a profound secret: were it known, it would be injurious to his character as a man of business; the publick opinion would be against him.

But whatever may be the causes, either general or particular, which oppose the progress of knowledge in Sicily, causes which we have not been able to point out, we are under the necessity of admitting, that from 1790 to 1803 that island has afforded a very abundant literary harvest. Among these productions there are undoubtedly some which good taste must consign to oblivion; but a flower discovered on a parched soil, or amid the rigours of winter, though pale and weakly, still

gives us one pleasurable sensation—that of surprise. We are naturally inclined to speak of it with a certain degree of interest.

In a country where the censorship is extremely severe, it cannot be expected that we should mention many works on theology. If we except a translation of "Lyttelton's Evidences of the Truth of Christianity," a "Life of Jesus Christ compiled from the four Evangelists," and one or two other works of the same kind, all the rest are mere polemical works more than a century behind-hand. For example, *Discorso contra gli Ebrei e gl'increduli sulla verita della resurrezione di Gesu Cristo—L'Empieta della dottrina Ariana, conculcata e convinta nel gloriosa martirio di S. Ermenegildo Re d'Andalusia.* It should be observed, that this last is a tragedy in five acts. But a still more remarkable work, written by a monk, named Gaetano Verga, is entitled, *La gran dignita del santissimo Rosario.* This monstrous production, notwithstanding the pious blasphemies with which it swarms, had escaped the severity of the censorship: it was the publick papers that first pronounced an anathema against the author. We shall endeavour to convey some idea of its subject. The Devil appears before the tribunal of the Saviour, and complains bitterly that the blessed Virgin, by the institution of the Rosary, daily deprives him of many worthy souls, who would otherwise fall into his clutches. Jesus Christ immediately dispatches the angel Gabriel to summon his mother to appear, because, as he says, he is determined to comply strictly with all the necessary formalities. The parties speak in their own behalf; but the monk, with inconceivable stupidity, makes his devil plead with such warmth and ability, that Jesus Christ may justly be suspected of partiality in giving a verdict in favour of his mother. The author knows no merit superior to that of the rosary; its virtue is universal. The angel Gabriel concludes with putting all the good actions of men into one scale, and a rosary into the other: it outweighs them.

It would appear from the preceding observations that Sicily ought to abound in good works on jurisprudence. This, however, is not the case. They are, for the most part, mere compilations: in that philosophical spirit which generalizes their utility they are absolutely deficient. Nothing that has appeared on this subject deserves to be mentioned, unless it be the "Introduction to the jurisprudence of Sicily," by Doctor Ro-

sarios Gregorio, a lawyer equally distinguished for extensive information and sound philosophy.

The establishment of the first anatomical theatre in Sicily, by Caramanico, proves how little progress has been made in that country in the medical art: it has, however, begun to be more attentively cultivated. Chemistry, in particular, has become a favourite study of the Sicilians, and the works of M. Fourcroy are held in high estimation. Some of the most distinguished literati have devoted their attention to the natural history of the country; and the family of Gioeni, of Catanea, possesses a cabinet interesting both for its richness, and for the regularity and taste which pervade it. Others, more or less important, exist in every town of Sicily; but it is necessary to seek the company of the proprietors, because they are not accustomed, like those of other countries, to publish their observations. Every one is acquainted with the catastrophe that befel the manuscript of the canon Recupero, the invaluable result of observations made for a long series of years on Etna; but this loss is in part repaired by the labours of Francesco Ferrara, professor at the university of Catanea, who has given us, in his *Storia generale dell' Etna*, an ample description of that mountain, the history of its explosions, and a catalogue of its productions. This work, from the importance and the number of geological observations in particular, may be considered as one of the most interesting parts of the researches into the natural history of volcanoes in general. The work of Doctor Vincenzo Rijolo, on the mineral waters of Sicily, may likewise be mentioned with approbation.

The mathematicks present a more abundant harvest; without noticing several elementary works of merit, it cannot be doubted that the writings of the celebrated Piazzi will form an epoch in the literary history of Sicily. We shall not quote their titles; all Europe is acquainted with them; but the detached pieces which he has successively inserted in the "Philosophical Transactions," and other periodical publications printed at Milan and Modena, are not so well known.—They consist of "*Corrispondenza Italiana;*" "*Lettere sull' astronomia;*" and his last work is entitled, "*Stellarum inerrantium positiones.*" Another performance by him, "*Su i movimenti delle Fisse,*" will speedily appear. Natural philosophy has likewise been cultivated with success since the time of Caramanico. This is proved by *P. Eliseo Physicæ experimentalis Elementa*;

J. Z. Cantarella Physicæ experimentalis Cursus, and *Introduzione alla Fisica*, by the celebrated Abbate Seina, which has just made its appearance.

But the Sicilians are very far from having made any progress in erudition. They have recently published, it is true, a new edition of ancient classick authors for the use of the university of Palermo; but it is only a reprint, and frequently a faulty one, of the text. Of various translations which are not above mediocrity we shall say nothing. The "Anacreon" of Valguarnera is no more a translation from the original than the "Theocritus" of the Count Gaetani. It is to be regretted that the Marquis de Natali, who, in his translation of Homer, has so skilfully introduced all those beauties which embellish that of Cesarotti, and avoided his defects, should have stopped short at the fourth book of the Illiad. The imposture of Vella has not been wholly useless to Sicily; for it has excited a taste for the study of the Arabick. Morso, professor of the Oriental languages at Palermo, has published an edition of "Lokmann's Fables," to which he has annexed an Arabick Grammar and Dictionary. The Abbate Pasqualino has established a claim to the gratitude of the republick of Letters by his *Vocabulario Siciliano etimologico Italiano e Latino*, in five volumes. The Dictionaries of Escobar and of Bordo have rendered this work necessary; and if it does not possess all the perfection that could be wished, yet if we reflect on the multiplicity of different dialects, and that each town of Sicily has one which is peculiar to itself, we shall be obliged to admit that Pasqualino has gloriously acquitted himself of the laborious task which he undertook. His vocabulary is not only valuable for Sicily, but philology in general must attach to it considerable importance: for, considering the relations and approximations of these different dialects to the ancient languages, it were to be wished that some scholar, who would not, like Pasqualino, suffer himself to be too often led away into idle researches on the etymology of words, would take the trouble to prune and to improve it.

Sicily has not yet produced any works of importance on coins, if we except the performance of Prince Torremuzza, who was the first that inspired his countrymen with a taste for researches of this kind. Every town, indeed, has its medalist, who, notwithstanding the great exportation, never fails to acquire a fortune: but with the Sicilian this science is, as

yet, nothing more than the passion of hoarding. Among the private collections that of the Baron d'Astuto at Noto, and that of the family of Biscari at Catanea are most worthy of notice. The publick is still expecting the work promised by Calcagni, of Naples, on the numismatography of his native country. The writings of the Chevalier Saverio Landolina, which will principally relate to the researches undertaken by him in the vicinity of Syracuse, will appear without delay. Of all the Sicilian literati, Landolina is perhaps the only one who has properly seized the spirit of antiquity: this he has proved by his commentaries on Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, and several other ancient authors.

The very particular care with which the Italians collect the history of their country, forms a trait in their national character: and though we so rarely find among their historians traces of that philosophick spirit which guided Machiavel and Guicciardini, yet we are obliged to allow them, in this respect, a distinguished rank among the nations of Europe. Their researches, however, are replete with too minute details, and while they furnish rich materials for the future historian of Italy, they will render his task extremely laborious by this very super-abundance. Some idea of these stores may be formed from the catalogue published by the Marquis de Villabianca: *Catalogo di tutti i parti litterati editi ed inediti intorno alla Storia Sicula Palermitana*, 1794. The celebrated historiographer Paolo di Blasi is reproached, perhaps with justice, for having written rather a history of the Viceroys of Sicily than of the nation, in his *Storia cronologica de vice-rè, luogotenenti e presidenti del regno di Sicilia*; but it is not less true that he has successfully treated the most difficult period of the annals of his country. Rosario Gregorio enjoys a well-earned reputation. His *Bibliotheca scriptorum, qui res in Sicilia gestas sub Aragonum imperio retulere*, causes his "History of the Government of Sicily," which will speedily appear, to be expected with impatience. Another valuable work, by the same author, *Rerum Arabicarum quae ad historiam Siculam spectant ampla Collectio, Arabice et Latine*, 1790, folio, raised up against him in Vella an opponent, who, however, obtained but a very transient success. We shall likewise mention here with commendation, *Paolo d'Avolio Saggio sovra lo stato presente della poesia in Sicilia, per servire alla Storia della litteratura nationale*

del Secolo XVIII. though in many places he is not perfectly free from the reproach of partiality.

Statisticks, so generally cultivated in all the rest of Europe, is a science almost entirely neglected in this island. Emmanuel Sergio is engaged in a work on the commerce of Sicily, but his plan is too extensive, so that there is reason to apprehend that he will never be able to accomplish it.

Though the Sicilians have not addicted themselves so much to the abstruse researches of metaphysicks, they are not less philosophical than their neighbours on the continent of Italy. The literature of France and England is better known in Sicily than in all southern Italy. A single glance at the booksellers' shops in the street of Cassero at Palermo, is sufficient to convince you that foreign literature possesses a decided advantage over that of the country. The works of the most esteemed philosophers are there read in the original; but only one work of Bonnet's has yet been translated, *Contemplazione della Natura con nuove note ed osservazioni dell Abb. Fr. Ferrara*, and nothing of Locke's but his logick.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the journals and other periodical works which have hitherto appeared in Sicily, and many of which are justly regretted, have had but a very transient existence. Such are the *Effemeridi enciclopediche*; *Saggio di la Storia Sicula*; *Giornale ecclesiastico di Sicilia*; *Notizie litterarie*; *Nuova racolta degli autori Siciliani*, &c. &c. You every where discover with pleasure traces of an intimate acquaintance with foreign literature; a high commendation, which cannot be conferred on the rest of Italy. The best German works are translated into the dialect of the country.

Every Sicilian, who prentends to any education, is a poet; pastoral poetry is their favourite branch. But most of these sons of Parnassus fortunately possess the good sense not to be desirous of shining except in the circles which they frequent. They write in the idiom peculiar to themselves, and hence it very frequently happens that what is thought charming at Palermo is not understood at Syracuse. Meli is their model; this poet enjoys the highest reputation, and the new edition of his works is expected with an impatience of which it is impossible to form any idea. All its contents are already known by heart. This is of no consequence; he is the fashionable author; the whole nation, nay even his rivals have decreed him the crown. Count Caesar Gaetani, author of a poem en-

titled *Piscagioni*, might, perhaps, have aspired to a reputation equally splendid. The tunny fishery is an amusement of which all the inhabitants of the coasts of Sicily are passionately fond. This fishery is a kind of national festival which continues several days successively; but Gaetani has employed the Tuscan dialect, which is not generally known in Sicily. Besides, his verses have not the native simplicity of Melis. Zanotti, Poli, Bondi, have likewise printed collections of poems. Procapio has translated Gessner's "Death of Abel," but none of those works produced any great sensation. Dramatic poetry is neglected to such a degree, as cannot be conceived unless it be known that the dramatick art itself found in that country but a very small number of partizans. The theatres are commonly empty, and those who go to them for pastime are frequently unable to tell, on leaving them, what piece they have seen represented. The reason of this indifference, unparalleled among civilized nations, is, that the Sicilians have not yet, properly speaking, either a national theatre or national plays. The performances are Venetian pieces, in the Venetian dialect; consequently both the language and the national character, so very different from those of Venice, oppose the progress of this art in Sicily. It may be even generally asserted that the taste for the fine arts is not yet expanded among the natives of that island. Though they possess a Pietro Novelli, an Antonio Gaggino, though their churches abound in valuable pictures of more than one kind, the Sicilian is not an artist; they have not yet produced either painter or statuary whose name is worthy of being handed down to posterity. Those among them who are gifted by nature with any particular talent are obliged to flee their country to obtain the reward due to their merit, unless they choose rather to profane their art and to vegetate all their lives. Velasquez, the painter of Palermo, affords a striking demonstration of this melancholy truth: having resolved not to quit his island, his talents and his fortune have not risen above mediocrity. Mariano Rossi was more wise or more fortunate. He obtained at an early age considerable reputation by various performances at the Villa Borghese. He returned to his native land only for a time, for the purpose of painting the dome of the cathedral of Palermo. This is the greatest of his works. Though his figures are often defective in the proportions, though his colouring, which is too yellow, fatigues the eye, still the com-

position and the whole denote a man of genius. Among the statuaries we shall mention but one, Marabitti, and he scarcely deserves the name.

One of the most beautiful monuments of modern architecture, the church of St. Laurence the Martyr, at Trapani, has recently been finished. Don Diego de Luca, an ecclesiastick, was the architect who superintended its erection. Italy has not, perhaps, a monument of its kind in a style more simple and more majestick.

From the London Monthly Repository.

On the effects of the industry of the literati of Germany on the literature of that country; and on the influence of the four last years of war upon it.

By John Chr. Huttner, Esq. of the Foreign Office.*

If we consider the German literati in a general point of view, we discover in them an industry, a diligence, and an avidity for every thing that can be learned or read, of which it is impossible to form a conception in any other country. All who make literature a profession are, more or less, egotists, and banished from the real into the speculative world; but the literati of Germany are more so than any other. The prodigious demands made upon them by the general example of their countrymen, draw a very distinct line between them and the other classes of society. Let a foreigner visit the German universities, he will find that most of the teachers of reputation either rise at four in the morning, or continue their labours till late at night, because the greatest part of the day is occupied in lectures, of which many of them are obliged to hold six or seven, in order to subsist, because their salaries are very low. With their families they commonly converse only during meals; and if, for the sake of decorum, they are obliged to spend a few hours in social recreations, they complain that they are robbed of their time. Hence one half of the teachers in German universities die in the flower of their age, and the other half resemble living skeletons. But few,

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* From the *Treue Verkündiger*, a German newspaper published twice a week in London.

who either possess an iron constitution, or practise the greatest temperance, preserve their health and attain an advanced age. Of this character, all the other literati of Germany more or less partake.

Their extraordinary industry has consequences of two kinds. The bad are, multiplicity of knowledge, eagerness to acquire languages, superficialness, the immoderate multiplication of books, excessive literary curiosity, and an accumulation of journals of every kind.

Among the beneficial effects may be reckoned, an ardent desire of accuracy, unexampled multitude and excellence of all literary auxiliary works, an impartial judgment respecting foreign literary merit, and a just estimation of native talents.

With regard to solicitude for multiplicity of attainments, there is at present no nation which is so deeply and so generally infected by it as the German. Their academical institutions are distinguished from all others by the multitude of things which are taught in them. It is true that, in the regions of science, every part has a connection with the rest; and that, whoever wishes to produce something excellent and solid, must possess an extensive general knowledge: but the grand question is—Where ought this generality to cease? In the great German schools and gymnasia, students are generally taught Latin, Greek, (those intended for the church, also Hebrew,) French, Italian, and English; besides mathematics, natural philosophy, geography, history, music, dancing, fencing, and drawing. At the universities they not only attend to the studies connected with their particular profession, but in general embrace the whole circle of the sciences into the bargain. Thus each of the German literati becomes a kind of encyclopædia. The Germans are particularly partial to the study of the languages. The acquisition of the modern, that is, of French, English, and Italian, is so common, that you meet with very few of the literati of consequence but what understand them; and, on the other hand, with great numbers who have made themselves masters of all the polished languages of Europe; so that this is no longer a rarity. Hence it is that collections of French, English, and Italian authors, are even now, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, printing in several places of Germany at once, and have a rapid sale. But, even with these extensive attainments, many are not satisfied; but learn, besides, the Oriental and Slavoni-

an dialects. Adelung, Schlözer, Johannes Müller, Büsching, the two Sprengels, Reinhold Forster, David Michaelis, Herder, Jenisch, Hasse, &c. are among those lately deceased, the most remarkable examples in this respect, especially as all these writers were by no means merely linguists, but only availed themselves of those acquisitions to attain a higher degree of perfection.

Among the great living linguists of Germany, we may mention the following: Professor Eichhorn, of Göttingen; Professors Vater, Curt Sprengel, and Ersch, of Halle; Professors Beck and Wenk, of Leipzig; Böttiger, of Dresden; Voss, of Heidelberg; and Schneider, of Frankfurt on the Oder; to whom might be added a considerable number of others. Of these latter also, it may be asserted that they have all employed their knowledge of languages to the attainment of higher objects, and distinguished themselves as divines, physicians, antiquaries, poets, historians, &c.

When this polyhistory is combined with real genius, it produces superior men, and works that a nation may justly be proud of, as the excellent performances of the abovementioned writers evince. This, indeed, is but rarely the case. A multitude of imitators, not gifted with the intellectual digestive faculties of these eminent literati, overload themselves, and become superficial. This defect is unfortunately much more common at present in Germany than formerly; and the only difference between it and the superficialness of the French, is, that it is less ostentatious, and chooses rather to envelope itself in the mantle of pedantry; but, on this account, it is not less detrimental to genuine literature, and generates the *cacoëthes scribendi*, a disease which may be regarded as indigenous in Germany, and which, apparently, it is not easy to cure. Too harsh a picture of it can scarcely be drawn. It will be sufficient for our present purpose, to refer to the fair catalogues for about twenty years down to 1806, and to *Meusel's Gelehrtes Deutschland*. The host of German writers is truly formidable. It is but natural that a person who writes a great deal, can very seldom or never write well; and, consequently the readers of these hasty productions are supplied with a very inferior kind of food for the mind.

One of the most pernicious consequences of this is, as the most eminent literati universally complain, that people grow indifferent to old works of real excellence, eagerly hunt after

novelties, and admire many piratical productions because they are not acquainted with the sources whence they were derived. In short, the whole republick of letters in Germany is labouring under so violent an attack of literary curiosity as cannot be paralleled in any other country. There are Englishmen who regularly read six or eight newspapers every day, and would rather dispense with many other pleasures than be deprived of this. A learned German shakes his head at it, and wonders how any body can waste the precious moments in reading such trash; forgetting that he himself is as strongly attached to the countless literary journals, which spring up in Germany like mushrooms, and whose numbers have been but little diminished by the four last calamitous years.

There can never be any want of these literary dainties, since such an inconceivably industrious nation must naturally, not only bring to market a prodigious, though motly stock of its own productions, but with the utmost assiduity collects the honey from foreign flowers. Many confine themselves entirely to this kind of reading, and the avidity for journals cannot therefore fail to be prejudicial to graver studies, because people easily addict themselves to the bad habit of dwelling but a short time upon any subject, and being satisfied with a superficial acquaintance with many. All polished nations it is true have journals, but, we believe, they appear no oftener than monthly; while the German literati, on the contrary, are so incapable of restraining their curiosity, that their literary gazettes, intelligencers, &c. must appear daily or every other day. To gratify this inordinate love of novelty, the proprietors of these literary journals, in time of peace, keep agents in different countries, to ensure the earliest communication of literary intelligence, in the same manner as the principal London newspapers have political correspondents abroad; and in the German literary institutions, museums, book-clubs, &c. you will see the visitants nine times out of ten engaged with journals, whereas the books at those places are seldom taken down from the shelves. There are likewise few political newspapers in Germany but what introduce literary intelligence, without which a German newspaper seems destitute of seasoning. If the reviews of a critical journal never rise above mediocrity, it has no occasion to fear a falling off in its sale, if due industry be bestowed on its intelligence, the article

which is most read. Students at the universities, and very often even at school, read these periodical publications with an avidity which proves highly detrimental to their studies, as it interrupts that tranquillity, and checks that torrent of exertion, which are necessary in juvenile years, if maturer age shall produce any thing of importance.

What is pernicious to the weaker tends to invigorate the more robust. Solidity, which is an ancient characteristick of German literature, and enables us to boast of celebrated names in every branch of human knowledge, and at every period, could not be attained unless the German literati were anxious to possess themselves of every thing that has been printed in their particular department. It is this very anxiety to make themselves acquainted with the productions of all their predecessors that renders them interesting and instructive. It was formerly common to ridicule this spirit of minute investigation, which was denominated pedantry and want of taste; neither is it to be denied that many of our writers are chargeable with those defects. But since the Germans directed their attention also to the style, and have combined elegance with solidity, it is in this very virtue that we must look for the cause why their works are now sought after by nations who were polished at an earlier period. If, as we have already admitted, there are many superficial writers in Germany, it is, on the other hand, universally acknowledged, that a very considerable number of men of genius are striving to check this evil, and maintain the ancient reputation of solidity, which is so commendable a trait in the national character.

Another good effect of the extraordinary literary activity of the Germans, is, that they possess the best auxiliary works. This advantage cannot be denied by any person who is acquainted with our literature; and it is of such importance, that this alone ought to be an inducement to foreign literati to learn our language. It will be sufficient to mention a few German works of general utility. Such are Meusel's and Eichhorn's Histories of Literature; Brucker's and Buhle's Histories of Philosophy; Sulzer's and Blankenburg's General Theory of the Fine Arts; Büsching's Geography; Ebeling's Geography of North America: Michaelis' Introduction to the New Testament; Eichhorn's Introduction to the Old Testament; a series of extremely useful polyglot works by Nemnich; Röding's polyglot Marine Dictionary; the great and

yet unfinished History of the Sciences of the Göttingen Literati, commenced by Eichhorn; Sprengel's History of Medicine; Meusel's Bibliotheca Historica, begun by Struve; Jöcher's and Adelung's Dictionary of Literati; Wolf's, Köcher's, and Eichhorn's Hebrew Collection; Fabricius's *Bibliotheca Græca*, with additions by Harles; the same author's *Bibliotheca Latina*; Eckhel's *Doctrina Rei Nummariæ*; Scheussner's Dictionary of the New Testament; Diendorf's Dictionary of the Old Testament; Schneider's Greek, Scheller's Latin, Schwan's French, and Wagner's Spanish Dictionary; Fischer's Dictionary of Natural Philosophy; Funke's Dictionary of Ancient Literature; Busch's History of Inventions; Ersch's Repertory of Literature; Meusel's Literati of Germany; Ersch's Literati of France; and Forster and Reuss's Literati of England. All these works are of extraordinary utility to persons engaged in literary pursuits; they spare the pains that may be bestowed on something more important, and supply, at least in some measure, the want of extensive libraries. How far the literature of Germany surpasses that of other countries in this respect, will best appear by a comparison of the above-mentioned works with similar ones of the other polished nations. To this end, it is sufficient to place the mere titles against one another; and a complete catalogue of these may be found in Meusel's Clue to Literature (*Leitfaden der Litteratur*), a work which ranks with the most useful, and to which no other nation can produce an equal, or even one of a similar kind.

But the rage for collecting from every country in which literature is cultivated, is attended also with this consequence, that the Germans esteem the literary merits of foreigners more highly than other nations are accustomed to do. In this point many of them go too far. Translations from all the polished languages in the world are incessantly going forward. "Thuiskon's people," says a German poet, (Cramer), "treat no foreigner with contempt; rich, without pride, they bestow due honour on every nation, even though envy is silent on the subject of their merits."

(To be continued.

THERMOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS, &c. NOVEMBER, 1810.

	Greatest heat.	Least heat.	Mean heat.		Fall of rain.
1	44°	22°	34.60	Fair, hazy.	
2	30	26	27.60	Snow.	
3	32	26	28.75	Fair.	
4	36	24	29.33	Do.	
5	46	24	37	Do.	
6	58	38	44.33	Do.	
7	45	30	37.40	Do.	
8	51	31	43	Cloudy.	
9	51	41	46.50	Slight rain.	
10	49	45	46.40	Cloudy.	
11	50	47	48.33	Do. rain.	,55
12	50	44	47	Cloudy.	
13	54	41	48.25	Do.	
14	58	48	53.25	Do.	
15	66	52	57.66	Rain, fair.	,10
16	63	44	56.20	Showery.	,50
17	43	31	38	Fair.	
18	48	30	39.80	Do.	
19	50	45	48.66	Cloudy, rain.	1,90
20	64	45	55.14	Fair.	
21	42	30	35.83	Do.	
22	45	34	39	Do.	
23	38	32	34	Slight snow.	
24	36	24	30.40	Fair.	
25	47	23	37.50	Do.	
26	43	35	40.80	Cloudy, rain.	1,20
27	54	40	49	Do.	
28	47	34	40.50	Fair.	
29	46	30	39.16	Do.	
30	46	38	42.80	Rain.	,30
				Inches,	4,55

15th. Greatest heat 66°
1st. Least heat 22° } Extreme 44°
Mean heat 41,759.
Number of observations 148.

The diurnal mean heat is deduced from a number of observations made from 7 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock P. M.

Slight rains, and those of no visible depth.

W. C.

THERMOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS, &c. DECEMBER, 1810.

	Greatest heat.	Least heat.	Mean heat.		Fall of rain.
1	48°	31°	39.50	Fair.	
2	40	28	34	Do.	
3	38	30	35.50	Sleet rain.	,6
4	36	30	32.80	Snow, say 3 inches.	
5	41	28	32.20	Fair.	
6	40	25	33.78	Do.	
7	42	23	35.83	Do. cloudy, slight	
8	42	30	35.67	Fair. [snow.	
9	34	21	27.50	Do.	
10	47	24	38.75	Do. cloudy.	
11	30	23	27.50	Fair.	
12	33	17	27.16	Do. cloudy, snow,	
13	30	22	25	Fair. [say 9 inch.	
14	34	20	28.57	Do.	
15	32	13	25.50	Hazy.	
16	41	22	34.43	Fair.	
17	25	12	18.33	Do.	
18	24	10	15.29	Do.	
19	45	20	32.75	Do.	
20	42	30	35.50	Do.	
21	40	31	34.14	Sleet.	
22	45	31	39.60	Do.	
23	36	24	30.80	Fair.	
24	40	24	34.50	Do. hazy.	
25	44	22	34.50	Do. do. fair.	
26	29½	13	23.58	Fair, hazy, slight	
27	37	19	30.33	Fair. [snow.	
28	48	32	40.50	Cloudy.	
29	60	45	52.60	Fair.	
30	44	34	38.60	Cloudy.	
31	33	24	29.75	Snow, say 2 inch.	

Total of rain 0,6 Inches.

29th. Greatest heat 60°
18th. Least do. 10° } Extreme 50°

Mean heat, 32.35.

Number of observations, 170.

The diurnal mean heat is deduced from a number of observations made from 7 o'clock, A. M. to 10 o'clock, P. M.

Slight rains, or snows, and those of no visible depth.

The actual fall of snow cannot be ascertained, but in an extensive forest. The depths above given are only conjectural.

W. C.

CATALOGUE,

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR JANUARY, 1811.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. *Mart.*

NEW WORKS.

* A Sermon delivered at Trinity Church, Christmas Day, December 25, 1810, on the Divinity of Jesus Christ. By John S. J. Gardiner, Rector. Published at the request of the hearers. Boston, Munroe and Francis.

Part III. Vol. II. Reports of Cases adjudged in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. By Horace Biney. Boston, D. Mallory and Co.

A Discourse delivered at the opening of the New Meeting-House, belonging to the Second Baptist Church Society in Boston. By Thomas Baldwin, D.D. Pastor of said church. Boston, Lincoln and Edmands.

* The American Review of History and Politicks, and general Repository of Literature and State Papers. No. 1. January, 1811, to be continued quarterly. Philadelphia; Fry and Kammerer Printers.

* A Funeral Discourse, delivered at the interment of the Rev. Nathaniel Noyes, in the North Congregational Church of Newburyport, Dec. 14, 1810. By Samuel Spring, D. D. Newburyport; E. W. Allen.

A Narrative of the Proceedings of the Religious Society of People called Quakers, in Philadelphia, against John Evans, to which is added, a report of the evidences delivered on the trial of the case of John Evans, *versus* Ellis Yarnal and others. With an Appendix, compiled under the direction of John Evans. Philadelphia; Edward Earle.

Memoirs of the late Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, D. D. Founder and President of Dartmouth College, and Moore's Indian Charity School; with a summary history of the College and School. To which is added, Extracts from his Epistolary Correspondence. By David M'Clure, D. D. S. H. S. Pastor of a Church in East-Windsor, Conn. With Additions, By Elijah Parish, D. D. Pastor of the Church in Byefield, Mass. Newburyport; E. Little and Co.

NEW EDITIONS.

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D. Lecturer on Medicine, &c. &c. in London. New York; Collins and Perkins.

Sacred Exercises, in four Books, compiled for the use of places of education. "Leaving us an example that we should follow his steps" 1 Pet. ii. 22. Price 50 cents in boards, 247 pages 18mo. Boston; Elam Bliss.

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Elements of Chemistry. By Thomas Thomson, M.D. F.R.S.E. Philadelphia; J. and A. Y. Humphreys.

Venice Preserved; or a Plot Discovered, a Tragedy; as performed at the Boston Theatre. Price 25 cents. Boston; Munroe and Francis.

The Thorough Scholar; or the Nature of Language, with the reasons, principles, and rules of English Grammar, rendered agreeable to the understanding of youth. By Daniel Adams, M. B. author of the Scholar's Arithmetick, &c. Boston; T. and W. Parker.

The New American Practical Navigator: being an Epitome of Navition; containing all the tables necessary to be used with the Nautical Almanack, in determining the Latitude and the Longitude by Lunar Observations; and keeping a complete reckoning at sea: illustrated by proper Rules and Examples: the whole exemplified in a Journal, kept from Boston to Madeira, in which all the rules of navigation are introduced. Also, the Demonstration of the usual Rules of Trigonometry; Problems in Mensuration, Surveying and Gauging; Dictionary of Sea-Terms; and the manner of performing the most useful Evolutions at Sea. With an Appendix, containing methods of calculating Eclipses of the Sun and Moon, and Occultations of the Fixed Stars: and Rules for finding the Longitude of a place by observations of Eclipses or Occultations. By Nathaniel Bowditch, A. M Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia. Newburyport; E. Little and Co.

The Juvenile Spelling-Book. Being an easy introduction to the English Language. By Albert Puket, author of the Juvenile Expositor, &c. Newburyport; E. Little and Co.

Vol. 5. of Massachusett's Reports. Newburyport; E. Little and Co.

Village Harmony, 10th edition. Newburyport; E. Little, and Co.

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T. B. Wait and Co. propose to publish, by subscription, A Geographical and Historical View of the World: exhibiting a complete delineation of the natural and artificial features of each country; and a succinct narrative of the origin of the different nations, their political revolutions, and progress in arts, sciences, literature, commerce, &c. The whole comprising all that is important in the geography of the globe and the history of mankind. By John Bigland, author of Letters on Ancient and Modern History, Essays on Various Subjects, &c. &c. in five volumes.

W. Wells and T. B. Wait and Co. have in press, The Four Gospels, translated from the Greek, with Preliminary Dissertations, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. By George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Edinburgh. Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. In four volumes, 8vo.

J. Belcher, Boston, intends printing in a handsome volume, Vocal Poetry; or a select collection of English Songs: To which is prefixed, an Essay on Song Writing. By John Aikin, M. D.

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Mr. Murray, of Boston, proposes to publish, by subscription, "Scripture Investigations; contained in Letters and Sketches of Sermons on the subject of the Great Salvation. By John Murray, senior Pastor of the First Universal Society in Boston."

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John West and Co. have in press, Messiah. By Klopstock. 2 vols. 8vo.

John Eliot, jr. has in press, and will shortly publish, A Sequel to the Sketch of the denominations of the Christian world; being testimonies in behalf of christian candour and unanimity, by divines of the church of England, the Kirk of Scotland, and among the Protestant dissenters. To which is prefixed, An Essay on the right of private judgment in matters of religion. By John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited number of pupils, Bullin's Row, Islington.

C. Norris and Co. Exeter, N. H. have in press, M. T. Ciceronis, Orationes quaedam selectae. Select Orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero, with Notes, Historical and Explanatory. Nam mihi videtur M. Tullius, cum se totum ad imitationem Graecorum contulisset, effinxisse vim Demosthenis, copiam Platonis, jucunditatem Isocratis. 1 vol. 12mo.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1811.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Continued from page 14.)

September 27.

THERE is a French camp in the *Praça da Inquisiçao*, the *Praça do Commercio* as well as in all the other principal squares of Lisbon. There is also another at Belem, and the castle at that place continues still to be garrisoned by the French. French troops are also quartered in many of the convents. In the Franciscan convent, immediately opposite to my lodgings, which is of immense extent, there is a whole regiment. They are still formidable to the inhabitants, and it is only centinels at the outposts, and unfortunate stragglers, who fall victims to the dastardly revenge of the cowardly citizens. The head quarters of Junot, the *Duke of Abrantes*, are at the palace of Quintella, the great dealer in diamonds, who is called the richest merchant in Portugal. This man has proved to the French a most profitable pidgeon, and he has indeed been very handsomely plucked. The contributions levied upon his purse have been immense, but such has been his conduct that he is pitied by no one. On the arrival of the French, he gave a sumptuous entertainment to the generals and chief officers of the army, in hopes, doubtless, by this manoeuvre to ingratiate himself with the commander in chief. His guests seemed highly gratified with the civilities of their host, and surprised at such a display of opulence. The costly paintings which decorated the walls, of which many were productions of the most eminent masters of Italy, particularly attracted

the notice of the *general en chef*, who is said to be a great connoisseur. So singularly had they hit his fancy, that he next morning despatched a messenger with a note to Quintella, complimenting him on the taste he had shewn in his collection, and requesting, as a favour, that the pictures might immediately be sent him by the bearer of the message. He also soon after took occasion to observe to his entertainer how much flattered he felt by his politeness, and how happy he was to see the affection he had manifested to the person of his master, the Great Napoleon, observing at the same time, that as he had seen no house in Lisbon which he liked so well, he intended in future to confer on him the honour of residing in it himself. Quintella has accordingly ever since had the pleasure of maintaining the general and all his staff. He has been obliged to defray all the expenses of his household, and to supply all the splendid entertainments which have been given. The retinue of Junot that is quartered in the house, have drunk upwards of eighty pipes of wine belonging to their host. The French general also conceived for the wife of a Portuguese nobleman, an affection equally ardent as that which was excited by the palace of Quintella. His *penchant*, however, in this instance, was gratified with infinitely less reluctance than in the former. He does not appear disposed, after the proof he has given of his acquiescence, to trust himself among his countrymen by remaining behind, but he is to go in the same frigate to France which is destined to convey the general and his *cara sposa*. The conduct of the French commander in other instances has not apparently been marked by any particular cruelty or severity. Only one execution has taken place under his government. The contributions he has levied on the convents and churches have certainly been very heavy, and immense treasures have been reaped from them. The gems, jewels, and precious stones, that glittered in such profusion, have all been rifled. The huge statues of massy silver, the golden and silver candlesticks, the ornaments of the altars, together with all the paraphernalia of superstition, have been laid hands on, melted down and coined. I saw piled up in the house of a merchant, bars of gold of immense value, which were part of the recovered plunder of the French: but the part which can or will be recovered is very small indeed. The Portugeuse murmur greatly at the vast quantities of spoil which are every day embarking. This is not sur-

prising, when they see loads borne continually by soldiers to the quays, who appear to totter under the weight of their burdens, and when they remember that the enemy came naked into the country. Articles the most bulky are carried off under pretext of being baggage of the officers. Vast quantities of gold and silver have been coined by them since the invasion, which the Portuguese were obliged to receive at the nominal value; but these coins have since the convention of Cintra depreciated greatly. The frigate which is appointed to convey Junot to France is so blocked up by what he takes away, that the officers of the ship complain of wanting room. He carries with him no less than twelve carriages of English manufacture. In the knapsacks of many of the private soldiers who were slain at Vimeira, gold and silver was found to the amount of two or three hundred pounds sterling. Had the plunder of Junot been confined solely to convents and churches; had he done nothing but "shake the bags of hoarding abbots," it would have been of small consequence to the publick at large; but the contributions levied on opulent individuals were exceedingly oppressive, and in many instances, nearly ruinous. No class of the community were exempted from these exactions. Even the frail fair ones were taxed, and obliged to take out licences to exercise their profession. The inhabitants accuse the French of violating the articles of the convention, by taking away such quantities of treasure. The Portuguese commander has even entered a protest against the proceedings of the English generals: objecting in very arrogant and harsh terms against every article of that treaty. One would even suppose, from the violent manner in which he thus puts in his veto, that he had actually had some concern himself in the battle of Vimeira. Indeed I understand he does claim the whole victory of that day, and his countrymen seem perfectly convinced of his title to it. It is this man whose conduct was so deservedly and severely reprehended in the despatches of the English general, as base and cowardly. He was repeatedly urged during the action to advance with his troops, but thinking with Falstaff, that *the better part of valour was discretion*, this prudent commander wisely thought proper to remain neuter until the fate of the day should be decided. He therefore kept at a cautious distance as long as there was any doubt who would be victorious, and when this doubt was removed, like a skilful officer he brought

in his gallant troops to share the glories of the battle. The most unpopular of the three French generals is Loison. If the stories related of his conduct be true, they are disgraceful to him not only as a soldier but as a man. At *Leyria*, in particular, his cruelties are said to have been excessive. The treatment which the unfortunate nuns at that place are said to have received from the soldiers under his command is such as would be too horrible to describe. It is only to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, that they are somewhat exaggerated. The people do not appear to entertain so much dislike of Junot as I imagined. My friend, Mr. T——, has dined several times in his company, at the tables of General Beresford and Sir Arthur Wellesley. On all occasions he expresses the most sovereign contempt for the people of this country, which sentiment he is at no pains to conceal from his own adherents. He speaks in high terms of admiration of the discipline, courage, and appearance of the British troops, and observed that the French and English were the only two nations worthy to contend with each other. Junot is very partial to the English mode of living. Like them he is fond of dining at late hours, and of sitting long over his bottle. His appearance is martial, though not handsome. He is said to be a favourite general of Buonaparte, of whom the following circumstance, relative to the origin of Junot's promotion, is related. Having occasion during an engagement to send a despatch, and being unattended at the moment by any of his staff, he hastily demanded of some soldiers near him if there was one among them who could write. One of them answered that he could, and instantly stepped from the ranks. Buonaparte accordingly dictated to him a letter which was written on a drum-head. Just as he had finished a ball struck the ground at his feet and covered him with dust, on which he cooly remarked that "it was a fortunate accident, as he wanted some sand." This *sang froid* so pleased the general that he promoted him on the spot.

Yesterday I saw the whole French army paraded. It was a most magnificent and imposing spectacle. The number on the field amounted to nearly twenty thousand. They were composed of full grown muscular veterans, though the countenances of many indicated extreme youth. Their appearance, especially that of the cavalry, was in the most eminent degree ferocious and martial. Their accoutrements differ es-

sentially from those of the British troops. The heavy dragoons, or cuirassiers, wear helmets of brass, and breast-plates resembling the ancient coats of mail, which they differ from only by being much thicker, and musket proof. These equipments are excessively burthensome, and when once dismounted, they are rendered helpless, but in a charge their shock is dreadful. I also recently witnessed another very interesting sight. Four thousand Spanish troops who had been prisoners to the French, were assembled to receive arms presented them by the English, previous to their embarkation for Catalonia.

I have been several times to the Italian Opera, or *Teatro de San Carlos* since I arrived in Lisbon. This is the only amusement worth attending in the city. It is a very elegant theatre. The exterior, which is of Dorick architecture, is exceedingly handsome. Within it is fitted up in a style similar to the Opera House in London. The centre box, which was the royal seat, since the entrance of the French has been taken possession of by Junot, as the representative of his master, and decorated accordingly with the tricoloured flag. Before it a curtain is now very appropriately suspended. I was present at the first opera that was acted subsequent to the new order of things, when the united flags of Great Britain, Portugal, and Spain, were put up in the place of the French standard. This was received most loyally by the brave Portuguese, who huzzaed and shouted very magnanimously. Their own flag being modestly stuck in the centre above the others. The orchestra is very excellent, and the vocal performers are said to be among the first in Europe. Catalani sung in this theatre for some years. It was at Lisbon that she married her blackguard husband, who was then a subaltern in the French service, and from hence she first visited London. The performances are twice a-week, of which Sunday is the most fashionable night: and the opera as well as all the other theatres are much more brilliantly attended then than on any other night in the week. The opera is about to be shut for want of encouragement. Young Vestris, and Angiolini, who are the principal dancers, are going to England. Owing to the distresses of the times, this place of amusement which is more expensive than the other theatres, is not well supported. Junot, while in power, contrived to effect a pretty general attendance. Finding that the house was but little frequented, and not being pleased when he was present to see the

boxes empty, he caused cards to be issued to the different families of gentry and nobility, requesting he might be favoured on such a night with their company at the opera. The hint was immediately taken, and very few thought proper to neglect the invitation; as they not only felt pretty well assured that such a mark of disaffection would be remembered on the next contribution, but whether they attended or not, they were under the necessity of paying for their places. There are one or two other theatres for the performance of Portuguese plays, of which the only one that is tolerably decent is called *Teatro do Salitre*. This is a very shabby edifice compared to the opera house. It is ill constructed, very narrow, and inconvenient. Being cheaper and more agreeable to the taste of the people, it is usually well attended. Nothing can be more wretched than their plays, tragedies especially; and as for *the tragedians of the city*, they are infinitely worse. I was present the other evening at the representation of a tragedy taken from the affecting history of Don Pedro and Ines de Castro. The story of these unfortunate lovers—

"em cuya sorte
"Formon duo anagrama, o amor e, a morte"

is well known, and has, I believe, furnished a ground work to as many plays and poems in various languages, as any circumstance on record. Whether the tale is told in the simple words of the historian, or embellished by the melting touches, the exquisite poetry, and glowing language of the Lusiad, it takes strong hold of the feelings, but as it was represented by these *hempen homespuns* it afforded *very tragical mirth*. The performance was nearly on a par with the *tedious brief scene* of Pyramus and Thisbe, as enacted by the company of Messieurs Bottom and Quince. The part of Don Pedro, the hero of the play, was performed by the ugliest hound my eyes ever beheld. His features seemed fitted for no other stage than that under the management of Mr. Jack Ketch, and even this *line* of acting his appearance would disgrace. His dress was quite in character, nothing could be more appropriate. He wore a pair of Hessian boots, which had not, to judge by their colour, undergone the operation of brushing for the last half year, though to make amends for this defect, which was perhaps only a minute attention to stage propriety, and intended to mark the perturbed state of the lover's mind, they were very prettily bedizened with gold

tassels. The rest of his apparel consisted of black satin indispensables, a striped waistcoat, and snuff-coloured coat. I did not see a clean face among the whole company. The curtain which was let down between the acts was not so well painted as I have seen in a Welch barn. After the tragedy followed a most execrable pantomimick farce, full of the grossest indecencies. In this the audience seemed to take great delight. Between the acts when the musicians retired they blew the candles out, which being of tallow, perfumed the atmosphere very agreeably. This shows that they are good economists. Low as the situation of the stage is, it has undergone in one respect an improvement. Only four or five years ago women were not permitted to appear on it. Their parts were supplied by men dressed in female apparel. A huge hulking fellow, with broad shoulders and a black beard, was then the only representative of an Ines, or a Juliet. How exquisitely tender must this have been. The prohibition is said to have proceeded from the Queen's scrupulous regard to the morals of her subjects. Evil minded persons did insinuate that jealousy was the cause, her majesty not being over-beautiful herself. I do not know what the poor woman would think were she to witness the exhibitions as they are conducted at present. The indecency of the female dancers cannot, I imagine, be exceeded any where. Some of them are the handsomest women I have seen in Lisbon, but they o'erstep modesty rather too far even to be pleasing to one who is not remarkably fastidious. The gestures and appearance of the London opera-dancers are of a quaker-like modesty compared to the voluptuous contortions of the Portuguese *figurantes*. The theatres here have a dismal aspect to one who is accustomed to the brilliancy of those in London. Most of the boxes are so dark that it is impossible at a little distance to distinguish the faces of the company in them. The nobility and higher class of citizens have boxes retained by the season. Seats also in the pit are frequently let out in the same manner. They are divided like great armed chairs, the seats of which are folded to their backs, and fastened with a lock. The proprietors carry the keys with them. On going into the pit the door keeper unlocks the seat for you. No women sit in this part of the house. There is one peculiarity in the theatres here which does not fail to impress a stranger very forcibly at first sight, that is the situation of the prompter, than

which nothing can be more awkward or take away more from the delusion of the scene. His head is stuck up through a hole or trap door in the centre of the stage, before a little tin screen, put there I suppose with a design to conceal him from the audience, the shape of which is very like a sausage-pan. Instead however of its answering this purpose, he seems, with a laudable ambition desirous of making himself as conspicuous as possible. He is placed so far above the said sausage-pan that not only his head but the larger half of his body is visible. He is moreover kind enough to read the whole play in a tone of voice considerably louder than the actors. When I was last there, one of the performers who did not think proper to observe the precept of Hamlet, *let those that play the clowns speak no more than is set down for them*, and being, as I suppose, somewhat of a wag withal, ventured to *put in* a little of his own. This breach of privilege so enraged the prompter that he doubled his fist at the offending wight, abused him aloud, and shook the book in his face. Returning from the play at night is very disagreeable, for the reasons beforementioned. It is necessary to be well acquainted with the navigation of the channel which runs between the dung-hills and shoals, and you must also know your way. At this time you likewise stand in danger of getting cold iron in your belly, to which Strap himself could not have had a stronger aversion than I have. There are no lamps lighted in the city, and the tapers which are put by the pious before the images of saints appear at vast intervals faintly glimmering like stars in a cloudy night. In the midst of this darkness there are numerous assignations among the lower classes of people. When a carriage approaches with a lanthorn these lovers cry out, *turn the lanthorn;* but if a foot passenger comes near a couple who have any particular motive for not wishing to be seen, which is very frequently the case, with a lamp or flambeau before him, they give no such warning, but pelt him until he is obliged to extinguish the light.

October 1.

Lisbon still exhibits every where melancholy monuments of the ever memorable earthquake of 1755. Wherever you turn your eyes you can discover traces of the desolation and ruin occasioned by that fatal event. Broken arches and fallen columns lie on all sides as they were left at the period of this dreadful calamity, the remembrance of which is yet appalling

to the old inhabitants. They now startle at every shock. It is the epoch from which they date modern events. They are constantly relating the dreadful scenes with which it was attended. I am acquainted with an old lady who remembers it as if it were an event of yesterday. It forms the topick on which she is most fond of discoursing. She seems pleased to dwell with the minute garrulity of age on the horrours of the day, and to tell tales of the heart-rending scenes which ensued. What must have been the feelings of those who survived, to witness these scenes. Their situation, I think, could have been less enviable than that of the unfortunate victims who perished. To them how desolate must have appeared their native city!

——————— "rude fragments now
Lie scatter'd where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing, and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show,
Suffer a syncope, and solemn pause;
While God performs upon the trembling stage,
Of his own works, his dreadful part alone.
How does the earth receive him?
She quakes at his approach.
The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies rise,
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And, charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was by transformation strange,
Grows fluid; and the flat and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human, and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
And fugitive in vain. Where now the throng
That press'd the beach, and hasty to depart,
Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone,
Gone with the refluent wave into the deep—
A prince with half his people! Ancient towers,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes
Where beauty oft, and letter'd worth consume
Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone; the pale inhabitants come forth,

And, happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day that sets them free."

It is impossible correctly to ascertain the number of people who perished by this tremendous and awful visitation. The accounts given differ greatly: but by the estimate which is deemed most accurate, no less than thirty thousand souls were swallowed up. Since this period shocks have been frequent, but none has been attended with any very serious consequences. It is supposed that the mode which has been adopted in the erection of modern houses, enables them much more effectually to resist the force of a concussion than the former manner in which it was usual to construct them. They are now built with a frame or skeleton of wood, the interstices of which are filled up with brick or stone, so that they will rock for some time without falling to pieces. There are two kinds of earthquakes, one is the undulatory motion, and the other the perpendicular. The former happens most frequently, but the latter is much the most dangerous. The undulatory shake is very often slight. Its sound is said to resemble the rumbling of a cart through an archway, or the noise of a horse galloping over the ground:

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

They only happen in winter, between the months of October and April. It is generally remarked that they accompany the first rains that follow a great drought, or that they occur when the weather is sultry. The severest shock which has been felt since the great earthquake, took place no longer ago than last November, and had it lasted but a few more seconds, it probably would have proved nearly as calamitous. My landlady says that the alarm was dreadful. To heighten the horrour of the scene, it hapened while the enemy was at their gates, and at the moment that their prince was leaving them. The people ran into the streets like lunaticks, crying out *Misericordia*. The monks in the convent opposite lugged out St. Antonio, their never-failing friend on all emergencies. A Frenchman who lives next door, ran to the stable to saddle his horse and *ride off*. It was remarked by a priest to Pombal, that the destruction of the theatres in 1755 was an evident manifestation of the finger of God. "To what cause then," replied the Minister, "do you attribute such a signal preservation of all the streets most noted for brothels?" For

several years after the earthquake a stupor seemed to have ensued. The inhabitants were unwilling either to build, or to reside in that part of the city where its shocking effects were most evident. The spot which chiefly suffered was the valley where the royal palace was situated. This was entirely swallowed up, and remained for many years in a state of desolation until at length the new town was begun. From these ruins some very elegant streets have arisen, and it may be said that the misfortune, great as it was, has been productive of much good.

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CRIMINAL LAW OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 29.)

Of all the duties, indeed, which a judge has to discharge, the exercise of this discretion must be the most painful.—It is true that there are no duties however awful, no situation however difficult, with which long habit will not render the best of men familiar; but if we represent to ourselves a judge newly raised to that eminence, just entering upon the circuit, and become for the first time the arbiter of the lives of his fellow-creatures; we shall be able to form to ourselves some idea of the difficulties he has to encounter, and of the anxiety which he must necessarily feel. Sworn to administer the law, he is at the same time the depositary of that royal clemency which is to interrupt its execution. In danger of obstructing the due course of justice on the one hand, or of refusing mercy to those who have a fair claim to it on the other; he finds no rules laid down, or principles established by the legislature, to guide his judgment. He must fix for himself the principles and the rules by which he is to act, at the same time that he is to apply them and bring them into action; and yet he cannot but be aware, that the principles which he shall adopt will probably not be those of his successor; (who will have maxims of justice and of mercy of his own, but which cannot possibly be foreseen;) and at the same time he must know, that it is nothing but a uniformity of practice which can make the exercise either of severity or of lenity useful to the publick. In such a state of embarrassment, it is, that he is called upon to decide; and upon his decision the life of an individual depends;—nay, upon the decision of

a single case may depend the lives of *many* individuals. The clemency he shews, though it spares the life of a single convict, may be the means of alluring *others* to the commission of the same crime, who from other judges will not meet with the same lenity. The execution of a severe judgment may be the means of procuring impunity to many other criminals, by inducing prosecutors to shrink from their duty and jurymen to violate their oaths.

From the foregoing observations it should seem, that the laws which it is proposed to repeal, cannot well be defended as part of a *general* system of criminal jurisprudence.—Taken *by themselves*, it seems still more difficult to justify them. They are of such inordinate severity, that, as laws now to be executed, no person would speak in their defence.—They have, indeed, by a change of circumstances, become far more severe than they were when originally passed. Not to dwell on the circumstance of their severity having increased just in the proportion that the value of money has diminished; the state of the criminal law in other respects, at the time when these laws were enacted, afforded an excuse for passing them which has long ceased to exist.

When, in the reign of King William, the benefit of clergy was taken away from the crime of privately stealing, in a shop, goods of the value of five shillings; that offence was already punishable capitally on all but those who could read. The statute had no other effect, therefore, than to place men, whose crime was aggravated by the education which they had received, upon a level with those who had to urge, in extenuation of their guilt, the deplorable ignorance in which they had been left by their parents and by the state.

The same observation cannot, indeed, be made on the Act of the 12th Anne, which relates to stealing money or goods in a dwelling-house: but when it passed, only seven years had elapsed since the adoption of the law, which extended the benefit of clergy to the illiterate, as well as to those who could read: and men who had been accustomed to see ignorant persons convicted capitally, for stealing what was of the value only of thirteen-pence, in any place or under any circumstances; could not have thought it an act of great severity, to appoint death as a punishment for stealing in a dwelling-house property of the value of forty shillings.

It is sufficient, however, to say of those laws, that they are not, and that it is impossible that they should, be executed; and that instead of preventing, they have multiplied crimes; the very crimes they were intended to repress, and others no less alarming to society, (perjury, and the obstructing the administration of justice.)

But although these laws are not executed, and may be said, therefore, to exist only in theory; they are attended with many most serious practical consequences.—Amongst these, it is not the least important, that they form a kind of *standard of cruelty*, to justify every harsh and excessive exercise of authority. Upon all such occasions these unexecuted laws are appealed to, as if they were in daily execution.—Complain of the very severe punishments which prevail in the army and the navy; and you are told that the offences, which are so chastised, would by the municipal law be punished with death. When not long since a governour of one of the West India islands was accused of having ordered that a young woman should be tortured; his counsel said in his defence, that the woman had been guilty of a theft, and that by the laws of this country her life would have been forfeited.—When, in the framing new laws, it is proposed to appoint for a very slight transgression a very severe punishment; the argument always urged in support of it is, that actions, not much more criminal, are by the already existing law punished with death.—So in the exercise of that large discretion which is left to the judges, the state of the law affords a justification for severities, which could not otherwise be justified. When for an offence, which is very low in the scale of moral turpitude, the punishment of transportation for life is inflicted; a man who only compared the crime with the punishment, would be struck with its extraordinary severity; but he finds upon inquiry, that all that mass of human suffering which is comprised in the sentence, passes by the names of tenderness and mercy; because death is affixed to the crime by a law scarcely ever executed, and, as some persons imagine, never intended to be executed.

For the honour of our national character—for the prevention of crimes—for the maintenance of that respect which is due to the laws, and to the administration of justice—and for the sake of preserving the sanctity of oaths—it is highly expedient that these statutes should be repealed.

The latitude which juries allow themselves *in estimating the value of property stolen*, with a view to the punishment which is to be the consequence of their verdict, is an evil of very great magnitude. Nothing can be more pernicious, than that jurymen should think lightly of the important duties they are called upon to discharge, or should acquire a habit of trifling with the solemn oaths they take. And yet ever since the passing of the acts which punish with death the stealing in shops or houses, or on board ships, property of the different values which are there mentioned; juries have, from motives of humanity, been in the habit of frequently finding by their verdicts, that the things stolen were worth much less than was clearly proved to be their value.—It is held, indeed, by some of the judges (whether by all of them, and upon all occasions, I am not certain) that juries in favour of life may fairly, in fixing the value of the property, take into their consideration the depreciation of money which has taken place since the statutes passed; or in the words of Mr. Justice Blackstone, "may reduce the present nominal value of money to its ancient standard."—To shew, therefore, to what an extent juries have assumed to themselves a power of dispensing with the law in this respect, it will be proper to refer to the *earliest* trials for these offences, that I happen to have met with.

In the year 1731-2, which was *only thirty-two years* after the act of King William, and only sixteen after the act of Queen Ann, (a period during which there had scarcely been any sensible diminution in the value of money;) it appears from the sessions papers that, of thirty-three persons indicted at the Old Bailey for stealing privately in shops, warehouses, or stables, goods to the value of five shillings and upwards, only one was convicted; twelve were acquitted; and twenty were found guilty of the theft, but the things stolen were found to be worth less than five shillings.—Of fifty-two persons tried in the same year at the Old Bailey, for stealing in dwelling-houses, money, or other property, of the value of forty shillings, only six were convicted; twenty-three were acquitted; and twenty-three were convicted of the larceny, but saved from a capital punishment by the jury stating the stolen property to be of less value than forty shillings.—In the following years the numbers do not differ very materially from those in the year 1731.

Some of the cases which occurred about this time are of such a kind, that it is difficult to imagine by what casuistry the jury could have been reconciled to their verdict. It may be proper to mention a few of them.—*Elizabeth Hobbs*, was tried in September 1732, for stealing in a dwelling-house one broad piece, two guineas, two half-guineas, and forty-four shillings, in *money*. She confessed the fact, and the jury found her guilty, but found that the money stolen was worth only thirty-nine shillings. *Mary Bradley*, in May 1732, was indicted for stealing in a dwelling-house, lace which she had offered to sell for twelve guineas, and for which she had refused to take eight guineas; the jury, however, who found her guilty, found the lace to be worth no more than thirty-nine shillings. *Wm. Sherrington*, in Oct. 1732, was indicted for stealing privately in a shop, goods which he had actually sold for 1l. 5s. and the jury found that they were worth only 4s. 10d.

In the case of *Michael Allom*, indicted in February 1733, for privately stealing in a shop forty-three dozen pairs of stockings, value 3l. 10s.; it was proved that the prisoner had sold them for a guinea and a half, to a witness who was produced on the trial; and yet the jury found him guilty of stealing what was only of the value of 4s. 10d. In another case, that of *Geo. Dawson* and *Joseph Hitch*, also indicted in February 1733, it appeared that the two prisoners, in company *together* at the same time, stole the *same* goods privately in a shop; and the jury found one guilty to the amount of 4s. 10d. and the other to the amount of 5s. that is, that the same goods were at one and the same moment of different values. This monstrous proceeding is accounted for by finding that Dawson, who was capitally convicted, had been tried before at the same sessions for a similar offence; and had been convicted of stealing to the amount only of 4s. 10. The jury seem to have thought, that having had the benefit of their indulgence once, he was not entitled to it a second time; or in other words, that having once had a pardon at their hands, he had no further claims upon their mercy.

The maxim that it is "*better for ten guilty persons to escape than for one innocent man to suffer*," is mentioned with approbation by Mr. Justice Blackstone, but is contested by Dr. Paley.—"If by better," he says, "he meant that it is more for the publick advantage, the proposition I think cannot be maintained. The security of civil life, (which is essential to

the value and the enjoyment of every blessing it contains, and the interruption of which is followed by universal misery and confusion,) is protected chiefly *by the dread of punishment.*" By the dread of punishment, it is true; but of punishment as a consequence of guilt; not of punishment falling indiscriminately on those who have not, and on those who have, provoked it by their crimes.—The security of civil life is undoubtedly the first object of all penal laws; but by nothing can that security be more grievously interrupted, than by the innocent suffering for the crimes of the guilty.—It should seem from the animadversions of Dr. Paley, that *he* imagined that those who have adopted this maxim, treat the escape of ten guilty persons as a trivial ill; whereas, *they* deem it an evil of very great magnitude; but yet one less destructive of the security and happiness of the community, than that one innocent man should be put to death with the forms and solemnities of justice.

"The misfortune," continues Dr. Paley, "of an individual, (for such may the sufferings, or even the death of an innocent person be called, when they are occasioned by no evil intention,) cannot be placed in competition with this object."—He here speaks of the sufferings and privations endured by the victim, as if they were the only evils resulting from the punishment of the innocent. He overlooks entirely the mischiefs which arise from the consideration, that the most perfect innocence, and the most implicit submission to the laws, cannot afford security to those who possess the one, and practise the other.—He leaves altogether out of his consideration that disrespect for the tribunals, which is the necessary consequence of so terrible a failure in the administration of justice.—He does not reflect how much the effect of example must be weakened by men being taught, from what they have themselves witnessed, that the wretch, whom they see consigned to punishment, may be in the highest degree unfortunate, and in no degree guilty.—He does not take into his account the hopes which the punishment of an innocent man ever affords to the guilty, by placing in so striking a point of view, the fallibility of our tribunals; and by shewing how uncertain it is that punishment will be the consequence of guilt. Could the escape of ten of the most desperate criminals have ever produced as much mischief to society, as did the publick executions of Calas, of D'Anglade, or of Lebrun? The state

of insecurity in which men were placed by some of these fatal errours in the administration of justice in France, is strongly exemplified by the saying of a man of considerable eminence in that country; who declared, that if he were accused of stealing the towers of Notre Dame, he would consult his safety by flight rather than risque the event of a trial, though the crime imputed to him was manifestly impossible.

Dr. Paley goes on to observe, "that courts of justice should not be deterred from the application of their own rules of adjudication, by every suspicion of danger, or by the mere possibility of confounding the innocent with the guilty."—And in this observation every body must agree with him. If courts of justice were never to inflict punishment where there was a possibility of the accused being innocent, no punishment would in any case be inflicted. In those instances in which the proof of guilt seems to be most complete, the utmost that can be truly affirmed of it is, that it amounts to a very high probability;—no truth, that depends on human testimony, can ever be properly said to be demonstrated. Human witnesses may utter falsehood, or may be deceived. Even where there have been a number of concurrent and unconnected circumstances, which have appeared inexplicable upon any hypothesis but that of the accused being guilty, it has yet sometimes been made evident that he was innocent. Nay, in some instances where men have borne evidence against themselves, and have made a spontaneous confession of the crimes imputed to them; not only they were not, but they could not be guilty, the crimes confessed being impossible. With the wisest laws, and the most perfect administration of them, the innocent may sometimes be doomed to suffer the fate of the guilty; for it were vain to hope, that from any human institution, all errour can be excluded.—Yet these are considerations which are calculated very strongly to impress upon courts of justice, not indeed that they "should be deterred from the application of their own rules of adjudication;" but that they should use the utmost care and circumspection in the application of those rules; that in a state of things where they are so liable to errour, they cannot be too anxious to guard against it; and that if it be a great publick evil, as it undoubtedly is, that the guilty should escape, it is a publick evil of much greater magnitude, that the innocent should suffer.—It should be recollected too, that the object of penal

laws, is the protection and security of the innocent; that the punishment of the guilty is resorted to only as the means of attaining that object. When, therefore, the guilty escape, the law has merely failed of its intended effect; it has done no good, indeed, but it has done no harm. But when the innocent become the victims of the law, the law is not merely inefficient, it does not merely fail of accomplishing its intended object; it injures the persons it was meant to protect, it creates the very evil it was to cure, and destroys the security it was made to preserve.

"They ought rather," continues Paley, "to reflect, that he who falls by a mistaken sentence, may be considered as falling for his country, whilst he suffers under the operation of those rules, by the general effect and tendency of which the welfare of the community is maintained and upheld."—Nothing is more easy than thus to philosophize and act the patriot for others; and to arm ourselves with topicks of consolation, and reasons for enduring with fortitude the evils to which, not ourselves, but others are exposed. I doubt, however, very much, whether this is attended with any salutary effects.—Instead of endeavouring thus to extenuate and to reconcile to the minds of those who sit in judgment upon their fellow-creatures so terrible a calamity, as a mistake in judicature to the injury of the innocent; it would surely be a wiser part to set before their eyes all the consequences of so fatal an errour in their strong but real colours. To represent to them, that of all the evils which can befal a virtuous man, the very greatest is to be condemned, and to suffer a publick punishment as if he were guilty. To see all his hopes and expectations frustrated; all the prospects in which he is indulging, and the pursuits which he is following, for the benefit, perhaps, of those who are dearer to him than himself, brought to a sudden close; to be torn from the midst of his family; to witness the affliction they suffer; and to anticipate the still deeper affliction that awaits them: not to have even the sad consolation of being pitied; to see himself branded with publick ignominy; to leave a name which will only excite horrour or disgust; to think that the children he leaves behind him, must, when they recal their father's memory, hang down their heads with shame; to know that even if at some distant time it should chance that the truth should be made evident, and that justice should be done to his name, still that his blood will have been shed uselessly for mankind; that his

melancholy story will serve wherever it is told, only to excite alarm in the bosoms of the best members of society, and to encourage the speculations for evading the law, in which wicked men may indulge.

Let us represent to ourselves the judges who condemned Calas to die, apologizing for their conduct with the reasoning of Paley: Admitting that it was a great misfortune to the individual, but none to the publick; and that even to the individual the misfortune was greatly alleviated by the reflection, that his example would tend to deter parents in future from embruing their hands in the blood of their children, and that in his instance the sufferings of the innocent would prevent the crimes of those who had a propensity to guilt:—With what horrour and disgust would not every well formed mind shrink from such a defence!

When we are weighing the evil of the punishment of one innocent man against that of the impunity of ten who are guilty; we ought to reflect, that the *suffering of the innocent* is generally attended in the particular instance with the *escape of the guilty*. Instances have, indeed, occurred like that which I have already mentioned of Calas; where a man has been offered up as a sacrifice to the laws, though the laws had never been violated: where the tribunals have committed the double mistake of supposing a crime where none had been committed, and of finding a criminal where none could exist.—These, however, are very gross, and therefore very rare examples of judicial errour. In most cases the crime is ascertained; and to discover the author of it is all that remains for investigation; and in every such case, if there follow an erroneous conviction, a two-fold evil must be incurred, the escape of the guilty, as well as the suffering of the innocent.—Perhaps amidst the crowd of those who are gazing upon the supposed criminal, when he is led out to execution, may be lurking the real murderer; who, while he contemplates the fate of the wretch before him, reflects with scorn upon the imbecility of the law; and becomes more hardened, and derives more confidence in the dangerous career upon which he has entered.

SILVA, No. 72.

* * * * * Propulsaque robore denso
Sustinuit se Silva cadens. LUCAN III. 445.

IMPARTIALITY.

A WRITER destitute of prejudices is seldom met with. On this account we never know what degree of credit to attach to the writings of historians and biographers; so prone are they to be drawn into extremes by undue partiality or aversion. Several recent histories of courts and cabinets, drawn up from political motives, present us with such enormous and incredible details of guilt and folly, as cannot fail to provoke the incredulity of any unbiassed or discriminating mind. Had one half of the vices and faults enumerated been intermixed with an equal number of probable circumstances, the object of such works would be much more extensively answered, and we should not be induced to confound truth and errour in indiscriminate neglect. After Pierre Matthieu had been employed by Henry IV. of France to write his memoirs, he was one day reading to that monarch a portion of the work, in which he had descanted rather liberally on his well known attachment to the fair sex. The king at first interrupted him with some anger, but afterwards recollecting himself, he said "It is right; if you are silent on our faults nobody will believe the rest."

MOTTOS.

THERE is something peculiarly appropriate in the double application of these mottos.

On a Coal and a Poet.
Sepelitur, ut vivat.

On a Peacock and a Noisy Woman.
Ut placeat, taceat.

MIRACULOUS CURES

HAVE been, in modern times, boasted of as tending to lessen the belief in the Gospel history. An imposture of a laughable kind is recorded by Jortin. "An old woman, who had sore eyes, purchased an amulet, or charm, written upon a bit of parchment, and wore it about her neck, and was cured. A female neighbour, labouring under the same disorder, came to beg the charm of her. She would by no

means part with it, but permitted her to get it copied out. A poor school-boy was hired to do it for a few pence. He looked it over very attentively, and found it to consist of characters which he could not make out; but not being willing to lose his pay, he wrote thus: The Devil pick out this old woman's eyes, and stuff up the holes. The patient wore it about her neck, and was cured.

ERROURS OF THE PRESS

Sometimes combine ideas as incongruous as the visions of a lover, they will be found thick enough in almost any English book printed in the seventeenth century; and not unfrequently in our newspapers a blunder gives more pleasure than a bon mot. In an early edition of Dryden's Virgil, v. 308. of Georg. I. is thus printed:

And *Argos* and the Dog forsake the northern sphere.

The poet had probably placed a *comma* after *Argo*, which comma the printer mistook for an *s*, and thus placed among the constellations a city instead of a ship. The printers' boy once brought me a proof sheet, one sentence of which ended with proper names, as of Aquinas and Duns Scotus. But this latter was given Tom Bogus, and he had carefully annexed a *quere* in the margin. In line fifth of page 341 of the last volume of the Anthology, the sonorous quotation from Milton was most perversely burlesqued by changing "fatal guly dragons" into "fatal July dragons," which equals any metamorphosis of Ovid, or a modern pantomime.

PHILOLOGY.

Bayle, enumerating the new taxes invented by Louis XIV. and the uncouth names by which they went, says, "Here are words admirably suited to impoverish subjects, and to enrich dictionaries." I wish our legislators would foresee their danger.

BAN.

Conrad II. commonly called the Salique, son of Herman, duke of Franconia, was elected king of Germany in 1024. He had to contend against the united force of his barons, who revolted from him. Ernestus, of Suabia, was placed under the ban of the Empire. He is one of the first examples of this species of proscription, and the formular, by which it was executed, is one of the most singular reliques of the barbarous

ages. Nous declarons ta femme, veuve; tes enfans orphelins; et nous t'envoyons, au nom du diable aux quatre coins du monde.

POETRY OF CICERO.

JUVENAL, Quinctilian, and Martial have agreed to refuse Cicero the least reputation as a poet:

Carmina quod scribis Musis et Apolline nullo
Laudari debes: hoc Ciceronis habes.

MARTIAL: Lib. II. epig. 89.

Juvenal has not only ridiculed his pretensions, but even quoted an unlucky verse, which is said to have escaped him in a moment of exultation, immediately after he had quelled the conspiracy of Cataline:

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam,

a line, which for tameness and insipidity, cannot be paralleled by any thing except a translation of it by Martignac, which admirably preserves both:

O Rome fortunée
Sous mon consulat née.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

THE following anecdote of More, while he was Lord Chancellor, is transmitted to us on unquestionable authority. A person, who had a suit in chancery, sent him two silver flaggons, not doubting the present would be very agreeable, and probably influence the ultimate determination of his cause. On receiving them, More told one of his servants aloud, to fill them with the best wine in his cellar, and turning round, to the bearer of the treacherous present, "Tell your master," replied the inflexible magistrate, "that if he approves my wine, I beg he would not spare it."

ECLOGUES.

ANCIENT writers of eclogues frequently introduce their shepherds playing verses with their pipes. This circumstance, though very obscure, is not noticed by the commentators, which I have seen. The poets represent their swains as playing not only the tune but the very words, as when Virgil says, Eclogue 8,

Incipe Mœnalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

and when in his first eclogue he introduces a shepherd playing on his pipe, who is said to make the woods resound with the name of his mistress:

Formosam doces resonare Amaryllida sylvas.

This difficulty can be obviated only by supposing that the words were first sung and then the tune played. From one passage in the fifth eclogue it should seem that the two employments were sometimes separated.

——— Boni quoniam convenimus ambo
Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus.

THE USE OF REPUTATION.

Fr. Accoltus Arrezzo, a celebrated lawyer in the fifteenth century, with the assistance of his servant, purloined several pieces of meat from a neighbouring butcher's shop. Two of his scholars, of doubtful character, were put in prison as authors of this theft. Accoltus in vain accused himself: it was not doubted but he did it to rescue the young men. When the affair was forgotten, and the students punished and liberated, Accoltus brought positive proof that he had been the thief. On being asked what could have induced him to commit an action so unworthy of him, and of which no one would have presumed to suspect him, he replied, that he did it in order to place in a strong light the advantages of a well-established character.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ON BURIAL GROUNDS.*

——— facilis jactura sepulchri est.

The customs of nations are various in their origin, as they are diversified in their character. Many owe their first adoption to necessity, many to accident, many to prejudice and caprice. The manner in which we dispose of the bodies of the dead, is influenced rather by a combination of these causes, than by either of them alone. Convenience prompts the speedy removal of our deceased fellow-creatures from sight, while prejudice of various kinds usually regulates the peculiar kind

* We willingly gratify an ingenious friend by inserting this essay, though it is feared his ideas will not, in the present state of things, meet with general assent. Ed.

of treatment allotted them. An association of the feelings and sensibility of the living, with the condition of the dead; a belief that the lifeless body is really susceptible of benefit or injury; and a fearful reluctance at departing from habits consecrated by long usage; are the motives with which we consign to earth the remains of our fellows, and preserve from violation the ground in which they are deposited. Such an ascendancy have scruples of this nature gained over most minds, that the neglect or infringement of the prevailing custom must be attended with a degree of odium, no less than results from unqualified sacrilege.

When we analyze the principles which lead to the inviolate preservation of burial grounds, but few of them are found to depend on the base of reason and philosophy. On the contrary, our hereditary scruples and prejudices constitute almost the whole ground on which the custom is supported. Of what advantage is it to be able to mark the spot where an individual mouldered into dust, and became incorporate with the mass of earth which envelops him? Or what is the precise time during which it is necessary and expedient that such a spot should be discriminated from territory less sacred? A few years, or possibly centuries, constitute the longest period, in which our ordinary repositories of the dead will be acknowledged or held in reverence as such; or during which our tombstones will hold any claim on the mercy of our descendants. A slight convulsion of nature, a war, a fire, or any publick calamity; even a change of men and manners; may obliterate forever from the minds of posterity the spot which confines the earthly part of their progenitors. Where are now the ashes of statesmen and warriors, who two thousand years ago were entombed with all the rites and solemnities of enthusiastick superstition? Have they been changed and dissolved during the lapse of ages, and blended by percolating fluids with the surrounding mass of earth? Has the forest, which waved over their heads, penetrated with its roots into their silent abodes, and fed its luxuriant boughs on the richness of their fluids? Has the slow process of petrifaction invaded their habitations and tinged with their disorganized remains some shapeless extent of rock? Or have their ashes been disturbed, perhaps scattered to the winds by the hands of their unconscious posterity. These are inquiries which involve the probable fate which every inhumed body must

sooner or later experience. They shew that the time will arrive when those particles which constituted the human fabrick at the moment of its dissolution, will not be susceptible of distinction from those which have occupied a sphere less eminent in the range of material beings. Is it then a thing of consequence whether these changes take place in ten years or in ten centuries? Or do we gain any thing by procrastinating for a few years events which in the ordinary course of things are inevitable?

In the whole circle of organized beings a constant revolution takes place. The plant which springs from the earth after attaining its growth, and propagating its species, falls to the ground, and by decomposition contributes its remains to the nourishment of plants around it. The animal which ranges the woods and mountains, dies on the surface of the earth, and if not devoured by his own kind, enriches for vegetation the place which receives his remains. Were it not for this law the soil would soon be exhausted, the earth's surface would become a barren waste, and the whole race of organized beings for want of sustenance would become extinct. Man alone instigated by convenience, or impelled by custom, attempts to wrest his fellow from the general fate, and exempt him from the routine of nature. But his efforts though they may be partially successful, will not often avail to deprive of their due support the humble weed or disgusting insect, which are fated to survive. Whether the human body be inclosed in the ground, or dissipated on the funeral pyre; whether the earth or air be made the receptacle of its more destructible portion; a thousand species of the vegetable or animal kingdoms are ready to surfeit on the banquet thus afforded them. Why then should we attempt to modify or impede the propensities of nature any farther than the health or convenience of living individuals is immediately concerned? A few years are sufficient to reduce the human structure to a state incapable of injurious influence on survivors. When such a period has elapsed, what should prevent us from appropriating the ground that has been occupied as a place of sepulture to the purposes of building of streets, or of agriculture? To a philosophick mind there is nothing horrible in the idea that "our mouldering bodies will nourish the growth of a cabbage or a tulip." In this way we should exhibit a form less disgusting, and thus become a second time useful to society. Nay, after custom

should have done away the terrours of innovation, the imagination would here find a luxuriant feast. In fancy's eye we should behold our departed friends rising from their graves, and recognize their characters in the tree or plant which sprung from their remains. The palm is emblematical of victory, the myrtle of love, the olive of peace, and the laurel of literary precedence. In the sturdy oak or majestick elm, our statesmen and heroes would reassert their pristine eminence; while our matrons and maidens would awake our tender recollection in the modest hyacinth or chaste mimosa. The midnight assassin, and the destroyer of innocence would exert their malignity toward their species a second time in the baneful hemlock, or deadly aconite; while their officious friend, the equitable Jack Ketch, would rise at their side in his characteristick hemp, and wave his fibrous branches insultingly round their head.

When Cicero saw a man ploughing over the grave of his father, he observed, *Hoc est vere sepulchrum patris colere.* Could it be considered an evidence of respect or veneration to appropriate the repositories of the dead to the most advantageous and ornamental purposes, the consequent benefits would be of no inferior kind. These valuable and central portions of ground which in all our cities lie useless and unimproved, instead of their present loathsome and melancholy aspect, would exhibit the marks of elegance and of use. The feelings and prejudices on the subject which now exist, would gradually be softened and changed; at least so far as the advancement of reason and discernment may be anticipated over that of ill grounded bias and inveterate errour.

From the London Universal Magazine.

A HISTORICAL AND SUMMARY VIEW OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

THE original writings which came immediately from the the pens of the apostles, much more the autographs of the Jewish historians and prophets, have, many centuries ago, been lost through the lapse of time. But, besides the publicity and permanence given to the law of Moses by its being read in the synagogues every sabbath day; and to the books of the New Testament by their being read, from the earliest ages, in Christian assemblies, the nature and importance of

these compositions, especially of the Christian scriptures, first published in an age of literature and science, induced many to adopt measures for their spread and perpetuity.

There existed, before the times of Christ, a Greek translation of the Old Testament; and there were, afterwards, several other versions of it in that language. Copies of the scriptures of both Testaments were, in the first periods of Christianity, multiplied by the labours of transcribers. The primitive writers of the Christian church diffused the knowledge of their contents by numerous and large quotations from them in their own works, and by expositions and commentaries of whole books. The zeal and generosity of some Christians were nobly displayed in procuring and dispersing copies of the holy scriptures. Here Pamphilus, an eminent presbyter of Caesarea, about the year 294, deserves to be mentioned with peculiar praise. He was a man who excelled in every virtue, and the most admirable person of his times. It was a peculiar instance of his benevolence and piety, that besides his active and generous care to furnish the library of the church at Caesarea with copies of the scriptures and commentaries upon them, it was his practice to be always supplied with copies of them, transcribed with the greatest accuracy by his own hands, to give or to lend to those who had a desire to read them, whether men or women.

But the circulation of our sacred books, as of all other writings, must have been very limited, till the glorious invention of printing opened a large sphere for multiplying and dispersing copies of them, with an unspeakably greater facility, and a great diminution of expense, beyond what the labours of the pen admitted. This happy and important effect of the art of printing was greatly promoted, not only by the revival of letters, but by the Reformation. The appeal made by the reformers to the scriptures, as the ground of their protest against the doctrines and practices of the church of Rome, and as the unerring and divine standard of religious truth, excited, of course, a growing and universal attention to them, and created an increasing demand for copies of them: which this invention furnished the means of supplying with a rapidity, of which former times had no idea or expectation. Not the scriptures in the original languages only, but the various versions which had been made of them could be extensively

and rapidly circulated; and, with a quick progress, all nations were enabled to read them in their own vernacular tongues.

The learning and zeal of pious individuals were directed and animated to afford the countries, of which they were natives, or in which they resided, new translations of the book of life. The authority and patronage of princes gave a sanction and aid to this desirable and important undertaking.—One provision for advancing the knowledge of the scriptures in England was by furnishing the churches with bibles, chained to the desks, to be read, before the beginning or after the close of publick worship by individuals to themselves, or to knots of the people, who crowded round a reader, with ardent curiosity and holy desires, to hear the word of truth and salvation, which they, who had not learnt their letters, could not peruse for themselves.

Philanthropy and generosity, consecrating their exertions to the purposes of religion, began to form plans for dispersing versions of the scriptures, in their own languages, among the Welch, the Irish, and the remote Indian tribes of America. The biographical page records the names of some of the most eminent divines, and some of the most excellent characters of the seventeenth century, as engaged in these measures of disinterested benevolence; particularly that of the Hon. Mr. Robert Boyle.* A Bishop Hall and a Lord Wharton, by their testamentary provisions, created funds for the annual distribution of bibles, in this nation, through future generations.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century there arose, amongst the members of the established church, a society for the promotion of christian knowledge. About the middle of the eighteenth another was formed by a body of dissenters, consisting principally of young persons, for the spread of religious knowledge amongst the poor: the distribution of bibles was a main object of each institution. In our own times we have seen a bible society, formed about thirty years since, the specifick design of which was to give bibles to our soldiers and sailors; and which, in two years, at the charge of upwards of 1500*l.* had distributed more than 11,000 bibles amongst our regiments and ships' crews.†

This concise view of the progressive spread of the scriptures is gratifying to the devout mind of him, who ardently

* Owen's (James) Life, p. 10, 11. Birch's Life of Boyle, p. 385, 396, 402.
† Robinson's Sermon before the Society, p. 21.

wishes that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth; and the benevolent mind feels a high pleasure in contemplating the extensive circulation of those books which afford a rule of life, open the springs of rich consolation to the afflicted breast, and raise, under the expectation of death, immortal hopes. Such I would congratulate on an institution similar to those I have recounted; but more liberal, more extensive, and more efficient than any, or all, of them: I mean the Institution of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804. "Its exclusive object is to diffuse the knowledge of the holy scriptures by circulating them in the different languages spoken throughout Great Britain and Ireland; and, according to the extent of its funds, by promoting the printing of them in foreign languages, and the distribution of them in foreign countries." The basis of its establishment is wise and liberal; for it unites, to a degree hitherto unexampled, the zeal and exertion of Christians of every denomination. And it is a high recommendation of its design, that it is meant to circulate the scriptures *only*, without any comment or note. This is laudably, this is nobly, to wave all authority to judge concerning the sense of scriptures for others; or to influence their opinion by the weight of great names or of numbers. By the dispersion of bibles, on such a plan, the minds of the receivers are left free and unshackled: the Bible alone is the instructer and the monitor. The attention of the reader is not called off to the exposition of others: but he is set upon inquiry, and, as he proceeds, naturally asks himself,—Understandest thou what thou readest? "That Christian," observes an ingenious writer, "seems to me to enter thoroughly into the spirit of revelation, who dares to trust the holy scriptures alone to convince and convert a sinner from the errour of his way."

From the commencement of the institution to the 31st March, 1809, 52,454 bibles and 105,975 testaments, in various languages, have been issued from the society, in not less than seventeen of the languages and dialects current in Europe, besides in other translations; and the efforts of all parties and denominations of Christians have been directed to *one* object, highly honourable to divine revelation, and most conducive to human salvation: that of putting into the hands of thousands and ten thousands the WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

DRACO GUANTLEIUS.*

CARMINIS hujusce vetustissimi quae ruinis temporum supersunt in manus tuas, lector benevole, integra tradidimus. Quo tempore, vel a quo scriptum est nobis non satis constat. Versibus autem minimè trivialibus descriptum esse uno oculo discreveris. Romani veteres poetas in modis rhythmicis rariùs cecinisse creduntur. Non desunt tamen qui, cùm multo observantiae, rhythmos frequentes tum honestos, tum doggrelissimos, apud poetas meliores, necnon pejores, saepissimè deprehenderunt. Ecce, exempli gratiâ, quâ harmoniâ tintinnat Horatius

> Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto,
> Et quocumque volent animum auditoris agunto.

Eodemque modo Catullus,

> Dî magni, horribilem et sacrum libellum!
> Quem tu scilicet ad tuum Catullum—

Persius etiam in satirâ primâ Neronem deridet, qui versus quosdam pessimos sic ornare voluerat,

> Claudere sic versus didicit "Berecynthius Attin
> Et qui coeruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin."

Et hos quoque terminis paribus alterne positis

> Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis;
> Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
> Bassaris; et lyncem Moenas flexura corymbis,
> Evion ingeminat; reparabilis adsonat echo.

"Draco Guantleius" in modo paulò infrequentiori, sed nihilominus lauto et venusto, Bailliaco vocato, conditus videtur.

> VETUSTAM hydram, perhibent, immanem et infernam
> Stravisse quendam Herculem, cum fuste, apud Lernam;
> Quae septem dira capita cervice proferebat,
> Et quatuordenis oculis se circumspiciebat.
>
> Sed nisi clavam Hercules ingentem habuisset,
> Draconem huncce, crede mî, nequaquam contudisset.
> Sed Maurus noster inclytus, quem fama plus amavit
> Draconem Güantlëü cum nihilo necavit.

* "The Dragon of Wantley" poema quod reperiet lector in "Percy's reliques of Ancient English Poetry" nihil aliud est, quam carminis hujusce versio anglicana.

Hoc monstrum alas habuit in tergo non exili
Aculeum in caudâ, et qui longior hastili
Tum dentes intra fauces ferro omnes extitere
Tergusque circumvenit quod tenacius et sere.

Trojano de caballo multum fama clamitavit,
Qui septuaginta corpora in utero portavit.
Sic draco hic infantes tres occidit juxta domum,
Et manducavit dentibus, ut manducaret pomum.

Œdesque edit templaque pro ansere et turdo;
Orantes vitam pecudes et cecinere surdo.
Tum saltus atque arbores in gulam descendêre,
Et, praeter quosdam lapides, non ulla restitere.

Degebat urbe vicino invictus quidam miles,
Qui bellum semper voverat in belluas tam viles;
Nam equum, prensâ caudâ, mortem usque ad rotavit,
Et omnem praeter caput pro furore devoravit.

Ad illum omnes fugiunt exanimes terrore
Cum lachrymis, singultibus et fletu et moerore:
"Ah, Maure," unâ clamitant; "ah, miseros servato!
Draconem huncce pelle, et nos omnes imperato."

"Tut!" respondebat contra miles, "vestri nihil volo,
Nî equidem puella sit, quae eminet in colo,
Quae nigros simul oculos, cutemque albam habet,
Quae me, per noctem remanens, in proelium parabit."

Cum proximo diluculo cubili exsurrexit,
Armisque novi generis immane corpus texit;
Nam braccas atque tunicam, sinistrâ atque dextrâ,
Munivit densis spiculis, non intra, verum extra.

Tunc aedibus egreditur, et vicq spatiatur,
Dum sibi atque omnibus ut hystrix videbatur,
Dum pueri et anus et infantes lactisugae
E tectis et culminibus conclamitabant "Euge!"

Sex cantharos cervisiae, vinique sex potavit;
Potandoque refectus tunc ad pugnam festinavit,
In antrum venit draco, atque lymphas dum libabat,
"Boh!" clamat noster Hercules et pugno verberabat.

"Nunc occupet te scabies," vociferavit draco,
"Qui me potare prohibis in antro hic opaco"
In hostem tunc conversus est et stercore aspergit;
O, Dii immortales, qualis halitus assurgit!

"Oh!" sternutavit miles, "talem pugnam minus amo;
Meherclè, tua stercora non redolent balsamo!
Te pastum esse floribus, pol! non existimarem
Nec credo tuum cibum esse valde salutarem."

Accepit draco militem egressum jam e claustro
Cum pugnis atque calcibus et unguibus et rostro.
Ambobus tum certatum est pugnando bene doctis
Per duos soles proximos, per totidemque noctes.

Conatus draco militem extollere in sublime
Accepit tandem corporis, heu! vulnus partis imae;
Per fletus atque flatus atque gemitus inanes
Efflavit miser animam, migravitque ad manes.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE BATTLES OF TALAVERA.

We present our readers with the following extracts from a recent poem, entitled the Battles of Talavera, written with much spirit, in the manner of Walter Scott. It opens with the following stanza, admirably descriptive of the repose of the three armies on the night previous to the battle.

'Twas dark; from every mountain head
The sunny smile of heaven had fled,
And evening, over hill and dale
Dropt, with the dew, her shadowy veil;
In fabled Tajo's darkening tide
Was quenched the golden ray;
Silent, the silent stream beside,
Three gallant people's hope and pride,
Three gallant armies lay.
Welcome to them the clouds of night,
That close a fierce and hurled fight—
And wearied all, and none elate,
With equal hope and doubt, they wait
A fiercer bloodier day.
France, every nation's foe, is there,
And Albion's sons her red cross bear,
With Spain's young Liberty to share,
The fortune of the fray.'

The onset of the Gallick army is described with much spirit.

'And is it now a goodly sight,
Or dreadful to behold,
The pomp of that approaching fight,
Waving ensigns, pennons light,
And gleaming blades and bayonets bright,
And eagles winged with gold?
And warrior bands of many a hue,
Scarlet and white and green and blue,
Like rainbows, o'er the morning dew,
Their various lines unfold:
While cymbal clang and trumpet strain,
The knell of battle toll'd;
And trampling squadrons beat the plain,
Till the clouds echoed back again,
As if the thunder rolled.

In the description of the engagement, the following lines have peculiar merit, as detailing the horrour and uncertainty of a midnight conflict.

'Darkling they fight, and only know
If chance has sped the fatal blow,
Or, by the trodden corse below,
Or by the dying groan:
Furious they strike without a mark,
Save now and then the sulphureous spark
Illumes some visage grim and dark,
That with the flash is gone!

A circumstance which added new terrours to the most formidable of national calamities, is admirably described in the following extract, with which we close, hoping we shall ere long see an American edition of a poem, which would not discredit the reputation even of the author of Marmion.

'But shooting high and rolling far,
What new and horrid face of war,
Now flushes on the sight?
'Tis France, as furious she retires,
That wreaks in desolating fires,
The vengeance of her flight.
The flames the grassy vale o'er-run,
Already parched by summer's sun;

And sweeping turbid down the breeze
In clouds the arid thickets seize,
And climb the dry and withered trees
In flashes long and bright.
Oh! 'twas a scene sublime and dire,
To see that billowy sea of fire,
Rolling its fierce and flaky flood,
O'er cultur'd field and tangled wood,
And drowning in the flaming tide,
Autumn's hope and summer's pride.
From Talavera's wall and tower
And from the mountain's height,
Where they had stood for many an hour,
To view the varying fight,
Burghers and peasants in amaze
Behold their groves and vineyards blaze!
Trembling they view'd the bloody fray,
But little thought, ere close of day,
That England's sigh and France's groan
Should be re-echoed by their own!
But ah! far other cries than these
Are wafted on the dismal breeze—
Groans, not the wounded's lingering groan—
Shrieks, not the shriek of death alone—
But groan and shriek and horrid yell
Of terrour, torture, and despair,
Such as 'twould freeze the tongue to tell,
And chill the heart to hear,
When to the very field of fight,
Dreadful alike in sound and sight,
The conflagration spread,
Involving in its fiery wave,
The brave and reliques of the brave—
The dying and the dead!

THE

BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1811.

Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi quae commutanda, quae eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. Plin.

ARTICLE 18.

'H Καινη Διαθηκη—*Novum Testamentum Graece, ex recensione Jo. Jac. Griesbachii, cum Selecta Lectionum Varietate. Lipsiae, G. J. Göschen.* 1805. Cantabrigiae Novanglorum. 1809. Typis Academicis; Sumtibus W. Wells and W. Hilliard. pp. 615. 8vo. & 8vo. maj.

The New Testament, in an Improved Version, upon the Basis of Archbishop Newcome's New Translation, with a corrected Text, and Notes, Critical and Explanatory, &c. &c. From the London edition. Boston, 1809. pp. 612. 8vo.

Review of the Improved Version. From the Eclectick Review. Boston, published by W. Wells. 1810. pp. 55. 8vo.

We take up these three articles together, not because there is any indispensable necessity of considering them at the same time, but only because they are so intimately connected, that in our review of one we shall find it convenient to make frequent references to the others.

We consider the republication of this edition of Griesbach's Greek Testament at the University press, as an event not only important to the theological learning of the country, but infinitely honourable to the institution which patronized, to the publisher who undertook, and to those scholars who suggested or promoted, or superintended the publication. It is an honour to have taken the lead of Great Britain in a measure so interesting to the religious and literary world, by sending forth from an American press the first edition of Griesbach.

If there is any clergyman, scholar, or christian among us who has yet to learn in what consists the superiority of Griesbach's text to that commonly received, we must refer him for complete satisfaction to the Prolegomena to the large critical edition.* A concise view of the subject may be obtained from some communications formerly made to this work,† and a very just idea of the value and importance of Griesbach's text is given in the learned Review of the Improved Version which has been republished here from the Eclectick. The following extracts from this pamphlet may satisfy for the present those who are in the habit of yielding only to a certain kind of authority.

Page 22. "The Greek text of Griesbach's last edition has a just title, above every other yet published, to be received as a *standard* text." Page 23. "We hazard nothing in saying that the venerable professor has achieved that honourable and necessary work which has been for ages wanted, of liberating the sacred text of the New Testament from unauthorized intrusions and alterations; and that he has exhibited it in a state so nearly approaching to its original and native form, as to exclude all probable expectation of any material improvement from future collections and critical labours." Page 20. "In a word, we do not hesitate to say, that no man, in the present day, can justify himself to his conscience or to the publick, as a satisfactory interpreter of the scriptures, and a competent defender of christian truth, who does not, if he has it in his power, regularly consult Mill, Wetstein, and Griesbach, or at any rate one of the latter two."

The nature and peculiar merit of the edition before us, which was superintended by Griesbach himself, cannot be more clearly stated than in his own words, which we shall translate from the short Latin preface which he has prefixed.

"My second edition of the New Testament, which exhibits the text revised and amended by my latest labours, consists of two very thick volumes, and therefore seems less adapted to the use of young men in their academical studies, and in their attendance on the lectures of professors. Besides, many learned men had expressed a wish to have an edition of the text as by me constituted, which might be portable and convenient for daily use, and have urged me to undertake an edi-

* Second edition, printed at Halle.

† Anth. vol. v. p. 18. Ib. Oct. Nov. and Dec. 1808.

tion of moderate size, and divisible at pleasure into two volumes, which should contain also a select number of various readings. I have at length yielded to these suggestions."

Dr. Griesbach goes on to speak in high terms of the German printer Göschen, and of a superb edition which he was then publishing of his Greek Testament, similar to this. Of that splendid work we believe there is not more than one copy in this country, and that is in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Codman; and we hesitate not to say that it is the most magnificent specimen of Greek topography ever given to the world.* It is verbatim the same with this *manual edition*; and the text in both is the same with that of the second large critical edition of Halle; "for," says Griesbach, "excepting a *very few instances*, and those of *no consequence*, I have found no reason for any departure." (Some of these instances we shall presently point out.) "For all that has been said against my criticism, and the grounds of it, and especially against the doctrine of different ancient *recensions*, or editions of the sacred text, is so vain and futile, that though I have most carefully and dispassionately considered, it has not in the least affected my opinion." The principles of criticism are fully stated in the Prolegomena to the large critical edition, and are reprinted as an introduction to this.

"*Wherever I have departed from the commonly received text*, as it was originally edited by Elsevir in 1624, *I have noted the common reading at the foot of the page, so that every one has it in his power to exercise his own judgment*; for I am not so vain as to obtrude my opinion upon any reader. Those variations, however, of my text from the received, which relate only to a different arrangement of words *not affecting the sense*, (which often occurs in manuscripts), or to a different mode of orthography rather than to a various reading, I have thought it unnecessary to note in the margin; but all others, however inconsiderable, I have most religiously pointed out. I have, besides, thrown into the margin the various readings of greatest importance, which differ from my own as well as from the common text. In my selection of these, I have principally taken care that students should be sure of finding here any reading which their instructers may chance to mention in their stated lectures in explication of the New Testament.

* An edition of Wolf's Homer is since published in the same type.

"Neither will this manual edition be unacceptable to other readers; for at a single glance they may discover by it whether the immense critical apparatus which has been collected by the unwearied labours of so many learned men, offers any thing relating to the criticism or interpretation of a passage under consideration, which should invite them to examine it more carefully, or to turn over the more copious commentaries of criticks. Nay more; I have not entirely neglected in the notes the *critical conjectures* of the learned, nor the *varieties of punctuation*, that I might open a wider field for masters to exercise the judgment of their scholars in matters of criticism. The authorities upon which I have concluded any reading to be true, or probable, less probable, or absolutely inadmissible, must be sought for in my larger critical edition."

Then follows an explanation of the marks by which in this edition Griesbach signifies the different degrees of probability; and an extract from the Prolegomena of the large work, which presents us with the principles of criticism by which he has been governed in the correction, and we may say *establishment* of the text; for to attempt to prove after so many great men that this is the only edition of the Greek Testament which now deserves to be received as a *standard*, would only be *actum agere*, and no doubt a reflection upon the learned clergy of the United States.

It has always struck us with astonishment that many of those who may maintain the most rigid notions of inspiration, and exclaim most vehemently against the glosses, evasions, and forced interpretations of hereticks, should have discovered so little solicitude to ascertain the true text even of the New Testament, and have felt no more dread than they seem to have done of *adding to the word of God*. To what is it to be attributed that even at the present day, 1 John v. 7. is quoted in proof of the doctrine of the Trinity, and even taken as a text of discourses; when it ought to be known that it has not more authority in its favour than the famous reading of the 7th commandment, in one of the editions of King James' Bible; *thou shalt commit adultery*. The same may be said of Acts xx. 28. and 1 Tim. iii. 16. which ought to be no more quoted in their present form as proof passages, by any honest and well instructed theologian.

Those who yet wish to be informed of the many important variations from the received text in Griesbach's edition, will find most of them stated in the Eclectick Review of the Improved

Version, published in this town. There are others not noticed in this pamphlet, of which no theologian ought to be ignorant; and we agree with the Eclectick reviewers in saying, with the utmost sincerity, that we do not understand how any man who receives the scriptures as the rule of his faith, and the only sure guide to eternal life, can answer for it to his conscience, or his God, to remain ignorant on this subject; and especially how, if he is a publick instructer, he can satisfy himself without consulting and constantly using this standard edition of the Greek Testament.

It is not generally known, even by the criticks of England, that this manual edition, which was printed under the eye of Griesbach himself, and which contains the last and most correct results of his critical labours, differs in any degree from the text of the Greek Testament, as it stands in his large critical edition, published in 1796, and 1806. Yet upon a cursory examination, we have discovered some variations which we think not immaterial; and some differences of punctuation which show Griesbach's judgment in many cases, which are left undecided in the large work.

Matthew xxvi. 45. where the punctuation in the larger edition is doubtful, is in *this* printed interrogatively. "Do ye sleep on still, and take your rest? Behold the hour draweth near, &c." and so in the parallel passage in Mark. The interrogative form not only improves the spirit of the passage, but renders it much more intelligible to common readers.

Matth. xi. 13. in this edition is thus pointed. πάντες γὰρ οἱ προφῆται καὶ ὁ νόμος ἕως Ἰωάννου, προεφήτευσαν.

Those who are desirous of knowing Griesbach's opinion as to the punctuation of several other passages which are left doubtful in the larger edition, may compare with it the following texts of Matthew, as they stand in the present edition. iii. 3. v. 34. xi. 12. xix. 28. here a different meaning is developed, from that which results from the common pointing. xxvi. 13. 64. xxvii. 9. 53. Griesbach divides the 27th and 28th chapters of Matthew in the usual place, and leaves the difficulty which has exercised the genius of Michaelis and his commentator; a difficulty which seems to be removed by the pointing mentioned at the foot of the page, ascribed we think to the celebrated professor Paulus.

It is worthy of being noticed that the twelve concluding verses of the gospel of Mark, which Jerome says were thought

to be irreconcilable with other accounts of our Lord's resurrection, are in this edition marked by Griesbach with his sign of probable omission. This is important, as it shows a decided opinion of the learned professor, of which he had given us no intimation in his large critical edition. Perhaps it may be worthy of observation, that Eusebius seems to have considered these verses as spurious.

The punctuation of Mark i. 4. is different from that of the larger edition. In the gospel according to Luke some of the passages worthy of being examined for their punctuation, which is unsettled in the larger, are iii. 23. vi. 9. vii. 47. xii. 49. xvii. 7, 8. xx. 37. xxii. 29. xxiv. 12. Let the curious student judge of the reading retained in chap. ix. 55, and observe the admission of ἤχους instead of ἤχους into the text of Luke xxi. 25.

In the gospel according to John, Griesbach has included in brackets the following passage, (v. 34.) *waiting for the moving of the water: For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first, after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.* Let it be observed that Griesbach has given to these words the highest possible mark of probable omission, without actually leaving them out, and thus stamped them with so strong a mark of spuriousness that they ought not be again adduced either by the captious unbeliever to excite a sneer at revelation, or by the superstitious believer to exercise the credulity of the reader, or by anxious criticks to obtain a rational explanation. The same may be said of the story of the adulteress, which is included in brackets. (from vii. 53. to viii. 11.) All such doubtful passages should be printed in Italicks, or some way signified to be of doubtful authority in our English bibles.

John xii. 27. is made interrogative; "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? *Shall I say*, Father, save me from this hour?" With all due respect to the editor, if the authority of manuscripts is not decisive as to the punctuation, (which we cannot suppose) the form here adopted is not only an offence against taste, but the parallelism is also entirely destroyed between this clause, and that of the next sentence, which is of exactly the same form; "Father glorify thy name."

We cannot pursue this comparison of slight variations; but there are *two* passages which have been the subject of so

much controversy, that we cannot forbear to state the manner in which they are pointed and printed in this edition, under the eye of Griesbach himself.

The first is the famous place, 1 Tim. iii. 16. which the Eclectick reviewers have attempted to press into the cause of Trinitarianism, (notwithstanding the true reading is ὃς and not θεὸς,) by means of a new punctuation, and the help of a parenthesis. (vid. Rev. p. 37.) Now, in the edition before us, Griesbach not only makes a full stop at the words θεοῦ ζῶντος (living God), but *actually commences a new paragraph* at φυλὴς &c. (Vid. Griesb. ad loc.) It is remarkable too, that in his various readings at the foot of the page, he does not give even the lowest mark of probability to the present reading of the *received text*, (Θεὸς), and, besides, affixes to the reading ὁ his mark which indicates, according to his own explanation in the preface, lectionem non spernendam, et ulteriori examine dignam. We confess we were not a little surprised to find the learned editor so marking the results of his inquiry, and so settling the degrees of probability in this passage.

The *other* passage to which we refer is Hebrews i. 8. "Thy throne O God is forever and ever," which Griesbach prints thus: "Ὁ θρονος σου ὁ θεος εις τον αιωνα του αιωνος without a comma before or after ὁ θεος, by which it has often been unfairly insulated, and made to appear in casu vocandi; whereas by this punctuation, Griesbach seems to give his opinion against this construction, while he mentions it in the notes as a various reading.

Of this American edition it is but justice to state, that it is printed with extraordinary correctness, and on this account, if on no other, deserves to supersede every other in use here. The large paper copies are really splendid. The only typographical errour of importance which we have discovered, is the omission of ὑμας in 1 Peter iv. 14. The other typographical errours chiefly relate to the accents and aspirates, properly retained in this American edition; so that we hesitate not to say, it is more correctly printed on the whole than the original copy, pronounced by the German printer to be nearly immaculate. To show that the theologians on the other side the Atlantick are not insensible to the merit of this edition, however it may be neglected here, it deserves to be mentioned that the publisher has received orders from some of the London booksellers, for a number of copies to be sent out to

them. This we will venture to say is the first instance of a Greek book printed in Germany, and reprinted here before it was known in England, and ordered from America to supply the demand of the British publick.

We cannot conclude this review without earnestly recommending to every theological student to explore for himself the text of the New Testament, as settled in this edition. As it has been patronized by the government of the university, we hope the day is not far distant when critical lectures on the New Testament shall be regularly delivered in that institution, at least to the upper classes, and when care shall be taken to carry the scholars regularly through the whole New Testament, at least once in their academical course.

ARTICLE 19.

Letter to the Hon. Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D. representative in Congress from the city of New-York; Professor of Natural History, &c. on the danger of putting money into the United States and Manhattan Banks, with sundry novel speculations, &c. By Abimelech Coody, Esq. ladies' shoemaker. New-York, published at the Literary Exchange, 1811. 12mo. p. 19.

Setting aside the policy or impolicy of renewing the charter of the United States bank, we have been highly amused with this little pamphlet. Its design is somewhat new, and its execution uncommonly ingenious. It calls on us to laugh at the effects produced on a weak and timid mind by a sudden influx of wealth, which from real and imaginary embarrassments, its owner could not manage. Mr. Abimelech Coody is a man in whom discretion and imbecility are so carefully poised, that an accession of property distracts, without corrupting him. He has so much firmness, that he does not fall into pride and ostentation, the vices which most easily beset those in his condition; but, at the same time, he has so little decision of character, that he never determines on any thing in opposition to the advice of a single person, whose opinion he thinks worth asking. He has humility enough to distrust himself, but, is so credulous, that he believes every body, and of course, confides implicitly in nobody. This man, with all his virtues and weaknesses, after labouring in honest poverty

forty years, purchased a lottery ticket, which drew ten thousand dollars. He instantly resorted to his friends, in order to determine how to dispose of his money to the best advantage. One advised him to vest it in Manhattan stock; but from this he was dissuaded by another, who assured him it would be safe no where but in the United States' bank. He had not time to accept the last advice, before the situation of this institution was found to be extremely precarious, and honest Abimelech, after successively determining to engage in manufactures, to purchase insurance-stock and to shave notes, in all which he met only loss and discomfiture, at last sits down in utter despair and writes this pathetick letter to his member in Congress, begging counsel and direction.

The style is happily accommodated to the education and rank of its supposed author, and yet all offensive vulgarity is carefully avoided. From the adroitness with which this part of the work is executed, it has a very easy and natural appearance, and is, in fact, quite probable in every thing except a couple of Latin quotations, which our shoemaker never would have remembered.

For extracts we shall select two passages, which are among the best. The first is an account of the feelings and conduct of the family, when Mr. Ichabod Peabody announced the news, that their ticket had drawn the highest prize.

"Now, you may think, sir, that this news made me quite toxicated, which you see, sir, was no such thing, for it was just what I dreamed three times running, so I was only a little flustrated, and let my lap-stone, which I had in my lap, fall on to Ichabod Peabody's toe, which was what made him hollow, so that my wife came to see what was the matter out of the little back room. When I told her I had drawn the ten thousand dollar prize in the lottery, she said I wanted to poke fun into her, which you see was no such thing. Then Mr. Ichabod Peabody, who she knew was master of the arts out of New-Haven College, where I went to look for Hamsted about that subpeeny, and clark of our church, and would not tell a fib for the world, said it was all a solemn truth; and my wife said 'God be praised, her dream had come true.' So we all went into the back room and took a glass of gin, and we drank to the health of all the little Coodies. And then I went to get my money, and my wife put on her new red callicoe gown, and run out to tell the neighbors about our good luck in the lottery.

"And only think sir, when I come to get my money, they ducted off fifteen hundred dollars, right smack, which they said I had to pay to build the College with, which is such a thing as I did not dream on, nor my wife nuther.

"Now, sir, I have just come to my story; so to cut the matter short, my friends all come to see me, and there was some I never saw before, and they all wished me joy—and when they had done, I began to think what I should do with my money—because, says I to my wife, as they have made me pay fifteen hundred dollars for the college, I am afraid they will make me pay some more for the New City-Hall, or some other big building, that is not yet done, and, perhaps, never will be.

"My wife wanted to buy Judge Ogilvie's house, in Broadway, by the Park, where Jackson lived, what was turned away from Congress for trying to spit in good old Governor Clinton's face, which is what my wife thinks a great breech of decorum. 'Well, says I, Debby, what will we do then?'—'Why, says she, keep a horse and gig, and drive a tandum—and give assemblies, and ice-creams, like Mrs. Vandoosir is going to do.' 'Well says I, Debby, after that rate the money wont last us more than five years at most and then what will become of all the little Coodies?—when the money is gone after gigs and tandums what will become of all the little Coodies then?' So my wife gave up Judge Ogilvie's house, and we agreed that style would not do for the Coodies, which Mr. Ichabod Peabody said was more sensible than Mrs. Vandoosir, 'because, says he, pride was not made for man in this here world what's here below." Page 10.

The other relates the situation of the unfortunate Abimelech after he was informed of the approaching dissolution of the United States' Bank.

"So as I was going along I met Ichabod Peabody just coming out of school, and I believe I looked very bad, for no sooner does he see me, than he calls out, 'Mr. Abimelech Coody, says he, what makes you look so down in the mouth—is any thing the matter with the little Coodies?'

'No, I thank you, sir, says I—but I tell you what, Mr. Peabody, this here Branch-Bank wont do for me, because they say it is all going to be blown up some time next week.'

"Well,' says he, 'Mr. Coody, I am sorry to say it's pretty true; but, says he, never mind that—*Nil desperandum omnes, Mr. Coody, tentanda est.* There are ways enough beside the banks to make an honest penny by. There now, says he, do you see that gentleman that is riding in the carriage—do you know how he made his money?"

'Why no, says I, I dont; for I ant acquainted with the gentleman; but I suppose he's a lawyer, or a notary-public, or else a congress-man, for Mr. Baron Gaudenier says that's the best trade going.'

'No, says he, he's a rope-walk maker. Buy a rope-walk, Mr. Coody—manufactories are the thing. By the bye, there's a most capital rope-walk for sale, just back of my house. You can buy it all, lot and all, for seven thousand dollars, and the lot alone is worth the money—so you may, as it were, get the building clear—for nothing. Buy that, Mr. Coody, and who knows but that in a year or two we shall see you riding in your carriage too.'

"Well! you see we had a good deal of talk about it, and after thinking the matter over, pretty seriously, I determined that evening to go the very next day, and buy this very rope-walk, for Ichabod Peabody said it was a very good one, because he dined in it, one 4th of July, with the Washington Society. So I went home and went to bed, quite happy to think I was going to engage in manufactories, and that I had found out such a good place to west my funs in.

"Next morning, after breakfast, as I was going up to take a look at my rope-walk, and thinking what a happy man I was going to be, I met Major Crawbuck again. 'And so,' says he, 'we had a bloody fire up here last night.' 'Where?' says I, 'I did not hear on it.' 'Why, the rope-walk up here, says he—the damn'd British set it a fire, and burnt it all up last night, to hinder us from making our own cables—blood and thunder!' 'Why you don't say so!' says I—'You baynt in earnest are you?' 'Do you doubt my word sir,' said the Major—'Why, sir, Colonel Macomb, the Governor's aid, says he saw Mr. Barclay, the British agent here, going up Chatham-street with a dark-lantern, so dark you could not see it, about nine o'clock last night, and the fire broke out soon after; besides, sir, Mr. Cobbet, who lives in London, and knows all about the British secrets, says that Barclay stays in New-York just for nothing else —blast his eyes.'

"And then he told me a story about how the British had laid a plan to burn down all the manufactories in America, and how they were found out in burning up Patterson-falls to destroy the cotton.

"And so then I was at a loss what to do with my money, and I begged and prayed cousin Crawbuck to tell me what in the world I could do to be safe and make the most of it. For I told him, from all they said, it did appear to me, that no place was good, for go where I would there was the French and the British."

The Clergyman's Daughter; a tragedy, in five acts. By William Charles White; as performed at the Boston Theatre. Boston, printed by Joshua Belcher, 1810.

The Poor Lodger; a comedy, in five acts. By William Charles White, author of "The Clergyman's Daughter;" as performed at the Boston Theatre. Boston, printed by Joshua Belcher, 1811.

THE causes, which conspire to repress the exertions of literary enterprize in our men of letters, can chiefly be discovered in the nature and constitution of civil society in America; the comparative disadvantages, under which the flourishing state of patronage in Great Britain, places the American author, and the difficulties of attaining in *this* country at a flight, the height of celebrity, which in *that*, has been gained by an age of success, and many ages of laborious ambition. A varie-

ty of considerations could be advanced to illustrate these particular causes, which we consider to be as evident in their nature, as they are universal in their extent. The drama, alone, seems to constitute an exception from this hypothesis, which is true as it respects all works of science, history, and other portions of the belles lettres which issue from the press. The very nature of theatrical exhibition exempts dramatical productions from the impediments which counteract success in other departments of literature. Here, an author does not depend upon the caprice of a bookseller, or the cold fastidiousness of criticks for his emolument; but upon his ability to gratify the insatiable apetite for publick amusement, which in this, as in all young countries, has so universal a prevalence. Besides, the disposition of the publick to encourage native excellence, where it can be found without the labour of research, bestows on a dramatick author's *third night* a charm, which it would be vain for him to seek in publication. The writer of a successful play possesses this *additional* advantage, that he can obtain his benefits from every theatre in America, so long as he preserves his production in the original manuscript, and by such caution he could undoubtedly derive abundant remuneration for all the labour and care which might have been expended in the composition. It is a remark, which experience has hitherto justified and confirmed, that the greatest dramatical abilities have been displayed in the early ages of most civilized countries, whilst other literary efforts have laboured under comparative disadvantages; which affords great encouragement to those authors who have chosen the drama as a path to eminence. Thus Shakespeare, Fletcher, Messinger, and even Otway, Southern, Dryden, and Congreve, flourished in flull luxuriance, when the Historian, the Moralist, the Chymist, and the Astronomer were placed in a state of relative insignificance.

The dramatical productions of America, however, are not justly to be praised for their excellence, nor celebrated for their variety. A few indifferent tragedies and comedies in each of our large cities, after having "fretted their hour upon the stage," have sunk from deserved and general neglect, into undisturbed oblivion. *Foscari*, *The Venetian Exile*, *The Trust*, and the German translations of Mr. Dunlap, have gone unregretted into a common grave with *Daranzel*, *The African*, *The Pilgrims*, and *The Happy Tea-Party*. There are a few

plays, however, which deserve a better fate; the poetry of "*The Indian Princess,*" and the dialogue of "*Tears and Smiles,*" ought to protect them from the chilling neglect of general indifference.

The two productions, of which we have now undertaken the review, we are fearful will be placed, after the lapse of a few years, upon the shelf with these tame and inanimate compositions. Although one of them is a tragedy, and the other a comedy, and we may, therefore, be subjected to censure for comprehending them in one review, yet we believe, from the serious structure of both, we shall be justified by the judicious, for considering them under so general a view, as we certainly shall by the author himself, who classes "The Poor Lodger" in his advertisement neither as a tragedy nor comedy, but as something distinct from both; of a mixed character, and partaking rather of the solemn than the gay. Besides, in attentively considering the merits of the two productions, we can perceive no objections to the style or genius which is displayed by the author, which will not apply to both as well as to either; and in relation to plot and preservation of character, where any distinct observations may be required, we can make them specifically as we proceed.

It is the fate both of "The Clergyman's Daughter," and "The Poor Lodger," to be serious prosaick dramas, and to be liable to the objection of having only borrowed fables to recommend them, so that any interest resulting from the plot is fairly to be ascribed to Miss Burney or Mr. Makenzie; and all the praise justly to be awarded to Mr. White, must result from the ability with which he has been able to preserve the characters in the composition of the dialogue. But even this praise, according to Dr. Johnson, is of the lowest order, since it is evident that the genius required to convey thoughts in mere prose, bears no great proportion to the ability which is required to express them with characteristick propriety in verse. For the language of his characters we have no very grateful remarks to lavish upon our author. Indeed with but few exceptions, it appears to us to consist of such a sameness of expression, that we have no doubt the speeches could be transferred from one part to another, without interfering with any of the peculiarities of style, which by a true dramatist, should be conferred upon his personages, so as to distinguish their dialogue by evident characteristicks.

Mr. White has certainly adopted very judicious ideas upon the subject of the unities of time, place, and action, as well as with regard to the advantages to be derived from the *mingled* drama; but with these true and indisputable principles to support him, the triteness of his infantile thoughts, and destitution of force in conveying them, inevitably reduce his two plays below the mediocrity of Kenny or Allingham.

The Clergyman's Daughter, in regard to its plot, is much more skilfully conducted than the Poor Lodger; in which we are inclined to imagine that the author, presuming too much upon the general circulation of Evelina, the novel upon which it is founded, has left a number of chasms in the story, which a perfect recollection of Miss Burney's work will alone enable us to supply. The connection of Mrs. Clifford with Harriot Bloomville is not satisfactorily explained; she is introduced for no adequate purpose. Her house is forced to be a place for our heroine to visit, but to promote what purpose of the fable, or why Mrs. Clifford was her friend, or with what branch of the plot she is connected, requires a more full elucidation than can be discovered from the Poor Lodger. The character is introduced to the audience with frigid indifference, and is dismissed with undisturbed tranquility.

The unrestricted power which Widow Danvers has over the actions of Harriot, is not so much a matter of course, that no reason should be assigned for its existence: why, having a kind guardian in the country, should she remain in town, tortured by the barbarities of her insolence, and the ignorant brutality of her companions? We also become acquainted with this guardian, Mr. Sedley, without a due gradation of preparatory explanation: and the characters are all trundled off to his place of residence in the country without adequate motives. Sir Harry Stormant, Widow Danvers, and Joblin, make their appearance at Berry-Hill, in Mr. Sedley's garden, without obvious or assignable cause, and even Lord Harley gets introduced there by a very lame and halting sort of expedient. As to the characters of this play, we are afraid they will not endure a comparison with the corresponding personages in Evelina.

Sir Harry Stormant, in the Poor Lodger, is a compound of Lovell and Sir Clement Willoughby, intending to combine the artful subtlety of the latter, with the ennui and foppish inanity of the former character. Now the author, by such a

combination, has spoiled two good characters to make an anomaly, in which the vapidity and listnessness of Lovel naturally counteract the acuteness of stratagem in Sir Clement.

The character of *Lord Orville*, the elegant, sensible, and all accomplished gentleman, is hardly to be discerned in so mean a copy as that of *Lord Harley*. The manners of Orville, dictated by the most consummate deference, and his mind enriched by all the learning of the scholar, and chastened by a cultivated taste and uncommonly good sense, degenerate in his representative, the first into cold complaisance, and the last into a languid expression of trite and every-day observations.

The *Widow Danvers*, is intended for *Madam Duval;* but she is so completely changed by the change of dialect, that we begin to imagine more than half the pleasure we derive from a contemplation of that character in the novel, rises from the frenchified blunders she commits, and the unique cast of drollery, which the mixed jargon she utters impresses upon it.

No one we believe will imagine the heroine of Mr. White's play can compare with Evelina, in respect to mind, to manners, or force of character.

Although we have already remarked that the Clergyman's Daughter deserves the preference over the Poor Lodger, yet we do not mean to assert that it is not liable to very solid objections, in the conduct of the characters, and management of plot. The general remarks which we have suggested respecting the want of discrimination in the language of the various characters which our author introduces, are perhaps more applicable to the former than the latter production; and both are chargeable with great weakness of expression, and the introduction of common place observations.

It was a remark, a few years ago, that there exists in this country such a want of determination of judgment respecting American plays, and indeed such prejudices against them, that an author would be obliged to struggle in his flight to renown, against an intolerable weight which every moment would threaten to sink him to the earth. We think it a fortunate circumstance that our author has been treated by the publick in a manner at the same time so liberal and munificent, that it will go very far to refute the absurdity of this charge. If the Clergyman's Daughter can attract six full houses, and the Poor Lodger four, in Boston, what might not

be expected from a production which should combine genius with judgment, and unite just conception of character with faithful delineation. In such an event we have no doubt the American publick would become as enthusiastick as they have been indifferent; and as they have been considered captious because they have not yet had a fair chance to praise with justice, so they would probably, when an opportunity should be offered, pass into the opposite extreme, and bestow such excessive panegyricks as no effort could authorize or deserve.

INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Monthly Repository.

On the effects of the industry of the literati of Germany on the literature of that country; and on the influence of the four last years of war upon it.

(Continued from page 67.)

THE German literati in general know at least the names of the most distinguished writers of all ages; and as the history of literature is a favourite study, are acquainted with the particulars of their lives and works. This is a great check upon national conceit, which sometimes renders the literati of other countries equally unjust and ridiculous; and it produces the salutary spirit of cosmopolitism, without which, a knowledge of foreign merit is not easily acquired.

On the other hand, the German literati have also learned to appreciate their own merits; a natural consequence of incessant comparison. But this just estimation of their own worth and the courage to exhibit themselves before foreigners, whose vanity often looked down upon them with contempt, are not of very long standing. They date only forty or fifty years back, since the nation began to discover the great advantages of its language and literature, to cultivate them, and to write principally in German. It is generally known that Frederick the Great, by his contempt of German literature, strongly excited the pride of his countrymen; so that it made a gigantick progress, while the most celebrated hero of the nation sought to depreciate its native writers. Till his time, the generality of German authors had neglected their own language, and it

was still a prevailing practice to write a great deal in Latin; but since that period, an universal anxiety to express themselves in their native tongue with accuracy, perspicuity, and grace, has pervaded the whole nation. It was extremely fortunate that Lessing, a man of first-rate genius and rare attainments, together with others possessing similar qualifications, gave a proper direction to these efforts of his countrymen in the celebrated Letters on Literature. In fact, the commencement of the golden age of German literature cannot be fixed more than ten years before his time, namely, about 1740, where Eichhorn, after the example of others, has placed it. No sooner did the nation become sensible of its own importance, no sooner did the polishing, rounding, and enriching of the native language allow German industry free scope, than such a number of distinguished writers sprung up in all the provinces of Germany, and in the countries where its language is spoken, that none but so indefatigable a people could, in comparatively so short a period (since 1740), have produced such a rich harvest. We shall merely mention some of the most conspicuous names. Haller, Klopstock, Zachariä, Hagedorn, Gellert, Rabener, Weisse, Lichtwehr, Uz, Gleim, Jerusalem, Gotter, Lessing, Pfeffel, Ramler, Kleist, Wieland, Mendelsohn, Sturz, von Nicolai, Götz, Herder, Gessner, Zollikofer, Kästner, Voss, Göcking, the Counts Stolberg, Hölty, Jacobi, Lichtenberg, Musæus, Göthe, Bürger, Schiller, Claudius, Matthison, Kosegarten, Iffland, Grossmann, Babo, Engel, Meissner, Kotzebue, Grave, Schmidt, Johannes Müller, Archenholz, Fr. Schulz, Müller of Itzehoe, Knigge, Lafontaine, Woltmann, Rochlitz, and a great number of others, have produced models in every departmet of literature, which, even in the opinion of competent judges abroad, need not fear a comparison with foreign excellence.

Notwithstanding, however, the great progress made in the improvement of the German language, it still falls considerably short of that perfection of which it is susceptible. The great Adelung, immortalized by his exertions in behalf of his native tongue, first collected, in a somewhat complete manner, the scattered treasures of the German language; and his dictionary is admitted, by all foreigners who are capable of using it, to be an astonishing performance for one individual, especially when the mass of general literature contained in it is considered. His other works on the German language are equally ex-

cellent, though it must be regretted that, from too great a partiality to the Misnian dialect, he has been rather unjust towards the dialects of other provinces. He was followed by others, who made his labours the ground-work of their own, especially Heynatz, Voss, and Campe. The latter is at the head of those writers, who, unless in cases of the greatest necessity, reject every word that is not of genuine Teutonick origin, and have therefore naturalized, as they express it, a great number of obsolete, neglected, and newly formed words. Of this rigorous purity Campe himself has furnished the best example in his works. His undeniably successful exertions in behalf of the literature of his country, he has now crowned by his great dictionary of the German language, which by this time is probably completed. It contains many thousand words more than Adelung's, and is undoubtedly a work of inestimable value to German literature. Omissions have, nevertheless, been discoverd, but these the worthy author intends to supply in a separate volume.

It now only remains for us to enquire what effect the last four years of war have produced on German literature.

Peace alone is favourable to the man of letters: he requires unmolested leisure, and readers possessing abundant means of encouraging him, that is to say, of purchasing his works. War deprives him of both these, as a great part of Germany has unfortunately experienced; for as the booksellers have in modern times supplied, in a great measure, the place of patrons, literature must naturally suffer, when the devastation of whole provinces cuts off the resources of their trade: and that this has been the case in the last four years, is evident from the meagerness of the Leipzig fair catalogues which have appeared during that time. What a shock the industry of the writers of Germany must have sustained! The injury, however, has been confined to the needy labourers in the field of literature, and has not extended to the good cause of learning. Many an assiduous and deserving author may probably have been put to great inconvenience by not finding a purchaser for his manuscripts; but the more rapid canals for literary communications, and the interchange of ideas, continued to flow. The magazines, almanacks, literary newspapers, particularly the principal of the latter, those of Halle, Leipzig, and Jena; the *Heidelberger Annalen*; the *Göttinger Anzeigen*; the *Morgenblatt*; the *Deutsche Mercur*; the *Berliner Monatschrift*,

and many others, suffered no interruption. If the muses were driven for a time from Halle, Frankfurt on the Oder, Erlangen, Würzburg, Königsberg, Jena, Wittenberg, Inspruck, &c. still they remain tolerably quiet at Leipzig, Heidelberg, Kiel, Göttingen, Tübingen, Rostock, Dorpat, &c.; and the great booksellers, Cotta, Göschen, the *Industrie-Comptoir* at Weimar, Veiweg, Mohr and Zimmer, Hoffmann of Hamburg, Weidmanns, Fleischer, Kummer, Crusius, and others, continued, even in the midst of war, to publish important works. The printing of scarcely any book of consequence which was to have appeared, was prevented; and at this moment, the universities of Halle, Frankfurt on the Oder, Jena, Erlangen, and others, are already in a certain degree of order. Many German literati have indeed been scared from their former abodes, and fled to distant countries; but according to accounts from the Continent, the shock which German literature has received during the last four years of war, will not be unproductive of benefits. It has given a check to the extravagant multiplication of literary works; it has somewhat cooled the ardour of the booksellers for speculation; it has engaged men of letters in new and more profound researches, and has obliged them, in general, to measure back the paths that have already been explored.

From the London Literary Panorama.

EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS. 1810.

The Arts will be neglected only by those who are not competent to estimate their importance and their services, in polished society. They are, at the same time, the rudiments and the completion of elegance. There is not a wayfaring traveller who refreshes himself at an alehouse by the road side, who does not owe a part of his enjoyment to the neatness, and the fitness of the vehicle in which it is offered him. We know not whether we dare affirm, with the Chinese, that the more elegant beverage, tea, has a superior flavour when drank from cups made of a peculiar kind of porcelain; but we are certain that the beauty of this kind of ware, as now manufactured in England, has justly obtained triumphant popularity; and it adds to the delights of the politest parties. This is one consequence of the rudiments of art being diffused among the mechanick professions of our country. But this could never

have been, had not the higher departments of art been studied with diligence, and practised with exemplary degrees of merit: for art is but one, throughout all its branches. This general acquaintance with the arts, what we may term this extensive circulation of them in our country, is likely to be further promoted by Exhibitions established in our principal cities: during some years, Edinburgh has boasted of this elegant enjoyment: Leeds has also obtained equal gratification: Liverpool is about to institute an assemblage of art; and the same, we learn, is meditated in several other places. Thus are we likely to see realized, wishes that we ventured to submit to the publick nearly *thirty years ago*. We then gave our advice, and offered our assistance. This subject demands a more enlarged consideration than we are able at present to bestow on it: our attention must now be directed to what the arts have exhibited to publick inspection in the metropolis.

The first place is due to

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We shall in this paper particularize very few articles; but shall rather speak generally of the result of this assemblage of works of art as it determined our judgment on the whole, and according to the impressions remaining after a diligent inspection.

We have seen Exhibitions that pleased us better, than that of this year:—they presented more evident proofs of emulation, and of that desire for excellence which is the very animating principle of art. The works of some artists will always command approbation. Even were they less meritorious than they are, they would be applauded, as being the superior of their kind, among those presented to the eye. Whether they be the very best pieces of their authors, or not,—while others are inferior, their reputation is safe.

The PORTRAITS, this year, predominate, as usual; and full as much as usual. *Fashion* has ruled over most of them, with tyrannick sway. What do they present? a lady's face and neck—*white*: a (velvet) dress of *black*, or some colour equally dark; and two long, narrow, members, the arms, depend for the most part—*white*, again, and in *streaks*. Hereby the artist has experienced unusual embarrassment in contriving to mass his lights; in supporting them, and leading the eye by attraction, from part to part, according to the relative importance of each. Some few painters, by the help of light

scarfs, *artificial* shadows, and compliant back grounds, have shewn to what degree they felt the difficulty, rather than their resources to meet it. Not more than two or three pictures can boast of having fairly triumphed over this distressing impediment. The official dresses of some noblemen, &c. present a difficulty of the same class; but by no means equally obstinate: and, besides, the spectator knows at sight, the nature and effect of these; and excuses them, from the influence of habit.

The department of LANDSCAPE is not more than equal to what we have seen it. Some of the specimens lead us to fear that the study of *old* pictures, in which the colouring has suffered from the hand of time, has had rather a detrimental than an improving effect on the incautious artist. The hues of those performances were originally more varied than they now appear; and the close copying of faded shades misleads both the hand and the eye: they have stood well, considering their age: but what was their state when fresh?

The class of HISTORICAL PICTURES, shews so little greatness of idea, so little majesty of thought, indeed, so little accuracy of reasoning, that we incline to accept with favour the few attempts presented, by way of encouragement: they make a variety: they give some relief to the eye: we cannot, however, express our acquiescence in them: we are not satisfied: but we would not dishearten. Even the President's picture of "Christ teaching *to be humble*," does not please us, as to the manner of conveying the sentiment. The child is raised up and stands three feet above the ground: *humility* it might be thought would have been better symbolized by a less exalted representative. The child is too large, also; for the text expressly says, "*little* children," and the persons addressed ought to have formed a part of the composition. Fuseli's immense canvas, representing "Hercules attacking Pluto," will find few admirers. The Pluto has merit: the Proserpine is abominable: the Hercules would excite the ridicule of Glycon, or Lysippus, could either of them behold it, by the discrepancy of its parts: some of its members are not those of Hercules: the figure of night we incline to kick out of the way: but the Cerberus is excellent; and admirably introduced. Dawe's "Andromache imploring Ulysses to spare the life of her son," we shall tolerate. Thomson's "Ti-

tania," is no representative of the Fairy Queen: it has merit as a picture; but not as *that* character.

Northcote has introduced the *white* light of open day into a *dark* prison scene: the contrast of the *Chiaro oscuro* is therefore unnatural. This picture may be better some years hence than it now is; as the colours of the lights may assume a more *sombre* hue, and thereby may more characteristically harmonize with the darks.

Bird has made evident progress since last year: the absence of Wilkie (we are sorry to say through ill health) is very favourable to him. His smaller picture "the game of put," has great merit.

The most instructive picture among the landscapes is Mr. Daniel's "View in China," in this he has contrived to introduce the whole history of the tea plant: and though he may have set strict chronology aside a little, yet we cannot find in our heart, to charge him with technical transgression. The reader will judge of the extent of this subject from Mr. D.'s account of it in the catalogue."

"A view in China, shewing the process of cultivating the tea plant, and preparing the leaves for exportation, viz. 1st, preparing the soil; 2d, watering the young plants; 3d, gathering the leaves; 4th, rolling them; 5th, crisping them by fire; 6th, packing them in chests; 7th, marking and binding them; 8th, weighing them; 9th, registering the weight; and 10th, shipping them on board the vessels that convey them to the port of Canton; which several operations, mostly performed at the same time of the year, and for the London market alone, give employment to about three millions of the Chinese population and to 20,000 tons of English shipping, besides adding three millions annually to the revenue of Great Britain."

Mr. Turner has some excellent views: and W. Westall exhibits some honourable specimens.

Of the designs in ARCHITECTURE, we can say but little. The SCULPTURES are this year, more numerous than usual: they are also superior to what we have inspected in many exhibitions. Nollekens seems to have kept back his busts, in order to bring them out altogether: they do him great credit. Several monumental basso-relievos have merit. Bacon's monument to the memory of Mr. Lawson is pleasing; but the bushwig in marble, we would willingly have dispensed with.

Mr. Chantrey's colossal bust of Lord St. Vincent, is intended, we suppose, to be placed at a considerable elevation: if so, it will look better in its place, than it does, while level, or nearly level, with the eye.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We meet with several of our former acquaintances in this gallery this year; but also with several new names, who are by this institution very advantageously introduced to the publick. We notice first, "Sampson breaking his bonds, by G. F. Joseph." We advise additional reflection to this artist, from whose performances we augur higher degrees of merit, hereafter. His Sampson is a Hercules. Sampson was a Nazarite from the womb: his hair therefore, *never was cut or clipped* during his whole life: yet Mr. J. has represented it *short:* this could not be. The immense breadth given to his body is certainly over-done, though well intended: because his strength is said to have been derived from "the Spirit of the Lord" coming upon him. The action of his mouth (vehement closure) diminishes the size of the head, and thereby the necessary fullness of expression. Dalilah should have been marked as sly and insinuating: Mr. J. should have obtained as a model some French *intrigante*. Philistine idols should have marked the scene decidedly. The bed-place of Dalilah was a recess in the side of the room.

We encourage Miss Jackson to proceed. She is not yet arrived on the top of Parnassus, but she has taken some steps towards it. If Devis's large picture of Bhavani be improved in merit, as it is enlarged in size, above his little sketch, it will be an admirable performance. We enter into the meaning of Cook, who has represented his Alcestis returned from the infernal regions with a very *white* complexion: it is a nicety to execute well: the paleness of disease and death is improper; the plaster of Paris *whiteness* is equally to be avoided: we could have recommended a *little* roseate tint. Howard's "Pygmalion's statue enlivened," is subject to the same remark; the flesh colour instead of being confined to the cheek, should have gradually spread itself over the bosom at least: down to the region of the heart. The gallery offers two compositions on the subject of "Themistocles taking refuge at the court of Admetus:" in neither of these is the return of Admetus *from hunting* expressed; yet the attendants, the dogs, game, &c. are picturesque as well as necessary.

There are other historical compositions; but it is useless to appreciate their merits. The landscapes are the chief support of the gallery, this year; they contain much merit; and we are happy in observing that the publick has discovered and encouraged it, as appears by the number of pictures sold.

Not the least interesting part of the collection is the series of sketches for the monuments commanded to be erected to the memories of Gen. Sir John Moore, and Capt. Harding. We highly approve of thus subjecting them to liberal criticism before they are beyond the reach of improvement by animadversion. We perceive, too, that the remark made in the Panorama on the impropriety of adopting *Roman* dresses to modern characters has been felt, and that an artist whose model represents the fallen hero in Roman costume, has hung up a drawing of the same figure in the British military habit. It would have been a mark of good taste in some of his brethren had they paid equal deference to common sense. The subject of a monument for Sir John Moore is extremely favourable to the artist. We have had so many common place thoughts of Victory and Britannia that we want variety: the addition of the figure of Spain, &c. affords that variety. We heartily wish that the proposed designs for our publick buildings were equally the subjects of *previous* consideration: we should then have fewer wretched *façades* to lament as we pass by them.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

If the prize be due to that collection which, with the greatest number of works of merit, combines the smallest number of exceptionable pieces, to that department of art which has made the most satisfactory progress since it last solicited the attention of the virtuosi, then will this society, in our judgment, bear away the prize.

The performances under inspection approach this year, more nearly to the powerful effect of oil pictures, than they ever did; this would be no great praise if we could not add, that they also approach more nearly to nature. Happily for their authors, the greater part of them are views in Britain, whereby, the artists being *fastened* to their subjects, with something of a portrait-like adherence to truth, they have done little more in the indulgence of imagination, than dismiss a few obstinate and unmanageable blemishes, from their composition; and have treated those objects which remained and became so much the more principal, with greater attention.

When we urge a caution against *mannerism*, which we would do with great solicitude, we shall not be misunderstood.—Nature has no *manner:* imperfections may, and must be pardoned in art; but wherefore the same tints and the same blendings of colours in the same order for ever? why the same *recipe* on all occasions? let this be well considered.

Nobody who visits this room can overlook the fruit and flower pieces of Miss Byrne. That lady spares for no pains in her works; indeed the visible presence of care and labour forms their chief drawback as works of art. Less solicitude to finish every edge and outline in the subordinate parts, would give leave to impart a roundness and fullness of effect to the whole, which would complete these pieces. We suspect that Miss B. does not examine her works while in progress from a sufficient distance.

The *subjects* treated by Mr. Heaphy, display his customary skill and his no less customary finishing. Some parts of them are admirable: some heads are exquisite. We caution him against too frequent repetition of the same model; notwithstanding his works may ornament different collections. For once a minute criticism shall escape us: in his "Marketing" he has introduced a basket of eggs in a waggon, which, were they on the fore-ground would be large enough; but where they are, though not equal to those of the Ostrich, they are more than equal to those of the goose: what bird in this country could lay them? The variety of landscapes in this room is highly interesting. We have corn fields (one is truly admirable!) extensive ranges of mountains, deep glens, shaded woods, cultivated plains, peasants' cottages, venerable cathedrals, ancient tombs, ruined castles, and sea-pieces, delightful or terrifick. We have cattle, and human figures: with whatever land or water presents. We shall not further particularize: we recommend this exhibition to the careful examination of young artists, whether practising the arts as a profession, or as an amusement.

We conclude this article by noticing the exhibition of Water colour Paintings from the Old Masters, which form the subjects of a work of engravings, publishing by Messrs. Longman and Co.; some of these drawings are exquisite: others are so vexatiously small in size, that they defy the examination of the unassisted eye. The reason for choosing such diminutive and even contemptible dimensions eludes

our comprehension. We have *some* acquaintance with the originals of most of these drawings; and we know that there was no cause for such *minification* of them. Many of those to which this censure does not apply, we think highly meritorious; others are extremely curious as specimens of the manner of ancient masters. We can pardon in Giotto and Cimabue the distance between their works and those of Raffaelle and Titian; to the former we direct our reverence, to the latter our admiration.

It is singular enough, that the subject of No. 18, "Christ appearing to St. Peter after his resurrection," should be no better explained. The story of it is the origin of the church of *Domine quo vadis?* a short distance from Rome. The legend says that St. Peter journeying to Rome, when coming near the city, met his divine master, carrying his cross, coming from thence, and saluted him with the question, "Lord whither goest thou?"—whence the church afterwards built on the spot received its appellation.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

ENGLAND.

On the 24th of February, at an auction in the capital, there was sold a Greek manuscript, collected by one of his majesty's foreign ministers, at the island of Patmos, in the Archipelago. It is a folio volume, in appropriate classical binding, vellum, with rich gold Ionick border, and gilt edges, and contains upwards of seven hundred and eighty pages, on cotton paper; with, generally, twenty-nine lines of text, in a two-inch margin on each page; illustrated by about sixty illuminated figures. The principal title is, ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΥ ΠΕΡΙ ΜΗΧΑΝΗΜΑΤΩΝ, which is followed by several treatises on similar subjects, by other writers. Concerning the first author, Lempriere, in his Classical Dictionary says, "Athenaeus was a Roman general, in the age of Gallienus, who is supposed to have written a book on military engines." In Fabricii Bibliotheca Graeca, vol. v. the title of this book stands No. 143 in the catalogue of Greek manuscripts belonging to the royal Neapolitan library. This manuscript is written in three different hands, but all fair, and thus dated at the end: "Finished on 7 May, 1545." But the characters at the beginning evidently denote an antiquity of at least a century anterior to

that date; and it will doubtless occur to the recollection of the learned, that the late Porson pronounced Greek manuscripts of that age to be equal to Latin works of the ninth century. On the first page is written, in more modern Greek, "This present book belongs to the God-trodden mountain Sinai." The sum for which it was sold was sixty-one guineas.

RUSSIA.

Several marbles, with Slavonick inscriptions, were discovered in 1792, among the ruins of Phanagoria. These inscriptions stated, that a Russian prince, Glied of Tmuktorakan, had caused the extent of the Cimmerian Bosphorus to be measured in 1068. On this occasion, count Mussin Puschkin published, in 1794, Historical Researches on the geographical situation of the principality of Tmuktorakan. Alexei Nicolai Olenin, counsellor of state, has published a letter on the same subject, addressed to the count, in which he describes, among others, five manuscripts of Nestor, the most ancient historian of Russia.

GERMANY.

The successes of the French armies, and their long residence in Germany, have procured them an advantage which they formerly dispensed with in their victories, but of which they will not fail to avail themselves in their future military enterprizes. They have put them in possession of a map of Germany, surpassing all its predecessors in perfection and accuracy. Hanover was surveyed by Epaillu, *chef de bataillon*, immediately after its occupation by the corps of Mortier. In Brandenburg and Silesia, the French had two year's time to collect the requisite topographical information; and it is not improbable, that the beautiful maps of several provinces, drawn up by order of the Prussian government, have fallen into their hands; as their entrance into Berlin was so sudden, that a great quantity of important papers and valuable effects could not be secreted. Saxony caused a portion of its states to be surveyed every year: at the request of the French government, the work has been for some years accelerated; and the court of Dresden has made such communications as were required. It is believed, that the same has been done by Denmark, in regard to the dutchy of Holstein, and perhaps of the whole Cimbrian peninsula. The French government has caused not only the northernmost provinces of Germany to the North Sea and Baltick, but likewise the counties of Stol-

berg, and the dutchies of Weimar, Coburg, Meinungen, Hildburghausen, &c. to be surveyed by engineers. It probably possesses fewer materials of the former circle of Franconia: but it is possible that the grand duke of Würtzburg may have furnished information, to extend the topographical knowledge of those countries. Of Swabia and Upper Austria, the geographical *bureau* at Paris has a beautiful manuscript map. Bavaria has been surveyed for some time; and the map of the Tyrol is already engraved and sold at Paris. In respect to Austria alone, the materials are perhaps rather scanty, as the French have remained there too short a time to undertake extensive measurements. It is concluded, that this large and complete map will be given to the publick, from the circumstance that Suabia has already been engraved at Paris.

FRANCE.

Dr. Louis Valentin, member of the Academy and Medical Society of Marseilles, has publicly called upon the French nation to bestow on Dr. Edward Jenner a reward worthy of the services which he has rendered to mankind. "It is ten years," says he, "since Dr. Jenner ascertained that vaccine innoculation is a preservative against the small-pox. It is upwards of thirty since he commenced his researches into the nature of the cow-pox. It is nine since he made publick that invaluable discovery; and it is seven since his practice was introduced into France. It is now spread over almost every part of the globe. Several millions have experienced its beneficial effects, and every day is marked with new and uniform success. What a debt of gratitude do we owe to the author of this new method! All nations pour forth their benedictions upon him. Every country, every city, would fain offer him a civick crown, and each individual express his gratitude. What mortal was ever more useful to society? No kind of reward, no dignity, can be an adequate compensation for such a service. The noble and generous manner in which Jenner communicated his knowledge, his solicitude to ascertain the results of his experiments, are beyond all praise. Engaged in accomplishing a great revolution in this important part of medicine, and in promoting the welfare of his fellow-creatures, by a practice as simple as it was extraordinary, he thought nothing, so that he could but ultimately succeed, either of time, trouble, or the expense incurred by a very extensive correspondence. The French physicians were not

the last to proclaim him the benefactor of mankind; and in this they are joined by the publick opinion. The central committee of vaccination, established at Paris, under the auspices of government, observes in the report published by it in 1803: 'The committee will not conclude this sketch of its proceedings, without paying a just tribute of gratitude to Dr. Jenner, the illustrious author of this discovery, who will henceforth be numbered among those men who have done the most honour to science, and the greatest service to humanity.' The reward conferred on Jenner, by the English parliament, in 1802, though accompanied with the most gratifying expressions, is very inadequate to the incalculable advantages which will result from his discovery. If the English nation, during the reign of queen Anne, loaded the duke of Marlborough with honours; if, to reward his military achievements, they presented him with princely domains, built for him the magnificent palace of Blenheim, and erected on a hill in his park, a splendid monument, whose base, covered with inscriptions, attests his martial exploits, and whose summit is crowned with a statue of that general, there is nothing astonishing in all this. But what excites much greater surprise is, that the same nation has, since 1802, done nothing more for Jenner, except that in 1805, the lord mayor, and common council of London, bestowed on him a testimony of the publick gratitude, by presenting him with the freedom of the city, in a gold box, enriched with diamonds and emblems allusive to science, 'for the salutary discovery of the vaccine innoculation, owing to his indefatigable researches.' Jenner has become the man of all nations. Like Hippocrates, he belongs to every country. His name will live to the most remote posterity. It is the present generation which owes him a great remuneration. May it be worthy of one of the fairest epochs of the world! May the French nation, which is capable of appreciating great things, not delay it too long! Induced by these considerations, I would suggest to all the societies in the French empire for promoting the advancement of the healing art, the following propositions:—1. To open, with the consent and under the patronage of government, a subscription for Dr. Jenner. 2. The committee of the central vaccine society, and the medical societies of the metropolis, should be exclusively empowered to determine the nature of the recompense to be decreed to that great man. 3. These

societies might depute some of their members, to present a plan to that effect; and to obtain permission of the minister of the interior, to invite the medical societies of the departments to contribute to the present, by voluntary subscriptions. 4. Every learned society, and every individual who cultivates the healing art, should likewise be at liberty to contribute. 5. At the period fixed for closing the subscription, the committee formed by the societies of Paris, should appoint deputies to go to England, when circumstances, and the government, shall permit, to present our homage and our gratitude to Dr. Jenner. 6. The same committee should likewise determine the time and place for erecting a statue in honour of him. 7. It is to be presumed, that the medial societies will not fail to place the bust of Jenner beside that of Hippocrates."

From the London Monthly Magazine.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Report on the Progress of the French Language and Literature, from the Epoch of the French Revolution, (1789) *to the Year* 1808, *made by a Commission of the Institute of France, by order of the Emperor Napoleon.*

His Majesty being in his Council of State,* a deputation from the class of Literature and Belles-Lettres of the Institute, composed of M. M. Chenier, President; de Volney, Vice-president; Suard, Perpetual Secretary; and M. M. Morellet, Boufflers, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Andrieux, Arnault, Villars, Cailhava, Domergue, Lacretelle, Laujon, Rayhouard, and Picard, was presented by the Minister of the Home Department, and admitted to the bar of the Council. M. Chenier spoke as follows:

Sire,

The further we proceed in the labour which your Majesty has ordered us to submit to you, the more we feel the difficulty which it imposes upon us. How can we appreciate so many writers, while living, not by strict theories, by demonstrated facts, by evident calculations, but by considerations deemed arbitrary; by wit, taste, talent, imagination, the art of writing? How strike out a road through so many dangerous shoals, amongst so many various opinions, sometimes contra-

* Sitting of Saturday, the 27th of February.

ry, always contested with warmth, amidst so many passions which it was so difficult to assuage, and which it is so easy to rouse! How satisfy, at the same time, those of whom we have to speak; and those who have formed an opinion on literature, after having studied it, and even those who without any study, fancy themselves nevertheless to be competent judges? These reflections appear discouraging; but your Majesty gives us confidence, and your goodness shall be our guide. To dispense praise with pleasure, to exercise censure with reserve, to proclaim the talents remaining amongst us, to applaud nascent dispositions; such is, no doubt, the duty which we have to perform; and in your Majesty's orders we presume, with respectful confidence, to perceive a proof of the lively interest with which you have always honoured literature, a pledge of your constant protection, and a token of your new benefactions.

Without being able at present to name all the writers, whom we shall quote in our work, we are, however, Sire, about to mention a considerable number of them; and we will endeavour particularly to state the progress and divisions of the department which we shall have to present to your Majesty. In this extensive work, embracing the whole circle of the art of writing, at the head of each branch we draw a rapid sketch of its progress in France, until the epoch at which our observations commence, to serve as so many luminous points to enlighten our route. The art of conveying ideas by words, that of connecting ideas with each other, and by them sensations, and by these all the ideas which flow from them, first engage our attention. Such is the progress of nature; we must speak and think, before we write. It is the province of French literature, in particular, to take a retrospect of the philosophical sciences, founded at least in France, by the school of Port Royal; a source equally inexhaustible and pure, from which all sound learning, and all classical literature, are derived. The same sciences, in the course of the last century, were greatly indebted to the labours of Condillac, whom the French Academy was proud to count amongst its members. He was himself the founder of a school of philosophy, and has left able disciples, and honourable successors.

M. Domergue, M. Sicard, successfully cultivate universal and particular grammar. We shall have to remark a work on our language, one of the best productions of Marmontel.

M. Degerando, a man of sagacity and methodical mind, has inquired into the connexions of signs, with the art of thinking. The comprehensive genius of M. de Tracy, has collected the three sciences linked together, in one body, as they are in nature. M. Cabanis, as interesting as he is perspicuous and profound, by comparing the physical and the moral man, has submitted medicine to the analysis of the understanding. M. Garat, appointed to lecture on this analysis, in the normal schools, has, by his brilliant imagination, rendered reason itself luminous; a kind of service for which, in questions yet abstract, reason can be indebted to talents of a superior order only.

The science of the duties of man, morality, without producing so many works, has not however been barren. We have found in the lectures which Marmontel bequeathed to his children, the precepts of Cicero blended with evangelical wisdom. We ought particularly to distinguish an important work of Saint Lambert, who formerly enriched our literature by an elegant, harmonious, and philosophical poem. Arrived at the last period of his life, he did not abandon the banners under which he enlisted in his youth. Invariable in his principles, shunning extremes even in good, he neither affected excessive piety, nor stoical austerity. Without detaching morality from the social, necessary, demonstrable principle of a superintending and protecting God, he founds it altogether on the relations which unite man to man, on our wants, on our passions, on the innumerable multitude of individual interests, constantly at variance with each other, but compelled by nature to commingle, and forming by their union, the general interest of society.

We consider, in their turn, those who have applied the art of writing, to matters of policy and legislation: not the crowd of subordinate wits, who by periodical papers, or pamphlets, less transitory, flattered the passions of the multitude, while the multitude possessed power; but a small number of men, more or less, distinguished for their talents, and equally laudable for their intentions. An able dialectician, M. Sieyes, in works where the strength of thought produces strength of style, has treated important questions of general policy. A writer, celebrated in more than one kind of composition, now the Prince Arch-treasurer of the empire; like him, M. Roederer, M. Dupont de Nemours, M. Barbé-Marbois; after

them, M. M. I. B. Say; M. Ganilh, have treated, in an interesting, and perspicuous manner, of different branches of political economy. The Elements of Legislation, published by M. Perrau, are not unworthy of being quoted. The author of a work, honoured with the prize of utility, which the French Academy used to decree, M. Pastoret, in developing the principles of penal legislation, thought that he could determine how the law should proceed, in order to be humane, when it should strike to be just, and where it should stop to be useful. We remark in the works of M. de Lacretelle, a brilliant and celebrated discourse, on the nature of ignominious punishments. All these writers have kept pace with the reason of the age, and some have accelerated its progress.

Before we proceed to the oratorical art, in which we again find policy and legislation presented under new forms to France, we shall have to mention a Treatise on the Eloquence of the Pulpit, a book itself eloquent, in which Cardinal Maury gives excellent precepts, after having exhibited striking examples.

In literary criticism, several writers furnish us with profound studies, and judicious comments on our great classicks: M. Cailhava, on Moliere; M. Palissot, on Corneille and on Voltaire; Chamfort, on Lafontaine, whom he had, while young, made the subject of a charming eulogy; and Laharpe, on Racine, whom he had also worthily praised before. We do not omit remarking numerous additions to the Literary Memoirs of M. Palissot, a work frequently instructive, and always written with uncommon elegance. Nor do we forget the labours of M. Ginguéné, on Italian literature, a considerable and useful work, already in a state of great forwardness. Here the last volumes of Laharpe's Course present themselves, with his Correspondence in Russia. After having done justice to the indisputable talents of that man of letters, now no more, we shall be obliged to point out the extreme severity with which he thought himself authorized to treat his contemporaries, and particularly his rivals; his unreserved censure, which is scarcely ever just; the pleasure of condemning, which discredits an able censor; his injustice often palpable; and even in a just cause his offensive bitterness so opposite to French urbanity. On this occasion, Sire, we shall examine the rules of sound criticism, and in so doing, we engage to observe them in the whole course of our work; and

perhaps it may be of importance to repeat them, when they appear to be forgotten.

In the oratorical art, at the commencement of our period, appears a collection of the funeral orations and sermons, by Beauvais, bishop of Senez, a prelate indebted for his dignities, to his merit; and who sometimes shewed himself the worthy successor of Bossuet, and Massillon. The French bar appeared impoverished, when its supporters enriched the tribune. At this term our memory recurs with pain to turbulent assemblies. We shall hasten through them, Sire, to avoid numerous shoals. We shall be able to conform ourselves to the views manifested by your equity and wisdom; and forced to recollect that factions existed, we shall not forget that there were also talents. We begin with that celebrated orator, who, gifted with a mind as vigorous as flexible, attached his personal renown to almost all the labours of the constituent assembly. After Mirabeau, follow those who combatted his opinions with energy, the Cardinal Maury, Cazalès; those who successfully supported him, Chapelier, Barnave, and M. Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, who still displays, in the hall where we are now admitted, that precision and perspicuity, which peculiarly distinguish his eloquence. Could we forget the number of able civilians, who have applied the oratorical art, to the different objects of legislation. Thouret, Tronchet, rivals worthy of each other; Camus, who to great knowledge joined great austerity of manners; Target, M. Merlin, M. Treilhard, whose extensive learning has enlightened the tribunals? We pay homage to the plan of publick instruction, that monument of literary glory, erected by M. de Talleyrand; a work, in which all the philosophick ideas are embellished by all the charms of style. The subsequent assemblies furnish us with two works of uncommon merit, of the same kind; the one by the profound Condorcet, the other by M. Daunou, whose useful labours, eloquence, and modesty, have been esteemed by several legislatures. We remark in the same assemblies, orators who united to a courageous probity, a diction both pathetick and imposing: Vergniaux, for instance; M. Français de Nantes, M. Boissy d'Anglas, M. Garat, Portalis, M. Simeon, and that able statesman so eminent for jurisprudence, and the oratorical art, so elevated amongst the great dignitaries of the empire.

In the camps, where, remote from the calamities of the interior, the national glory was preserved unsullied; there arose another species of eloquence, until then unknown to modern nations. It must even be admitted, when we read in the writers of antiquity, the harangues of the most renowned chiefs, we are often tempted to admire only the genius of the historians. But here, doubt is impossible; the monuments exist; history has only to collect them. From the army of Italy proceeded those beautiful proclamations, in which the conqueror of Lodi and Arcole, at the same time that he created a new art of war, created the military eloquence of which he will remain the model. This eloquence, like Fortune accompanying him, resounded through the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, where Pompey perished; through Syria, which received the last breath of Germanicus. Subsequently in Germany, in Poland, in the midst of the astonished capitals, Vienna, Berlin, Warsaw, it was faithful to the hero of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Friedland; while in the language of honour, so well understood by the French armies, from the bosom of victory, he still commanded victory, and inspired heroism.

At the moment, when men of science and literature, long tossed about by storms, found refuge in a new asylum; and particularly at the epoch, when your Majesty, improving the Institute, honoured it with your special favour: academical eloquence soon began to revive, and to flourish again. That species of composition, the various models of which belong exclusively to the literature of the last century, is not contracted within narrower limits. Two illustrious writers, Thomas and M. Garat, have proved, that in certain subjects, it admits of grand images, and of the most beautiful movements of oratory. The art also often consists in avoiding them. But it always requires elegance and regularity in the forms, perspicuity, justness, and a happy harmony between the ideas and the expressions. These qualities have been found combined, in the discourses which M. Suard delivered, as perpetual secretary, in the name of the class of French Literature; and the same functions have been performed with equal success, in the name of the other classes. M. Arnault, on several solemn occasions, has infused great interest into subjects of publick instruction.

(To be continued.)

THERMOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS, &c. JANUARY, 1811.

	Greatest heat.	Least heat.	Mean heat.		Fall of rain.
1	23°	15°	19°	Cloudy.	
2	40	26	32.71	Snow, say 1 inch.	
3	26	10	18.71	Fair.	
4	31	15	25.67	Snow, say 4 inches.	
5	38	29	34.33	Cloudy, mist.	
6	50	36	45	Foggy.	
7	61	53	56 83	Broken clouds.	
8	58	40	46.67	Do. fair, cloudy,	
9	44	38	42.14	Foggy. [misty.	
10	32	30	31.25	Sleet, snow, 1 inch.	
11	34	24	29	Cloudy, fair, cloudy.	
12	40	25	32	Do. fair	
13	28	14	20.83	Snow. }	
14	24	13	18.40	Do. } say 5 inch.	
15	37	9.50	23.36	Fair, hazy.	
16	34	13	25	Cloudy, snow, 6 inch.	
17	42	22	33.71	Fair. [rain.	2.80
18	22	6	14.50	Do. cloudy, snow.	
19	35	9½	25.50	Fair, cloudy, rain.	20
20	42	34	38	Cloudy.	
21	42	28	34.83	Fair.	
22	42	27	34.50	Do.	
23	12	4	8.83	Do.	
24	17	0	10.50	Do.	
25	24	4	17.48	Do.	
26	28	7	20	Do.	
27	38	22	30.67	Do. cloudy.	
28	30	16	23.75	Hazy, fair.	
29	27	10	20.33	Fair.	
30	41	16	31.87	Do. cloudy.	
31	44	34	40	Snow, thaw.	

Total of rain 0,3 Inches.

7th. Greatest heat 61° } Extreme 61°
24th Least do. 0° }

Mean heat, 28.494.

Number of observations, 184.

The diurnal mean heat is deduced from a number of observations made from 7 o'clock, A. M. to 10 o'clock, P. M.

Slight rains, or snows, and those of no visible depth.

W. C.

CATALOGUE,

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1811.

Sunt bona; sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura. *Mart.*

NEW WORKS.

*Letter to the Hon. Samuel Mitchell, M. D. Representative in Congress from the City of New-York; professor of Natural History, &c. on the danger of putting money into the United States' and Manhattan Banks, with sundry novel speculations on Insurance stock, domestic manufactures, and the best mode of vesting a capital "so as to make both ends meet." By Abimelech Coody, Esq. Ladies' shoemaker. New-York.

A Geographical Sketch of the principal places mentioned in Sacred History. By Elizabeth Peabody, Preceptress of a young ladies academy in Salem. Boston, Charles Metcalf.

An Essay on the Atonement, being an attempt to answer the question, *Did Christ die for all mankind?* "*Come, for all things are now ready.*" By a friend to truth. New-York. Samuel Whiting & Co.

An Essay on the establishment of a Chancery Jurisdiction in Massachusetts; addressed to the Legislature of Massachusetts, with the humble request that they may be duly examined. By a Fellow-citizen. Boston, D. Mallory & Co.

Travels in Mexico and other parts of America; by the celebrated Baron Humboldt. Translated from the original French, by John Black. New-York, Samuel Whiting & Co.

*A Digest of the Powers and Duties of Sheriffs, Coroners, Constables, and Collectors of Taxes. By Rodolphus Dickenson, Attorney at Law.

NEW EDITIONS.

A Practical Treatise on Pleading, in Assumpsit. By Edward Lawes, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. With the addition of the decisions of the American Courts. By Joseph Story. Boston, James W. Burditt & Co.

The Massachusetts Justice: being a collection of the Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, relative to the power and duty of Justices of the Peace; to which are added, a variety of forms grounded on the said laws. Intended for the use of those who practice in the office of a Justice, to assist them in the various duties thereto belonging. Third edition, much improved. By Samuel Freeman, Esq. Compiler of the Town Officer, Probate Directory, and American Clerk's Magazine. Boston; Thomas and Andrews.

Christ's Warning to the Churches, to beware of False Prophets, who came as Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing; and the marks by which they are known. Illustrated in two Discourses, with an Appendix. By Joseph Lathrop, Pastor of the First Church in West Springfield. Eleventh edition, revised, corrected, and much enlarged. Boston; Lincoln and Edmands.

*No trust in dying man. A sermon, delivered at Oakham, September 7, 1810, at the funeral of Mr. Daniel Tomlinson, jun. aged twenty-three years, eldest son of the Rev. Daniel Tomlinson. By Thomas Snell, pas-

*Such books, pamphlets, etc. as are designated by this mark (*) may be found at the Boston Athenæum.

tor of the second church in Brookfield. Published by request. Worcester, Isaiah Thomas, jun.

Surgical observations on the constitutional origin and treatment of local diseases; on Anuerions; on diseases resembling Syphilis; and on diseases of the urethra. By John Abernesty, F. R. S. Philadelphia, Thomas Dobson.

An account of the extraordinary abstinence of Ann Moor, of Turbury, (Staffordshire, England,) who has for more than three years, lived entirely without food; giving the particulars of her life to the present time, an account of the investigation instituted on the occasion, and observations on the letters of some medical men who attended her. Boston, Nathaniel Coverly.

The sixth volume, and part first of the seventh volume of Johnson's Reports. New-York, R. M'Dermut.

Fourth volume Smollett's continuation of Hume's England. Boston, Wm. M'Ilhenny.

An Essay on the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. By John Dick, A. M. of Glasgow. To which is added, an inquiry into the nature and extent of the inspiration of the Apostles, and other writers of the New Testament, conducted with a view to some late opinions on the subject. By William Parry. Boston, Lincoln and Edmands.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

W. Wells, and T. B. Wait & Co. have in press, the Four Gospels, translated from the Greek. With Preliminary Dissertations, and notes critical and explanatory. By George Campbell, D.D. F.R. S. Edinburgh. Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. In four volumes, 8vo. With the author's last corrections. The first volume will be published in six days.

T. B. Wait and Co. propose to publish, by subscription, A Geographical and Historical View of the World: exhibiting a complete delineation of the natural and artificial features of each country; and a succinct narrative of the origin of the different nations, their political revolutions, and progress in arts, sciences, literature, commerce, &c. The whole comprising all that is important in the geography of the globe and the history of mankind. By John Bigland, author of Letters on Ancient and Modern History, Essays on various subjects, &c. &c. in five volumes.

Lincoln and Edmands, Boston, have in press, Lathrop's Discourses on the mode and subjects of Christian Baptism; or an attempt to shew that pouring or sprinkling is a scriptural mode. With an examination of various objections, &c. Fifth edition, revised, corrected and greatly enlarged, by the author.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

MARCH, 1811.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Continued from page 83.)

A SAMPLE of what Lisbon was may still be seen in those parts of the town which escaped demolition. In that quarter called the *Mororia*, which is evidently the most ancient part, the streets are ill paved, very irregular, and so narrow that the projections of the upper stories of the houses almost meet those of the opposite side, so that the sun and air are thereby excluded. These streets which are super-eminent in darkness, dirt, and stench, remain at this day nearly in the same state in which Lisbon is described by *Mariana* to have been at the time the town was taken from the Moors by Don Alphonso Henriquez, in the twelfth century. The houses are here narrow, lofty, with a great number of stories, and are *beautified* with a profusion of gothick and Moorish ornaments. The new streets which have been erected are all parallel and straight, intersecting each other at right angles. They are broad, perfectly uniform, and level. They stand in the valley which was totally destroyed. It is not a little singular that the limits of the earthquake should be so strongly marked. The houses on the steep declivity of the mountain immediately above, remained in a great measure uninjured. The house in which I lodge overhangs this valley, and notwithstanding its immense height, received no ill effects from the convulsion. A strict attention to uniformity is observed in the construction of the houses in

the new town. They are five stories high, and are built of white stone. The appearance which they make is very handsome. They are not built like separate houses, so that on a coup d'œil, they seem rather to be the sides of immense palaces. On each side of the way there is a spacious foot-path, raised above the surface of the pavement, and flagged for passengers. It is defended against carriages by stone posts. The three principal of these streets commence in the large square called *Praça do Commercio*, which is on the bank of the river where the valley begins, and terminate in the *Praça do Rucio*. The centre is called *Rua Augusta*, the others which are parallel to it *Rua da Prata* and *Rua d'Oro*, streets of silver and gold. They are inhabited by gold and silver smiths, and artizans in other metals, who, as is usual in the south of Europe, work on the ground floor, close to the door. Their shops make a most glittering and brilliant appearance, but your ears in passing by are assailed by such an intolerable din that it is scarcely possible to hear yourself speak. The noise is equally pleasant as that with which you are frequently entertained in the streets of London while walking in the wake of a waggon loaded with iron bars. The *Praça do Commercio* is the largest square in Lisbon. It is six hundred and ten feet long, and five hundred and fifty broad. Here was formerly the terrace or parade of the Royal Palace, called *terreiro do paço*. On the east it is bounded by the Tagus. The buildings which surround it are handsome and uniform, each wing terminating in a pavilion at the water's edge. One side is occupied by the publick library and courts of justice. The others are appropriated to the Custom House and Exchange. Under the whole there is a spacious arcade, similar to the piazzas of Covent Garden, admirable for symmetry and strength, and equally useful as ornamental. From this square the Portuguese compute their latitude and longitude. In the centre stands the celebrated equestrian statue of the late king. It is of bronze, and was cast in one entire piece, which is said not to have occurred in any work of similar magnitude since the restoration of the art. Altogether, it is the noblest work of the kind I have ever seen. The appearance of the figure and horse is strikingly magnificent. The statue is elevated on a lofty pedestal, adorned with emblematical groups, which do equal credit to the taste and

execution of the sculptor, whose name was *Joachim Machado de Castro*. Among them the fine figure of an elephant is particularly conspicuous. The founder's name was *Bartholomew da Costa*. The bust of the *Marquis de Pombal*, who was the chief promoter of the undertaking, formerly adorned the front of the statue. This was displaced by the dastardly resentment and dirty malignity of his triumphant enemies after his fall from power. In place of the portrait of this great minister, they have substituted the arms of Lisbon. On being told of the circumstance, Pombal observed with as much magnanimity as sang froid, "I am glad they have done it: it was a bad likeness." At the other extremity of the new streets is the *Praça do Rucio*. Here is the great palace of the Inquisition. Over the pediment in the centre of the edifice is a group of figures representing religion trampling on a prostrate heretic. The caverns and dungeons are said to extend under a great part of the square, which is next in size to the *Praça do Commercio*. The houses which surround it are mostly mean and dirty. They are occupied chiefly by low wine shops and coffee houses, which consequently make it the grand resort of noisy politicians, tobacco smokers, idlers, and beggars. In each of these squares is an encampment of French.

The town is open on all sides, and without any other defence than the batteries and forts on the river. It is true that on an eminence in the old Moorish part of the town there is a small fortification called *O castello dos Mouros*, and by the English, the Castle of Lisbon: but this is merely a name. The fortress is very weak, and totally incapable of protecting the town against an attack, even were the inhabitants disposed to make trial of its strength. It is, however, of equal service to the Portuguese as if it were as strong as Gibraltar. They would defend one with the same gallantry as the other. Neither would be made use of by them for any other purpose than to fire salutes on a royal birth-day, on the festival of St. Antonio, or on some equally important occasion. When the French approached, the guns of this castle maintained a most respectful silence.

There is here no court end of the town as in London. The nobility and gentry reside indiscriminately in all quarters. The most agreeable part is that which, from its elevated situation, and the salubrity of the air, bears the Spanish name of *Buenos*

Ayres. This hill is the highest in Lisbon, and is chiefly chosen on account of its superior cleanliness, as a residence by the English who resort hither for the benefit of their health. The natives who live here are comparatively few. Earthquakes have also been always much less felt in this situation, which is another reason of its being preferred by foreigners. Many of the houses in this quarter are handsome, and have not only large gardens contiguous, but you see vineyards, cornfields, and orange groves, interspersed among the buildings, which, when contrasted with the dirtiness of the streets below, give it an appearance exceedingly pleasant and rural. The view from the hill is very picturesque and extensive. Few of the houses in Lisbon have any thing very striking in their architecture, though many are dignified with the pompous appellation of palaces. They are generally four or five stories high, of which the attick apartments from being the most airy and pleasant, are used as dining and drawing rooms. The bed chambers are in the lower stories. In good houses nobody inhabits the ground floor, which is occupied as a coach-house or stable, and frequently by merchants as a warehouse for goods. Many of the palaces of the nobility, so nearly allied is their grandeur to meanness, are disgraced by having this part of the house appropriated as a dram-shop, or decorated by the appendage of a barber's bason. The windows of the upper stories open into balconies, where during the heat of the day the Portuguese damsels sit under awnings of silk to inhale the refreshing breezes from the river, to make signals to some passing lover, or to listen to the musick of the guitar. Their elevation, however, does not always protect them from the aromatick gales and sweet smelling odours of the inferior regions—"*All sounds and stinks come mingled from below.*" The interior decorations in houses of some of the nobility are very costly. The apartments in several which I have seen, now occupied by English officers, are magnificent, yet there is in them, though much splendour, but little taste, and a total absence of what an Englishman calls comfort. Notwithstanding it is frequently cold enough for a fire in the winter months, they never make use of either grates or chimneys. The windows are all thickly latticed with iron: and though jealousy is by no means out of fashion, these bars are seldom efficacious when opposed by inclination or

a spirit of intrigue. The entrance to the houses is shocking. The street doors are usually left open. The hall doors are without knockers. On pulling a bell they are opened by a long string from above, and by an invisible hand, which reminds you of *Open sesam* in the Arabian Nights. The situation of Lisbon is exceedingly eligible for a metropolis. The Tagus washes the foundations of the houses throughout the whole extent of the city. The harbour is deep and capacious. At present the river is entirely covered with ships. The Russian fleet, and many British men of war lie at anchor immediately opposite to the town. The breadth of the river at its mouth is only a league. At the *Praça do Commercio* it is still narrower, but above the town it spreads itself into an immense bay, twelve miles from shore to shore. The opposite bank of the river, in its narrowest part, rises abruptly into steep precipices. The Tagus is navigable but little way above Lisbon. It runs between inaccessable rocks, and its current is broken by many rapids and cataracts. In the reign of Charles II. a proposition was made to the Portuguese government, by a company of Dutchmen, to trace roads over the rocks, to make dykes, and to cut sluices and canals, so as to facilitate the passage of boats as far as Madrid. They proposed also to render the Manzanares navigable which empties itself into the Tagus. The revenue was to be defrayed by a tax levied on the conveyance of goods. Councils were forthwith held to deliberate on the expediency of the measure. The grave sages, however, of which they consisted, did not cherish so ardent an attachment to *artificial navigation* as that which was entertained by the celebrated Mr. Brindley, who was accustomed to speak of rivers with the most sovereign contempt. During his examination before the house of commons, on being asked by a member, for what purpose he apprehended rivers to have been created? this gentleman is well known to have answered: *To feed navigable canals.* The reply which was made to the proposal by these wise counsellors, after weighty consideration, was: "that as God had not seen fit to make those rivers navigable, it was a clear proof that he did not choose they should be so, therefore, to attempt to make them otherwise than they were would be contradicting his providence." With this commendable determination these philosophers broke up the coun-

cil. In Algarve they never prune a tree. It is thought irreligious to direct its growth. "God knows best," they say, "how a tree should grow."

The foundation of Lisbon is ascribed to Ulysses. By the Greeks, says tradition, it was called *Olus-hippon*. This, by the Romans, was pronounced *Olisipon*, which by a later corruption has become changed into Lisbon. *Clear* as is this etymology, which is as satisfactory as some of Noah Webster's, the Portuguese historians reject it with disdain, indignant that their capital should be disgraced by so *modern* an original. It was founded, says Luis Marinho de Azevedo, by Elisa, the son of Javan, and grandson of Noah. By him it was called *Elisaon*, afterwards *Elisbon*, and by corruption Lisbon. What, say they, can be more evident. To doubt would be presumption. Far be it from me not to give implicit belief to assertions so gravely advanced, and so clearly proved. Camoens has thought proper to adopt the more vulgar idea. Which of the two is most authentick I shall leave to be decided by graver philosophers, not being over fond of matter-of-fact. I confess, however, that I can as readily persuade myself to credit the poet as these learned historians. The following is the passage in the Lusiad which speaks of the foundation of Lisbon. The beauty of the verse loses none of its lustre in the translation of Mickle:

"Lusus the loved companion of the God
In Spain's fair bosom fixed his last abode,
Our kingdom founded and illustrious reigned
In those fair lawns, the blest Elysium feigned,
Where winding oft, the Guadiana roves,
And Duero murmurs through the flowery groves.
Here with his bones, he left his deathless fame,
And Lusitania's clime shall ever bear his name.
That other chief th' embroidered silk displays,
Tost o'er the deep whole years of weary days.
On Tago's banks at last his vows he paid
To wisdom's godlike power, the Jove-born maid,
Who fired his lips with eloquence divine.
On Tago's banks he rear'd the hallowed shrine:
Ulysses he, though fated to destroy
On Asian ground the heaven-built towers of Troy,
On Europe's strand more grateful to the skies
He bade th' eternal walls of Lisboa rise."

The Portuguese historians with a modesty peculiar to themselves declare that the descriptions of Elysium, and of the garden of Eden as given by the poets, are not merely shadows of imagination, but real pictures of their country and its capital. Europe, says one of them, Antonio de Macedo, is the best of the four quarters of the world. Spain the best part of Europe, and Portugal the best part of Spain. It is manifest, observes another, Luis Mendez de Vascoucellos, that the Europeans are superior to the rest of the world, and that they who inhabit the most temperate regions are most perfect by nature. It is therefore evident that as Lisbon is situated in the most temperate aspect, the influence of the heavens must necessarily make its inhabitants most perfect of all in corporeal beauty, and mental excellence. The same grave author in a work called *O sitio de Lisboa*, which was written in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and has since been printed by the Academy, accordingly proves from Plato and Aristotle, that Lisbon is the first of earthly cities. A Portuguese divine, in speaking of the temptations offered to our Saviour by Satan, who showed him from the mountain all the kingdoms of the earth, exclaims: "Ah fortunate is it that the kingdom of Portugal was concealed from his view by the mountains of Spain, or our blessed Lord would never have been able to resist the offer." It is a common observation among them *Porem todos dizem, que o reino de Portugal he a melhor terra do mundo.* 'All the world allows that our country is the finest on earth.' They also say *Portugal he pequeno, porem he um turon de azucar.* 'Portugal is small, but it is a lump of sugar.' In proportion as the Portuguese think highly of themselves, they entertain for all other nations the most sovereign contempt. I was conversing with one of them a few days since, in whose company I chanced to be dining, upon the affinity between the Spanish and Portuguese idioms. On my observing that the provincial dialect of the Portuguese did not differ so much from Castilian as many provinces of the peninsula, he struck me dumb with astonishment by saying "Provincial dialect do you call it Sir? Give me leave to observe that it is our language which is pure, the Spanish is a corruption of the Portuguese, not ours of the Spanish." His impudence in making such an assertion as this, rendered me incapable of giving him an an-

swer. I had much difficulty to refrain from laughing in his face. Some one who must have known little of the matter, has said that they had a good language, but that they did not know how to speak it. The fact is, their language is bad, and their manner of speaking it worse. I had rather hear the howling of their dogs, or the chimes of their bells, than listen to one of these jew-looking gesticulators, swelling with self-importance like a bursting frog, and sputtering his gibberish. Though I can speak it fluently, I can never bring myself to defile my mouth with it. I always answer in Spanish. There is a Castillian proverb: *Strip a Spaniard of his virtues and you will make him a good Portuguese.* Almost all proverbs are truths: never was any one more so than this. Without a particle of the courage, nobleness, generosity and frankness of the Spaniard, he has all his ferocity, and revengeful disposition, superadded to the qualities of cowardice, hypocrisy, malignity, cruelty, meanness, and the most egregious vanity. Such is the general character of these courageous patriots. The Portuguese fear and hate a Spaniard. A Spaniard detests and despises a Portuguese. The present cause in which the two countries are engaged, is far from obliterating this national antipathy. I seldom see a Spanish soldier in the streets without hearing him loaded with opprobrious epithets by the rabble, and abused for being a Spaniard.

The Portuguese writers who are fond of this kind of magnificent rodomontade, say Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills. This remark is absurd, and there is no truth in it. The ground on which it stands is hilly, but no such division can be discovered. Of late Lisbon has increased rapidly in size. It is computed to be two leagues in length, but its breadth is narrow in proportion, seldom exceeding a mile, and oftentimes being very inconsiderable. The population from this extent might be supposed greater than it actually is, as the houses in many parts are laid out on a very large scale. The number of inhabitants, according to the most accurate estimate, is upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand, of whom more than twelve thousand are shut up in convents.

October 3d.

The weather here has been for some days past most intolerably hot. At noon the sun

"Darts on the head his forceful ray
And fiercely sheds intolerable day."

The heat is so excessively relaxing, that when joined to the labour of climbing up the perpendicular streets, and to their pestiferous odours, walking for some hours of the day, is next to impossible. The inhabitants regularly sleep after dinner at this season. The *sieste* is indulged in by all ranks. At this hour every thing is still and dead. At four the labouring classes begin to appear, and after sunset the principal inhabitants are seen abroad. The evenings are beginning to be cool, and the air at the close of the day is very refreshing. During the continuance of a drought they make processions to procure rain. A deluge and tempest follow, on which occasion they say that when *Nosso Senhor* is good, he is too good. A Portuguese trying to mount a horse prayed to St. Antonio to assist him. He then made a vigorous spring and fell on the other side into a puddle. Getting up and wiping his clothes, he observed, "*St. Antonio has assisted me too much.*" You may say with truth of this climate, *that it never rains but it pours.* Days of perpetual, silent rain are very rare; when it once begins the water comes down in a deluge. "*Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.*" At this time it is easy to imagine how agreeable the streets are. The water rushes down them like rivers, and often with such violence as to make them utterly impassable. In many places I have seen the current three feet deep. As to walking, if you go under the houses, you are drenched with the water spouts; if you attempt the middle of the street you have to encounter a torrent: between the two there is a mountain of dung. Such is the force of the water, that you may stand a chance of getting drowned in an attempt to cross. Instances have actually occurred of men and horses being carried away by the cataract, and almost precipitated into the river. Some people are considerate enough to make a bridge, by placing a plank on blocks or barrels, over these rapids. At the bottom of the *Calzada de Estrella*, and at those crossings which are most frequented, *gallegos* post themselves at these times to convey passengers on their shoulders.

The brooks round Lisbon which it was easy a little before to step over, and which in summer totally disappear, during the heavy rains, rush in torrents down the hills. The waters gather together in the valleys so they cannot be forded. In the months of November and December travelling is impracticable. After the rains have subsided, it is necessary to wait a month till the waters have retired to their proper channels. The rainy season lasts till February, after which hardly a drop falls for five or six months. The swelling of the streams it is feared will retard the operations of the army, which is shortly to march into Spain. Snow is extremely rare in this country. About fourteen years ago a little happened to fall, at which the common people were so terrified that they ran into the churches to implore the protection of St. Anthony, imagining that the world was coming to an end.

The *gallegos* form no inconsiderable, and certainly not the least respectable part of the inhabitants of Lisbon. These useful men leave their poor native province Galicia, and emigrate partly into the other provinces of Spain, and partly into Portugal, where they engage in the most menial offices. Here all kind of drudgery is performed by them. The noble minded Portuguese disdain to engage in such servile employments as porters, water carriers, &c. They scorn the idea of carrying a burden, or wheeling a barrow, which they say is only worthy of a beast. The *gallegos* are very patient and laborious. They are so scrupulously honest that their faithfulness has become a proverb. Notwithstanding they are avaricious, no allurements of gain will induce them to commit a dishonest action. Their dress is peculiar. They wear a brown cap. Many of them have no other lodging than what they casually find in cellars, stables, or cloisters. With their earnings they often return home to their families, when they have gained a sufficiency, and pass the remainder of their days in their native country. They make excellent servants, and are employed in most English families, as well as by many of the Portuguese, as cooks, and *chamber maids*, &c. they make beds, girls seldom being employed in that capacity. Portuguese servants are not only too lazy to work but they are generally thieves, not to mention their uncleanliness. The lower classes here prefer raggedness and filth with all its concomitants, to the smallest exertion.

Wherever you go you see a parcel of huge dirty fellows stretching themselves at full length on the ground. In this position they will sometimes continue from morning till night, in a state of the most perfect apathy. You will oftentimes, it is true, see them employed while thus lying in the sun, but their employment consists only in performing for each other the kind office of abridging their respective retinues, which they execute without the assistance of a comb, placing their heads alternately in one another's laps. In this occupation they however merely imitate their betters. All classes here occasionally employ themselves in this meritorious manner. It often serves to beguile a tedious hour, or to fill up a pause in conversation. Persons of condition so far from being ashamed to allow others to lessen the number of the inhabitants that dwell on the surface of their skulls, will not hesitate in company to perform the same office for themselves. This is not seldom done by them at cards. Young ladies in their visits seldom fail reciprocally to engage in this useful pastime; they vie with each other who shall slay most in a limited time. A friend of mine lives in a family where there are several damsels, who are wonderfully expert at this amusement. They take great pleasure in thus obliging their visitors, and I have several times been asked by them if I would not permit them to confer the favour on me. I saw the other day in the *Praça do Rucio*, a man seated on the pavement with a baboon on his shoulder picking the lice from his head. He seemed very dexterous in the performance of his work. I was told that he belonged to a fellow who gains his livelihood by thus employing his talents for the publick good. Not long since I was dining at a house where the servant who stood behind my chair was, while I was eating, industriously cracking his captives on the back of it. I requested him to defer his *bloody business* till I had concluded my dinner. When two friends are thus using their fingers instead of combs, those prisoners that they take are usually bitten between the teeth.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER OF LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[The following character is taken from a sketch of the Philosophy of Lord Bolingbroke, a book which was printed about forty years ago, and at the time when the principles and opinions of Bolingbroke were more generally known and feared than they are now, it produced a considerable effervescence. Since then it has been gradually neglected until now it is almost forgotten.] ED. ANTH.

AFTER saying so much on the particular, or as I may call them, the specifick qualities of lord Bolingbroke, it may not seem difficult to settle, and sum up his general character.—If any thing remains dubious in his conduct, it is that ambiguous and double part which he has acted as a man and a moralist.

Behold him now, or rather hear him declaiming against the corruption, the vices, and the venality of the age; like a preacher of righteousness descending from heaven, to save a sinking land! See him stand forth the champion of liberty and virtue, sacrificing himself, like another Decius, to the happiness and salvation of his country, and devoting his life and labours, like a martyr, to his God! Such is his lordship's robe of state, his patriotick garb, and the solemn form of his profession, in which he appeared to his noble friends, and the publick. But step behind the scene; see him undressed, and invested, if I may so speak, with pure nature, and in his real and philosophick character, and you see the mere mortal, "non hominem sed homuncionem; transported with the basest, or however with the worst passions of the basest and worst natures; chagrined with disappointment, fired by resentment,—elated by vanity, and spirited by ambition;—at liberty, upon his own principles, to pursue every grosser impulse, and to indulge every brutal instinct in his frame.

Thus he held a different language to his friends as a patriot, and to posterity as a philosopher. In this however he acted consistently enough with his principles, careful, as it should seem, of maintaining a character among his friends and countrymen, which was a personal good to him, while he remained in the land of the living; but careless of friends and country, and of every thing, except the reputation of his parts, which was his all, when friends and country, person and property, body and soul were, as he supposed, gone for ever.

We may judge of his lordship's moral taste, from what he says in one of his Letters on History, that he would exchange what we have of Livy, for what we have not: That is, he would rather have seen that broil of passion, that clashing of interest and ambition, that corruption and vice, and that combination of political circumstances, which undermined the foundation, hastened on and attended the fall of Rome, than the portrait of those shining virtues and heroick deeds, which had asserted and vindicated her liberty at home, and extended the glory of her arms and empire abroad.

As a man he seems to have had much of the composition of Alcibiades in his frame,—all his levity—his extravagance,—his artifice, his vanity and debauchery, and the same open contempt of the religion of his country. I wish I might not add, that Alcibiades, under the severity of a Spartan, still covered a licentious heart; and though his abilities, as a politician, were indisputable, yet his ambition was intolerable. I will not say, that his lordship will thank us for comparing him to any man of ancient or modern times, but I think it possible he might mean Alcibiades no ill compliment, when he tells us, that Socrates could make him a great man, but not a good man.

In considering Lord Bolingbroke as a writer, we have endeavoured to do justice to his merit, in the beauty of his diction, and elegance of his composition, yet cannot think him altogether free from censure and defect in his manner.—He has, what he charges upon St. Paul, a great deal of that assuming air, which is apt to accompany much learning, or the opinion of it. He has the presumption and artifice which he ascribes to Des Cartes;—the gross calumny and abusive language, with which he charges the divines, and his political adversaries, the journalists of the day. We allow him a fine pen, but then he had too much gall mixt with his ink: Or in other words, he had a fine head, but a foul stomach, which prompted him to disgorge on all that came in his way. He is the very bully he represents Dr. Clarke. He boasts—he looks fierce,—and is little to be feared.—He has all the heat,—the hyperboles, the exaggerations,—the acrimony of style, and violent invectives, which he charges upon the rhetorical establishers of artificial theology, who he tells us, declaimed much, reasoned ill, and imposed upon the imaginations of others, by the heat of their own.

He has the copiousness and elegance of Tully, but wants his accuracy, perspicuity, coolness and good-humour. He has more fire than the Roman, with his comprehensive range,—but wants his ease, his candour, his pleasantry, serenity and judgment. He affects Bacon's extensive scheme, and stately manner, but wants his depth, his reach, and severe majesty. He has more dignity in his manner than Seneca, and a more just and copious eloquence: his periods are more rounded, more polished, more flowing and harmonious, but he has not more wit and learning, more redundancy of thought, more variety of images and happy allusions, in which to express, to illustrate, and adorn his sentiments: Seneca's errours, as a philosopher, were the faults of his sect; lord Bolingbroke's seem to have been the vices of the man: He is not indeed so palpable a sophist as the Stoick, but no less bold an assertor of paradoxes. If he is above that play of words which we censure in Seneca, he gives his intelligent reader more serious offence by his playing with reason and argument, and attempting to impose by all the arts of false logick, covered and conveyed under the brilliancy of a pompous diction, and all the figures of rhetorical declamation. He has not indeed the extravagance of the Stoick, but is without his elevation of thought, his temperance and ingenuity of spirit, his candour, his sincere attachment to virtue and the most virtuous philosophy, his detestation of vice, and sensibility of the excellence and true perfection of man. Our noble author has Plato's luxuriant imagination and flow of words, but wants his correctness and regularity, his loveliness, his moral character and divine sublimity. Lord Bolingbroke's defects and enormities, as a reasoner and a moralist, outweigh and overshadow his excellencies, as a writer; but the defects of Plato, as a writer, (though no man in general is more natural, more powerful and persuasive) are outweighed and overshadowed by his excellencies, as a moralist.

What aggravates Lord Bolingbroke's unhappy conduct as a writer, is this, that no man has given better rules for reasoning, and no man has practised them worse. No man has exclaimed more against passion and prejudice, of which no man was ever more guilty. Who was ever a more severe critick? and who ever lay so open to censure? Who ever charged

others, and was himself so chargeable with absurdity and inconsistency? Who railed so much against dogmatism, and was himself so great a dogmatist? A professed enemy to furious zeal and an uncharitable spirit, yet devoid himself of every sentiment of candour and humanity: A specious recommender of morality, yet fundamentally subverting every moral obligation:—Acknowledging the powerful and proper influence of religion, on the private and publick happiness of mankind, yet making it the business of his life and labours, to deface every principle of religion from the human mind;—applauding the excellency, and subverting, as far as he was well able, the authority of christianity; affecting to adore the wisdom and goodness, yet attempting to destroy all government, and the very being of Providence; confessing the happiness and advantage of immortal hopes, yet contending with the zeal of a martyr, for destruction and eternal death; reasoning with the pride of a superior spirit, and I had almost said the faculties of an angel, to prove himself a brute; and whilst he affects to do honour to the nature and attributes of God against dogmatists and divines, has cancelled all the motives of reverence to his name, and of obedience to his authority.

However, we must allow, that Lord Bolingbroke has dignity, has eloquence, wit, memory, spirit and sagacity in a very high degree. But if he has dignity, he has vanity; he has more eloquence than energy; his energy is sometimes rage, and he has more spirit than strength: His wit is unchastised and licentious: His memory is greater than his judgment—or his judgment is over-born by passion and prejudice, and his sagacity appears more distinguished than his sincerity.—He is more a dogmatist than a reasoner—more a wit than a sage—an orator more than a philosopher, and a politician more than a moralist. His genuine profession was indeed politicks:—His pride made him a philosopher—and his manners an infidel. His conversation had influenced his principles, as these were fostered by his pride; and through both you will see his political sagacity, busy in deducing effects from their causes, and tracing the growing corruptions of christianity, through the successive intrigues of emperors and popes.

In our noble philosopher you observe not only the genius of the politician, but the form, the spirit, the tone, the ambition

of the minister of state, or more than the statesman.—When Antoninus condescended to visit the Portick, he brought not his quality and the imperial purple along with him, but shews himself in his speculations every where decent, modest, composed, resigned and humble. Lord Bolingbroke's quality gave him not confidence, but arregance: the philosopher appears still in his robe of state; you see him proudly seated, or seating himself on a throne; far above the level of the vulgar world, dispensing his dictates in literature, in criticism, in philosophy and theology, with the tone of a master, or the haughtiness of a tyrant, and pouring scorn and contempt upon the learned of all ages, as no better than fools, knaves or madmen.

However on the subject of politicks, we must allow, that addressing himself to his noble friends, and the publick, he has preserved more sobriety, decency, and dignity, than in his other writings.—His wit, on other occasions, and in general, is strong rather than fine, and daring and rash, rather than polite or delicate. It fears nothing, and spares nothing, however sacred in the estimation of other men. It enters not the mind gently, and like light without noise, and with calmness and silence, but like a whirlwind, or a clap of thunder, which startles and affrights you. It is short and smart, rather than weighty, and has generally both the turn and conciseness of an epigram, after the manner and style of his favourite historian.—It is devoid of humour, pleasantry, and delicacy, and consists mainly in a magisterial sneer, a blunt, a frank and jolly rudeness, bordering upon, or of the same stamp with the bawdry of Montaigne, or a coarse and unsavoury joke, by which he shocks the modest, distastes the elegant, offends the virtuous, and scandalizes the religious.

Lord Bolingbroke was a genius and a wit: The different parts he sustained of a statesman and a scholar, of a politician and a philosopher—the various branches of knowledge he attempted, and made so considerable a proficiency in, can leave us no room to doubt of his abilities; and it is more a wonder, that he performed so much, than that he understood no more in the literary way: His attempt at general knowledge led him, as it must do every man, into gross ignorance of particulars. As the traveller, who would, within the short space of human life, give us a perfect description of all the parts of the

world, their inhabitants, and various productions, must give but a very imperfect account of any: Where he has staid the longest, and employed the greatest industry and accuracy, there we may expect he will be best qualified for a teacher; and for this reason we justly prefer lord Bolingbroke's political, to his philosophical writings. The politician preached well, because he had been versed in practice, and knew by experience, as well as theory, the principles of his science. The philosopher never practised, or his practice was such, as led him into prejudices against the best philosophy. He makes many a just observation on men and manners; for these, especially of the worst sort, he had studied. But religious truth and spiritual enjoyment seem to have been out of his province; and here he frequently censures what he does not understand, and condemns in the lump, what he had never experienced, or impartially examined. What contradicted his passions and prejudices, revolted his reason; and the real foundation of his mortal averson to morality and religion, and of his preferring naturalism to both, was their excellency, which far transcended his conceptions, and were of a note too high for a corporeal philosopher to relish; and what had no effect upon himself, he would not allow to have any existence.—Experiment was the test of natural, and thence lord Bolingbroke's experience was made the test of moral and religious truth, which as he could neither see nor feel, he would not know or believe. He could find no appearance of consistency in an author, who had published a "Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul," and a treatise of the "Reasonableness of Christianity:"* The cause is obvious: he had pre-conceived an opinion of the inconsistency of the master Christ and his Apostles. An inconsistency indeed there was, not in the notions or writings of either, which he does not so much as attempt to prove, but with his own prejudices and passions.

Yet religion, if it could not reform, served to reproach him: Revenge was natural: he would discredit and destroy that, which, if admitted, would discredit and destroy him. Hence the philosopher's unrelenting malice against the Bible, in the room of which, he presents the world with the first philosophy:—

* Philosophical Works, Vol. II. p. 132.

But the remarkable difference between the sacred writers and lord Bolingbroke, whom it is no injustice to class in the foremost rank of those, whom we literally style profane, will, I hope, still preserve the credit of the one, and repay with just contempt the other.

The more I read lord Bolingbroke, the more I find myself convinced of the futility of his reasoning, the ostentation of his learning, the vanity of his head, and the corruption of his heart.—His falsehoods are sometimes so bold and plain, that you admire his effrontery:—His paradoxes are so novel, that you smile at his vanity;—though his fraudulent chicane and sophistry are sometimes so palpable, that we cannot restrain our indignation and contempt for the man, who could so wilfully, or easily impose upon himself, and attempt so grossly to impose upon others.

In pretence he is modest,—in fact more confident and assuming, than any author he has censured: No man has affected more to humble human pride,—no man ever gave greater proofs of human vanity:—In words indeed he expresses a diffidence of himself, but he has at the same time shewn a thorough contempt of all mankind:—He professes his zeal for truth, whereas he had plainly nothing so much in view, as victory; and he has displayed his learning, and extended his reading, as other conquerors have done their arms, with no other view, but to deck himself with the spoils of the vanquished.

His style and manner are his peculiar glory: it is here indeed he triumphs; he is generally elegant, splendid and happy in his diction; he may seem only too ambitious of ornament for a philosopher, whose dress should be his least concern or recommendation: and after all the applause that has been given, or can be demanded to his excellencies, as a writer, it must be insisted upon, that he frequently dilates so much, that he is confused;—he explains till he is obscure,—he repeats till he is odious,—he blackens till he is infamous,—he is inconsistent to the most palpable absurdity, and pompous to a most ridiculous vanity.

In short, more affected modesty, more real assurance;—more shew of knowledge, more instances of ignorance;—more slender premises, more positive conclusions—more assumption

and less proof—more declamation against fraud and imposition, more real imposture—more vehement invectives againt prejudice, more glaring proofs of passion;—more easy credulity, more daring infidelity—more pretence to precision and accuracy, more chicane and sophistry;—more parade of argument, more inconsistency;—more affectation to defend God's laws, more real impiety;—more genius, more wit, more futility and folly, I never met with united in one writer, pagan or christian.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE ROMAN POETS.

N°. XIII.

JUVENAL.

> Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
> Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.
>
> Juv. Sat. I. 85.

Humility does not appear to have been a pre-eminent virtue among the poets and orators of Rome. It is probable that Juvenal had his share of vanity, and did not intend that others should form a mean estimate of the work of his own hands, when, after describing its contents, he figuratively concludes, *nostri est farrago libelli.* More than ordinary assurance and heroism were manifested in seizing that high ground of satire, which he took and occupied; and in contending with such firmness and perseverance against the reigning vices of his age and country.* In his description of the excesses that were prevalent in the weak and wicked reign of Domitian, he has kept nothing back. His reader would almost assert that he had been a spectator, though a disgusted one, of the most disgraceful scenes at the games, and the stews, and the baths; that he had his spies and informers, by night and by day, in every family and street, and in every place of publick resort. Whether his freedom of description is calculated to drive wickedness from its secret holds, or to reform publick lewdness and indecency,

* Juvenal, as well as Persius, is thought to have leaned towards the severe doctrines of the stoicks. He cites Zeno as the author of true philophy, and contrasts the pure instructions of the stoick, with the enormities which *he* describes: *Melius nos Zenonis praecepta monent.*

is a question that I shall not at present examine; but the personal indignation of the satirist commands our reverence.

Juvenal assumed the same province in morals, that Horace did in matters of taste. Horace seldom approached fashionable vices; if he did, he passed lightly over them: but Juvenal approached them with firm step, and trampled them under foot. Horace, as one of the old scholiasts says, is a superficial satirist, who contents himself with smiling, and showing his white teeth; but Juvenal bites his prey to the very bone, and rarely quits without destroying him. He was indeed a censor always true to his post, and never did censor have more to correct.*

To form a just estimate of his satires we ought to take a general survey of their subjects, their character and design, and their adaptation to the end proposed.

It will hardly be disputed that the state of Rome was excessively corrupt, and that the standard of morals had fallen to the extreme degree of turpitude, at the time when he wrote. Allow ever so much for the exaggeration of the poet, and we have still enough left to vindicate this conclusion. It is the applicability of satire to times, and persons, and circumstances, that gives it all its savour and pungency. And Juvenal could scarcely have been accounted less than mad, to have aimed with such vengeance, and such particularity of discrimination at the most shocking vices, if they had no existence except in his own imagination. When therefore he describes the corruption of the men, and indeed the profligacy of both sexes, the rapacity of private guardians, and publick rulers and magistrates, the hypocrisy of philosophers, the rich adding insult to oppression in their conduct towards the poor, and all with a minuteness, and a gravity of invective, that give the strongest proof of his own knowledge and convictions, we are compelled to believe the reality of the scenes, of which we find such striking pictures, though sometimes probably coloured beyond nature and truth.

* I have forebome to extend the parallel between Juvenal and Horace, as satirists. The ground has been passed over by Dryden and Dusanex, Rupert and Gifford. It is not singular to prefer Juvenal to Horace: compare, says Scaliger, Juvenal's twelfth with Horace's first satire, and *Sanè ille tibi Juvenalis poeta videbitur; hic Horatius, jejunae cujuspiam theseos tenuis tentator.* He pursues the comparison still farther in favour of Juvenal.

Such in general are the subjects of Juvenal's satires. It would be indecent to adduce all the particulars, and unnecessary to the completion of my purpose in these cursory remarks. Nor can there be any doubt that the poet intended, while he expressed his virtuous indignation, to contribute his share, by the poignancy of his satire, towards the suppression of those vices, which are the principal topicks of discourse.

Respecting the adaptation of the means to the end, a matter of the first consequence to be justly estimated by all reformers, the criticks upon Juvenal have been much divided. He has so thoroughly denudated the objects of satire, as to render them disgusting to every pure mind: but there are those of a more vulgar cast, which take pleasure in this unrestrained exposure, and listen without much emotion to the thunder of his declamation against the guilty. There have not been wanting pagan writers, who have blamed him for indiscretion; and it has been thought, that he sometimes rather teaches to commit a crime, than inspires an abhorrence of those moral disorders, against which he seems to declaim. It has even been believed that he derived too much pleasure from the obscenity of some of his own descriptions; and it has been conjectured, that he was not quite so immaculate himself, as to take very deep offence at the black spots that he discerned in others. But in general he has deservedly been praised for his sincerity; and, while many have examined with too little aversion the pictures of gross sensuality drawn by his pen, it is very manifest that his intention was to present a visible object, at which he was to direct the bitterness of his reproaches. It is true there are portions that ought never to see the light; before which translators have stood appalled, and have not ventured to give them a full and faithful delineation. But in such cases we must allow for the times, when it was usual to call things by their true names, and to speak of them without reserve.

Having selected such enormities for the subjects of his satire, and brought them so plainly into view, there seems to have been left no option respecting the manner in which they were to be treated. Accordingly we find in Juvenal a style of vehement declamation and angry invective. He makes no efforts at persuasion, because he is not sufficiently cool. He seldom sports with the guilty, but aims generally to wound them deeply; and

he chooses rather to prostrate them at once by a bold and imperious tone of satire, than merely to vex and irritate them by a malicious sort of raillery. Yet it has been denied that he was influenced as much by a genuine zeal to correct the disorders and excesses of his own age, as by a spirit of vanity and ostentation, which led him to aspire after the reputation of an intrepid reformer. Granting that pride had some concern in his undertaking, there can be no doubt, at the same time, that he was actuated also by an aversion to the crimes, which he appears so much to detest. Whether he adopted the means that promised most certainly to correct them, is a distinct question. Folly and fashionable absurdities, whether in manners or opinions, are best met by wit and ridicule. But these are weapons less easily weilded against gross vices; for the consideration of such vices serves to make the moralist more grave and contemplative, or more angry and indignant. Every thing like levity is remote from his thoughts, or studiously suppressed; and while he takes care not to give dignity and importance to folly, by applying serious correctives, he is no less cautious so to distinguish between real wickedness and venial foibles, as to direct all the strength of our aversion and abhorrence against the first.

Severity must be looked for as a prominent feature in a poet, who, like Juvenal, entered the lists in opposition to the licentious and profane. To him we look not in vain: for we find him always inflexible, never satisfied with gentle stripes and partial reproofs, nor willing to close with any compromise for wickedness or impiety.

Some have thought the tenth satire too philosophical for this kind of writing, and have been ready to remark in others too much affectation of learning, and of intellectual excellence, more becoming the ancient sophists and rhetoricians. He wrote when letters had began to decline; and being chiefly concerned about morals, he sometimes offended, probably without much solicitude, against the rules of taste.

There is a story told by Suetonius, whose truth however is doubted by some, that Juvenal was banished by the emperour at the advanced age of eighty years. According to his account it was a sort of banishment in disguise; for he was sent in a publick capacity, without any pretence of punishment for his indirect severity upon the sovereign and the nobles of Rome. So

much of the account is unquestionably true, as asserts that he went into Egypt; under what circumstances, or with what design, cannot with certainty be ascertained. It is probable that the fifteenth satire was the fruit of this visit.

SILVA, No. 73.

Interea Dryadum sylvas saltusque sequamur
Intactos. VIRG. 3. Geo. v. 40.

FRANKLIN'S MOTTO.

IT has been a question, Who was the author of that beautiful line which was applied to Dr. Franklin.

Eripuit Coelo fulmen Sceptrumque Tyrannis.

It has generally been imputed to Mr. Turgot: but some have said it was composed by a poet in Holland; and that Turgot only altered or corrected it, to read

Eripuit Coelo fulmen, mox Sceptra Tyrannis.

The hint of it, nevertheless, whoever was the author of it, was probably taken from a poem more ancient, in which is this line,

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque tonandi.

This is in a Latin poem on Astronomy, called Astronomicon, written by Marcus Manilius, in the reign of Tiberius, five books of which only have been preserved, concerning the fixed stars. The best editions of this work are those of Paris, in usum Delphini in 1679, in quarto, and that of London, with the notes of Bentley, in 1739, in quarto. That of Bologna, in 1474, in folio, is very rare.

STAGE BLUNDERS.

EVERY one has heard of the ludicrous perversions of Shakespeare, which have been occasioned by a slip of the tongue in these lines;

"Stand by my lord, and let the *coffin pass*." *(parson cough.)*
"Art thou a spirit of health, or *goblin damn'd*." *(damn'd goblin.)*

Several mistakes of a similar kind which have graced the French stage, are not less laughable. An actor in exclaiming "arrête, lâche, arrete," "halt, coward, halt;" pronounced the words in such rapid succession that the audience heard "arrete la charette;" "stop the cart." Another, who should have said,

"Sonnez, trompettes;" in his warmth exclaimed, "Trompez sonnettes."

DREAMS.

From time immemorial the credulity of a part of mankind has been duped by the interpretation, and apparent fulfilment of dreams. There is no doubt that any one who will be at pains to treasure up the night-rovings of his fancy, may not unfrequently observe a considerable analogy between the visions of his sleep, and the subsequent events of his waking hours. The cause of this correspondence is to be sought, not from any preternatural source, but simply from chance. Among the thousand dreams which an individual has in the course of a year, it would be very singular if some one did not bear a certain degree of similitude to some future transaction, sufficient to cause the one to be recognized as the representative of the other. Now if any person possesses a sufficient share of prejudice or credulity, to induce him, out of an hundred dreams which he treasures up, to take advantage of one, which happens to be fulfilled, as a step in his demonstration; while he makes no account of the ninety and nine of which he is never again reminded; such a man may readily become an infallible interpreter, and rest strong in the conviction that ὀνειρ ατ διοπτευειν.

PHILOLOGY.

Apropos to the above subject is the fortuitous similarity between words in different languages, which our wiseacres and interpreters of derivations find so advantageous in indicating the pedigree of nations. Probably no two different tongues exist in which a dozen words may not be found very nearly resembling each other in sound and sense. Yet from neglect of this consideration, how many laborious hours have been spent in making out the direct line of genealogy from the Tartars to the Esquimaux, or from Welch to the Mohawks, which is considered to be demonstratively proved, when it can be shewn that the name of tomahawk in one corresponds to that of fryingpan in the other.

HUMANITY REWARDED.

A surgeon in Florence, happened to discover in the street a dog whose leg had just been broken by a cart wheel. Compas-

sion or curiosity induced him to send the dog to his house, where he reduced the fracture, and confined the animal, till the cure was completed. The dog was then dismissed, not until after many demonstrations had been shewn of gratitude and joy. About a twelvemonth afterward the same dog came to his study, apparently in great agitation, and extremely solicitous to attract his attention to something which was going on abroad. The importunities of the animal did not cease until he had compelled the surgeon to descend into the yard, where, to his surprise, he discovered slowly entering the gate, another dog with his back broken.

BALDNESS

Among the Romans was always a subject of raillery, and of all the honours decreed to Caesar, none pleased him more than the permission to wear continually a laurel crown, because it concealed this odious defect. Martial has an epigram upon the subject, which was probably addressed to some Latin petit-maitre, who, to hide his baldness, always wore a cap, under pretence of some malady in his ears;

Non aures tibi, sed dolent capilli.

STUDY OF THE LAW.

Perhaps perseverance is more necessary for the student at law, and is a quality the absence of which can be less easily supplied than any other. At any rate, nothing is more fatal to legal success than pursuing the study in hot and cold fits—by starts, and after frequent intermissions. The inconveniences which arise from these occasional relaxations, are intimately felt, but cannot easily be described. He who would strive for eminence in this profession, is for a long time placed in the condition of the boatman described in the Georgicks, and if he remits from his labour is carried rapidly back, and loses the progress he had made:

Si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HOR. EPIS. 10. LIB. I.

We, Fuscus, lovers of the smiling fields,
Thee hail, to whom the town more pleasure yields.
In this we differ, and in this alone,
In all things else, like twins, our tastes are one.
By each the same's approved, the same denied;
Two constant doves, long tenderly allied.
You guard the nest, while I the country rove,
Admire the brooks, the moss-grown rocks, and grove.
I live, I reign, soon as I leave behind
Those busy scenes, where you such pleasure find.
Like a priest's slave, on dainty fragments fed,
I nauseate cakes, and long for simple bread.

Would you obedient live to nature's voice,
What favoured spot should sooner fix your choice
Than where, mid rural scenery, spread around
Secure retreat and calm repose are found?
Say, where does winter hold a milder sway,
Or fresher breezes cool the summer's ray
That dries and scorches all the grassy plain,
When the mad lion, or the dog star reign?
What scenes can better soothe the aching breast,
And calm each anxious, envious, care to rest?
Does the green herbage, that adorns the field,
In smell or beauty to the marble yield?
Flows water purer through the bursting lead,
Than when it murmurs o'er its pebbly bed!
Why mid your Parian columns towers the tree;
Why prais'd the house, whence length'ning fields you see?
Because, though oft by violence suppress'd,
Nature still lives and acts in every breast;
By silent efforts still regains her sway,
Corrects your tastes, and bids your hearts obey.

To him, who can't discern with skilful eye,
The Tyrian from the Aquinatian dye;
No loss more deep or certain will accrue,
Than to the man, who knows not false from true.

If fortune's smiles too fondly swell the heart,
When chang'd, her frowns a deeper pain impart.
Reluctant we resign what much we love;
Then from your thoughts ambitious schemes remove;
A humble roof more real bliss can give,
Than kings or courtiers from their pomp receive.

The stag, in fight superior to the steed,
Vanquish'd and drove him from the verdant mead;
The horse asks aid of man, receives the rein,
And proud in victory prances o'er the plain;
But ah, unhappy strives in vain to shake,
The rider from his back, or bridle from his neck.
So he, who fearing indigence, resigns
Freedom, more precious than the wealth of mines,
Shall meanly cringe, a slave to lordly power,
And serve a master till his dying hour,
Because he could not, with contented mind,
E'n in a better place, and pleasure find.
Our fortunes use us like our shoes; we fall,
If they're too large, they pinch us if too small.
Then live my Fuscus, happy in thy share
Of fortune's favours; nor thy censure spare
If e'er I seem ambitious to acquire,
Beyond what frugal reason should desire.
Gold far less fit to govern, than obey,
A slave must serve us, or a tyrant sway.
My muse behind Vacunia's mould'ring fane
Hath thus to Fuscus tun'd her humble strain;
And here, where all the rural pleasures meet,
I want but thee, to make my bliss complete. C.

SELECTED POETRY.

We presume very few of our readers have ever seen the following beautiful "Hymn to Harmony," in the manner of Spencer, by Dr. Jortin.

Queen of sweet numbers and resistless sound,
Which can the soul with pleasing force enthral,
And hold the thoughts in deep attention bound,
And bid th' obedient passions rise and fall;
All-powerful Harmony! on thee I call;
From dark oblivion I thy deeds would raise;
O tune my lyre and help my feeble lays!

As yet this world no being-place had found,
Wild chaos rul'd, and sable-vested night,
Whilst jarring atoms, through the vast profound
By chance and discord left to doubtful fight,
Strove with tumultuous rage and restless might;
Till harmony and love compos'd the fray
And chas'd the shades of ancient night away.

Love, whose approach the darkness dares not bide,
Shot from his starry eyes ten thousand rays:
She to the chords her softest touch apply'd,
Then louder 'gan the swelling notes to raise,
And sung fair Peace, and beauteous Order's praise.
Her voice sweet sounded through the boundless deep,
And all was calm and all did silence keep.

The list'ning atoms straight forgot their hate,
And pleas'd, yet wond'ring at their change, they stood,
Strange force of sounds, such fury to abate!
Then each with fond embrace the other woo'd,
And each eternal peace and union vow'd.
Love bound them, nothing loath, in lasting chains,
And o'er them all, his willing subjects, reigns.

Then yon bright orb began to roll askance,
His course essaying through th' ecliptick way;
And wand'ring stars to move in mystick dance,
And skies their azure volumes to display:
Then 'gan the earth to smile in fair array,
And new-born man with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around him on the beauteous sight.

This work perform'd, the goddess took her flight,
Winging the wide-expanded fields of air,
To her own native place, the realms of light,
Where dwell the gods devoid of grief and care,
Around her golden throne they all repair;
Enwrapp'd in silent transport, while she sings
Sweet lays, responsive to the trembling strings.

Yet thence, though rarely, the celestial guest
Deigns to descend, unseen of mortal eyn,
And gently glides into the poet's breast:
She comes, and lo! he feels the power divine;
New images begin to rise and shine,
Keeping due measure, wooing hand in hand,
And sober judgment leads the sprightly band.

Such was Calliope's unhappy son,
Whose tuneful harp could soothe the savage kind,
And bid descending streams forget to run.
Poor youth! no charms in musick could he find,
His bride twice lost, to ease his love-sick mind,
When hid beneath the hoary cliffs he lay
On Strymon's banks and mourn'd his life away.

Such was the eyeless Greek, great sacred name!
Who snatch'd the son of Thetis from the grave:
And hung his arms high in the house of fame,
Victorious still, time's envious power to brave,
While suns arise and seek the western wave.
Such he, who in Sicilia's flowery plains
Tun'd to the oaten reed his Dorick strains.

And he, who sung the frantick rule of chance,
Leaving no room for wisdom and for choice,
And built the world with atoms drove askance,
Theme all unworthy of a skilful voice:
And Mantua's swain, whose clearer notes rejoice
Th' enravish'd ear; so graceful he relates
Flocks, fields, and swains, and fierce-contending states.

And like the Greek, in fate and in renown,
Britannia's poet, born in later days,
Whose brow new wreaths and flowers celestial crown;
And sung man's hapless fall, and angel's frays;
And, bold to venture through untrodden ways,
Explor'd the secrets of the frowning night,
And soar'd above the stars with daring flight.

Nor shall my partial song leave thee unsaid,
Worthy to mix with this harmonious band,
Thee, gentle Spencer, whom the muses led
Through fancy's painted realms, and fairy land,
Where vice and virtue all embody'd stand,
Where useful truths in fair disguise appear,
And more is understood than meets the ear.

Come, condescending goddess, and impart
A mild assistance to an aching breast:
Exert the force of thy propitious art;
If thou be present, who can be distrest?
Pain seems to smile, and sorrow is at rest;
The thoughts in mad disorder cease to roll,
And still serenity o'erspreads the soul.

By thee, the youth encourag'd nought to fear
'Sdeigning ignoble ease and mean repose,
Meets the swift fury of the threat'ning spear,
And follows glory through a host of foes.
Nor can'st thou not the din of arms compose:
Thou mak'st the god of war forsake the field,
And drop his lance, and lay aside his shield.

Thou know'st in pleasing how, to wound the mind,
Surpris'd, unguarded, and to love betray'd:
Alas! why art thou to that impe so kind,
That powerful impe, in heaven and earth obey'd?
His shafts strike deep and want no other aid:
Deep strike his shafts, unerring in their aim,
And his torch burns with unextinguish'd flame.

These are thy triumphs, goddess, this thy might,
Faintly describ'd in far unequal lays.
Me, all unmeet, fond hopes did still incite,
Ambitious by thy name my verse to raise,
And find thy favour, while I sung thy praise.
O smile on these endeavours, heav'nly maid!
Sweet is the toil, if with thy smile repaid.

THE

BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

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Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi quae commutanda, quae eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. Plin.

ARTICLE 21.

A Sermon, delivered at Trinity Church, Christmas Day, December 25, 1810, *on the Divinity of Jesus Christ. By John S. J. Gardiner, Rector. Published at the request of the hearers.* Boston, printed by Munroe and Francis, 1811.

The weekly services of christian assemblies comprise a commemoration of the birth of the Saviour; and the separation of a particular day in the year for this purpose is not in the code of positive duties. The dissenters had sufficient grounds for objecting to the multiplication of fasts and festivals, and did not exempt Christmas, which seems a natural and becoming observance, from the number of unauthorized and exceptionable holidays. In this part of the country for a considerable time past, the interest and passions which once kept up the controversy with churchmen, are diverted into other channels; and he that observeth the day, and he that observeth not the day, have generally no pique against each other on account of this distinction. The congregationalist enters a church without any peculiar horrour of conscience, and the churchman sometimes condescends to worship in a meeting house. The Christmas service at the Episcopal Church is a favourite with many of the "sectaries;" who find satisfaction in a celebration agreeable to their best feelings, although not always more fully assenting to all the articles, than some of the stated members of that communion. The preacher's first duty is to his

own charge; and not to occasional hearers, who are not obliged to come, and if they are not edified, may take care not to come again. It seems also the right and the obligation of a minister to defend the articles of his church, and when, and how he thinks fit. Some persons may think much controversy not well suited to the celebration of an event announced with a proclamation of peace on earth, good will to men; and they might prescribe a text for a Christmas sermon, leading to the consideration of the general and acknowledged benefits of christianity; and presenting views that tend to expand the heart. It is indeed well for all parties on this festival, if the offering of pious gratitude can be reconciled with sentiments of general benevolence; if thoughts of kindness to men can be blended with expressions of praise to God; and the blessings of the Messiah's advent and reign be acknowledged on behalf of as many, and to the disparagement and exclusion of as few, as regard to truth will admit. Still it must be confessed that pleasing men is subordinate to serving them, and that this is the duty of contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, as well as promoting charity and union. The Rector believes, no doubt, that orthodoxy is the nutriment of piety, and probably has observed that the spirit of sect is no bad assistant, though it may not always be a purifier of the spirit of devotion. "He has never known," he says, "the scriptures much read and greatly reverenced, where the divinity of Christ has not been believed and preached." If the converse of this proposition were true; and wherever the divinity of Christ, that is the article in the symbol of faith purporting to express the doctrine of the scriptures on the nature of Christ, was believed and preached, the scriptures were much read and greatly reverenced, it would indeed be expedient to discourse upon it in season and out. But the fact is, that what some may believe *with* reason, others may believe *without*; and that when prejudice, and habit, and interest are in the same line with a particular dogma or rite in religion, it is an equivocal proof of extraordinary docility or virtue, to be a zealot for the faith, and a strict conformist. As a man may believe the divinity of Christ as taught in the scripture, and have much room for improvement in christian practice, so he may believe the same doctrine as taught by the church, papal or protestant, or laid

down by councils and houses of convocation; and be more orthodox than good. "Of the *practical* importance of the doctrine," i. e. the received doctrine of the divinity of Christ, "I have had striking instances in my own church. Some very intelligent persons were deterred from cordially embracing christianity, and from partaking of the sacrament, by doubts on this subject. When those doubts were removed, they became and continue exemplary christians." In this argument the conclusion seems to have forgotten the premises. The doctrine raises doubts that discourage intelligent persons from embracing christianity. Hence we are to preserve its effect to induce men to embrace christianity. The impediment to practice assists practice. The author must suppose the reader will supply the ellipsis in his expression, and will understand, that by the "doctrine" used after the words *practical importance*, Mr. G. intends a satisfactory *explanation* and *defence* of the doctrine.

It is often intimated in this controversy, and it is done by our author, that the question between the Trinitarians and anti-Trinitarians, turns upon the principle "that we are to believe what the scriptures contain, however mysterious and unaccountable;" whereas the dispute is concerned with statements and definitions of councils and assemblies, professing to put the sense of the scriptures into other words. Many persons believe all that the scriptures say about the nature and character of Christ, and yet have difficulty in admitting, that the phrases of this or that doctor or council, are tantamount to the words of the scriptures. Neither is there any dispute about the propriety of believing what is mysterious and unaccountable; but the question is whether men are to believe what is unintelligible, and assent to propositions the terms of which convey no idea or a contradictory one to their minds. There is a dark side to almost every truth or fact, which we believe; but if it be all dark, it is difficult to believe in any sense or degree.

Bishop Taylor thinks it very important that people should be allowed some latitude of thought and expression on this subject, and not be obliged to declare their belief in what cannot be an object of conception.

"He that goes about to speak of the mystery of Trinity, and does it by words and names of man's invention, talking of

essenses and existences, hypostases and personalities, priorities in co-equalities, and unity in pluralities, may amuse himself, and build a tabernacle in his head, and *talk something he knows not what*; but the *good man*, who feels the power of the Father, and to whom the Son is become wisdom, sanctification, and redemption, in whose heart the love of the Spirit of God is shed abroad; *this man*, though he understands nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone truly understands the christian doctrine of the Trinity."

The text of this sermon is Revelation 22 ch. 16 v. "I am the root and offspring of David—which means," that "Jesus Christ is both the root and the offspring of David;—the same *person* is both God and man, father and son, cause and effect, original and copy."

The doctrine, being stated, after a few remarks on the Arian and Socinian hypotheses, the proofs of the doctrine are produced, derived from the declarations of scripture, the miracles of Christ, and the success of the gospel. The conclusion of the discourse is an exhortation to almsgiving.

The proposition containing the doctrine gives rise to some queries. Is that part of it, which says the *same person* is, &c. exegetical of the prior assertion "Jesus Christ is both the root and offspring of David?" We imagine not. For it cannot be true in a literal sense that the same person was both father and son of David; or that Jesse and his grandson should be considered as the same person. Is it true in a mystical sense—i. e. was Christ in his divine nature the father of David; and his son as to his humanity? This is intelligible, and, upon this construction, he might be considered both as "cause and effect;" but his being "original and copy" of David, seems to imply the divinity of David. Was the *man* Christ a *copy* of the *original* David? We presume such a proposition is not orthodox. Was the Saviour as God the "original," and as man the "copy" of David? Then were not Christ and David *copies* of the same original, and therefore have they not equal claims as it respects divinity? It will not be granted that, as second person in the Trinity, our Lord was "original" and "copy" of David. It does not seem credible that the phrase "root and offspring of David" was intended to

be illustrated, by saying that the same person was the original and copy of David.

Perhaps this proposition is to be applied to the whole Trinity, and not exclusively to the double nature of the Saviour. Then we have the following position: To effect the redemption of mankind, the one eternal God assumed the character of man; and thus the *same* God was in fact both father and son, cause and effect, original and copy. If this be the meaning we have a solution of one of the distressing problems in polemick divinity. But is it not obtained at the expense of the orthodox scheme? Is it not Sabellianism outright? the same person is God and man, father and son. Sabellius, also, maintained that the Father, Son and Spirit are only names and offices of the same person. Go on, however, with Mr. G.'s position—consider the words "the same person is cause and effect, original and copy" as exegetical of the former assertion, and you must acquit him of the Sabellian and every other heresy that has been invented from Cerinthus to Priestley, and you must allow him to be as far removed from the scheme of his own or any other orthodox church.

It does not appear how he can believe in the personality of the Spirit. If he does, he must maintain a *unity*, consisting of a *duality*, that constitutes a *trinity*. The same person is both Father and Son—therefore the father and son are but one person; for identity or sameness of person cannot be predicated of two persons. Hence the Father and Son constitute one person, and the Spirit another; and thus we have a *duality*. Is not this a "confounding of the persons" which the creed forbids? Where do we find the third person? Mr. G. says his church is Trinitarian, and he believes as she believes. But is his trinity a trinity of names? We presume not, for he prays in the words of the litany to a trinity of persons and not names.

There is still a further puzzle in this statement of the doctrine. If the same person be original and copy, then the Son, who is the brightness of the Father's glory, is, in fact, merely the glory of his own brightness. The same person is original and copy—but the Son is the image of the Father's person; therefore the Son is the very person of which he is the image, i. e. he is the image of himself. It is indeed a mystery how an original can be the copy of itself; or how an acknowledged

copy can be its own original, and yet this original and copy can be precisely the same: and it is another mystery hard to conceive that the same person should be in the same sense both cause and effect—that is, the Son was begotten by the Father, and yet the Son thus begotten is the identical person, that begat, &c. &c. Dr. South, speaking of the Apocalypse (Vol. II. Ser. 2. p. 422. 6th. ed.) observes, "That book either finds a man mad or makes him so."

But whatever idea was intended to be conveyed by the preacher, we think the text has no reference to the divinity of Christ. There is nothing mystical in the expression, the "root" of David. If we will have the figure appropriate, we must avoid such an interpretation. The root and stock must have *one* nature and a simultaneous existence. If we judge of the meaning of the passage by parallel expressions, we shall not find the signification annexed to it by the preacher. The word rendered "root" is in the original ῥιζα, and according to Schleusner, is sometimes used in the N. T. to signify, oriundus ex stirpe, soboles, &c. &c. and in quoting his authorities for this use of the word, he adduces the very text under consideration. In Rom. xv. 12. Christ is called "a root of Jesse," because he sprang from the family of Jesse and David. This is a quotation from Isaiah xi. 10. In that day there shall be a root of Jesse, &c. Here, says Wm. Lowth, the Hebrew word signifies both a *root*, and a *branch growing out of a root*, and it must have the latter signification, both here and in Rev. xxii. 16. which is an allusion to the very place. This last assertion is also made by Robt. Lowth, in his note on Isaiah xi. 10. It is difficult to discover in these phrases any intimation of the divine nature of the Saviour. Neither is there any thing which appears like it in this passage of Isaiah liii. 2. "*And he shall grow up as a root out of the dry ground.*" Although we do not quote the apocryphal writers as authority in matters of faith, yet their evidence may be admitted on points of criticism, and a few instances will be produced from them to show that "a root" signifies simply a descendant. Eccles. xlvii. 22. "The seed of him that loveth him, he will not take away: wherefore he gave a remnant unto Jacob, and out of him *a root unto David.*" 1 Macc. i. 10. "And there came out of them [the successors of Alexander] *a wicked root*, Antiochus

Epiphanes." 1 Esdras viii. 88. "Till thou hadst left us neither *root*, seed, nor name." The proofs of the point maintained by our author must depend on other passages, a few of which we notice. We leave our readers to judge whether the point, which the author proposed to establish, is not a contradictory proposition, and involves a palpable absurdity; and we pass to the consideration of those proofs he has alleged in support of his novel doctrine.

"The arrangement of scriptural proofs, the comparison of texts," and the arguments and observations deduced from them, are acknowledged transcriptions from Jones's "Catholic Doctrine of a Trinity." This mode of proof arises from a comparison of texts in the Old and New Testaments; for example, Isaiah viii. 13, 14. "Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread, and he shall be for a sanctuary; but for a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to both houses of Israel." 1 Pet. ii. 7, 8. "The stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling and rock of offence."

"Now the stone of stumbling and rock of offence is declared in the former text, to be the Lord of hosts himself; a name which the Arians allow only to the supreme God. But this stone of stumbling and rock of offence, appears in the latter text to be no other, than Jesus Christ. The conclusion is inevitable. Christ therefore is the Lord of hosts himself; and the Arian is confuted on his own principles."

This is a favourable specimen of the reasoning in Jones's treatise, and in this instance the argument wants only one essential thing, viz. evidence that the apostle and prophet meant the same person. This mode of arguing, however, generally is wholly unsatisfactory. It is not what the scriptures *may* mean, but what they *do*, that is to be sought; and it is by the sense and not sound that we must judge.

The following illustration shows the insufficiency of this reasoning. Take the first text adduced by Jones, and cited by Mr. G. and collate it with a few other passages in the same manner; and what they make an argument for the divinity of the Saviour becomes a proof of the divinity of the apostle. Isaiah vii. 13, 14. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself, &c. and he shall be a stone of stumbling and a ROCK of OFFENCE. Compare this passage with the following, of Matt. xvi. 18 and 23.

"But I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, (which is by interpretation a ROCK.) But he turned and said unto Peter, thou art an OFFENCE unto me. "Now the rock of offence is declared, in the former text to be the Lord of hosts himself;" a name which Trinitarians allow only to the supreme God. But in the latter verses Jesus Christ expressly declares Simon Peter to be a rock, and a rock of offence. The conclusion is inevitable. Simon Peter therefore is, &c. Take another instance—Psalm xviii. 31. "For who is GOD save the Lord;—or who is a ROCK, save our GOD? Matt. xvi. 18. "And I say also unto thee, thou art Peter [which is by interpretation a ROCK] and upon this ROCK I will build my church."

In the first verse there is an implied assertion, that there is no rock but God; but in the latter Jesus Christ says, that Simon Peter is a rock; therefore, &c. These instances show that there is a radical defect in this mode of arguing.

We will dismiss this part of our review by observing that the author has brought to our notice one text not formally produced by Jones, which is Phill. ii. 6. &c. After quoting the passage at length, he thus concludes:

"The obvious sense of this passage so decidedly proves the divinity of Christ, that those who deny the doctrine, are obliged to give a very different interpretation of it, and object wrong translation and other nameless et cetera of heretical subterfuge."

This is not courteously or discreetly said. The examination of the common translation of a text should not be called subterfuge; especially as in this instance it is most obviously required. The fact is, that the argument from this text is not sufficient, and is, we believe, relinquished by the most judicious advocates of the Trinitarian articles. Calling a correction of the translation subterfuge is less proper in Mr. Gardiner, because he had just before, though professing to use the received version, quoted a text in another translation, and this without comment or notice.

2 Peter i. 1. as quoted by Mr. G. stand thus: "Through the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ." In the English Testament thus: "Through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Our author says that a simple text is sufficient to demolish the Socinian fabrick.

"Glorify me, O Father, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was. John xvii. 6. Here, my brethren, the Saviour makes a direct affirmation of his pre-existence before the world, which all the subtleties of the ablest Socinians can never explain away." Yet the Socinian will say, our Athanasian brethren do not believe that our Saviour was crucified in his pre-existent state, but chapter and verse prove him to be the "lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

Having compared Isaiah xliv. 6. with Rev. xxii. 13. he says, "On Rev. i. v. 11. where these titles [alpha and omega] first appear, Dr. Doddridge has the following note: 'that these titles, which occur just above in verse 8. should be repeated so soon in a connection which demonstrates they are given to Christ, will appear very remarkable, whatever sense be given to the 8th verse. The argument drawn in the preceding note upon it would have been strong, wherever such a passage as this had been found; but its immediate connection with this greatly strengthens it. And I cannot forbear recording it that this text has done more than any other in the Bible, towards preventing me from giving in to that scheme, which would make our Lord Jesus Christ no more than a deified creature:' It is remarkable that this eleventh verse is an undoubted interpolation. See Griesbach and Newcome in loc.

The objections of a "sensible Jew or Mahometan," as stated by Mr. G. to the Arian scheme, lie with more force in the minds of that class of unbelievers against the Trinitarian. The doctrine of three co-equal persons in the godhead is the *crux Judæorum*. Upon the Arian plan the worship of Christ, being subordinate and ultimately directed to the Father, may be reconciled to the Jew's notions of unity.

Mr. G. speaks of the convulsions of nature when her Creator "died." It is too much to affirm concerning the impassible God, with whom is no variableness, and who changeth not, that he suffered and "expired."

Our author sneers unreasonably at those, who in discussing doctrines, discuss the force of a conjunction, &c. He should read the orthodox Middleton and Sharpe on the Greek article.

The second class of arguments, as before observed, is drawn from the *miracles* performed by the Saviour, and the *success* that attended the first preaching of the gospel. These argu-

ments prove the *divinity* of the *christian religion*, but have nothing to do with the *divinity* of Christ's *person*. They are in this discourse principally comprised in an extract from Bishop Taylor.

There is too liberal a use of some opprobrious epithets in this sermon. We do not think men ought to be made to contemn and dislike each other on account of differences on this subject. There is a remark of Dr. Campbell, which we venture to quote, not meaning any reflection upon our author. "No person," says he, "who in the spirit of candour and charity adheres to that which to the best of his judgment is right, though in this opinion he should be mistaken, is in the scriptural sense schismatick or heretick; and he, on the contrary, whatever sect he belongs to, is more entitled to those odious appellations, who is apt to throw the imputation upon others."

It is not equitable to intimate that those, who do not embrace the doctrine of the scripture as stated by his church, do not "much read or greatly reverence the scripture." What would he have us think of Grotius, of Samuel Clarke, of Locke, of Lardner, of Taylor, and many others?

ARTICLE 22.

Travels on an Inland Voyage through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, and through the Territories of Indiana, Louisiana, Mississippi and New Orleans; performed in the years 1807 *and* 1808 *; including a tour of nearly six thousand miles. With Maps and Plates. By Christian Schultz, jun. Esq. Two volumes in one.* New York, printed by Isaac Riley, 1810.

THE progress and condition of the remoter parts of our country, the effects of advancing cultivation in an imperfectly explored territory, and the capacity of its various regions to contribute to the wants and conveniences of man, are calculated to afford information interesting to the man of science, and highly important to the traveller, the imigrant, and the speculator. A general outline of the geography of our frontier country, and the facility of a route through the lakes, and the

rivers Ohio and Mississippi, has long been known. Of some parts of this course we have sufficiently accurate delineations, while of others accounts are either unsatisfactory or erroneous; so that the traveller has seldom been able to undertake the expedition with definite ideas respecting several of the subjects calculated to interest him most. Mr. Schultz in his preface, complains that though "the route is generally known, yet, strange as it may appear, no correct information could be obtained as to the distances, mode of travelling, the time required, the expenses incurred, nor the risks and dangers to be encountered." These inquiries he states to have been particularly attended to, and the minuteness and fidelity with which they are answered, are the only merit, to which his modesty allows him to lay claim. In a country whose aspect, and the character of whose inhabitants is perpetually changing, successive descriptions become necessary; and, though very accurate accounts may have formerly been given, yet a few years are sufficient to render them, in many respects, obsolete. It is on this ground that new travels may always afford new information.

Of the first part of Mr. Schultz's route, viz. that from New York to Niagara, there is the least necessity for a description. Every one is acquainted with the rapid settlement and increasing consequence, as well as the facility of passage and transportation in the fertile country surrounding the banks of the Mohawk, and the smaller lakes. That rough and tremendous aspect does not now exist which fifty years ago presented itself to the imagination of Goldsmith,

> "Where wild Oswego spreads its swamps around,
> "And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

The visit to one of the world's greatest wonders is not only practicable but convenient, and instead of the risks and hardships usually encountered in a new country, the traveller finds little deficiency of accommodations and facilities.

Of the falls themselves, Mr. Schultz has given a description rendered perhaps more than commonly extensive by the variety of points from which he has viewed them. It is not unusual for visitants to content themselves with a single view from the top of the table rock, or from the top and bottom on one side only; while they are deterred by the tremendous aspect

of the waters from a farther pursuit of the scene. Mr. Schultz has enlarged his account with views from the top of the rocks, and from the level of the water below both on the American and Canadian side. Not satisfied with the prospect from these points he landed on Goat's Island, a spot situated in the centre of the river, on the very brink of the cataract, and which until of late has been supposed utterly inaccessible to the foot of man. The descent on the American side, and the passage to Goat's Island, we insert.

"We next went to examine the *hole* which leads to the lower regions on this side of the river. The appearance of it was so truly frightful that I relinquished the design I had formed of descending it, and returned to my lodgings. Being assured, however, the next day, that the appearance was more dreadful than the reality, and that any person not subject to giddiness, who could depend upon the strength of h[illegible]arms in sustaining the weight of his body occasionally, might descend in perfect safety, I determined to make the attempt. Procuring a guide and some ropes, I proceeded to the hole, which was not less than two hundred feet above the surface of the river. The guide, having made a rope fast to a tree, soon disappeared under the projecting rock, while he repeatedly called on me to follow. Ashamed at length of my own timidity, I obeyed, and, after a thousand hair-breadth escapes, arrived safely at the bottom.

"In making the descent on this side, I had occasion to remark, as on the other, the vast difference in the noise heard from above and below. Whether it was owing to the current of air setting over on this side, or some other cause, I know not; but certainly the thundering roar of the waters was much greater than on the other. The dread of falling while descending prevented my noticing the increased ratio of the noise; but I no sooner found myself at the bottom, than the mountains appeared to tremble over my head, and the rocks seemed to move under my feet; and, indeed, it is some time before you can free yourself from these sensations.

"You may advance so near to the fall on this side as to wash your hands in the falling water; but here, as on the other side, in a few minutes you are quite wet to the skin. This is owing to the abundance of vapour which is continually falling; for, in many places, the spray rebounds from the rocks with so much violence as to prevent a nearer approach; and the constant humidity has covered the rocks below the falls with a luxuriant growth of grass of three feet in length, amongst which are found thousands of young eels.

"Immediately below the falls is a small space in the river, over which a boat might cross with the greatest safety, being the only place where such a passage is practicable between the falls and Queen's Town. The cause I take to be this: the immense column of water is hurled into the unfathomable gulph to a great depth immediately *above* this spot, and, by

its own reaction, breaks out with inconceivable fury *below*; it causes a kind of calm eddies over the surface of the intermediate space alluded to, which, although it appears white from the raging of the waters underneath, yet, comparatively, may be considered as still as a mill-pond. What first led me to this reflection was the manoeuvres of some wild ducks, which I observed swimming backwards and forwards across this space, and who carefully avoided every place which I should have thought dangerous for a boat. Could I have obtained a canoe or skiff, I should not have hesitated a moment about trying the experiment. There are considerable quantities of fish, deer and other animal bones found along this shore, being, as I suppose, the remains of such as have been crushed in the falls. It is the common opinion, however, that the smaller fish generally escape unhurt.

"The river, at Fort Schlosser, is two and a half miles wide, and, for one mile above the falls, altogether impassable. Goat Island, which divides the falls, contains about eighteen or twenty acres of land, and is situated nearest the American shore. This island has generally been reputed never to have been visited by any human being, excepting, as they relate, 'by a couple of Indians, who, many years ago, were thrown, with their canoe, upon it, and, after two or three days, spent in several vain attempts to recover the main land, were discovered by some of their nation. They, at length, by making long bark ropes, and carrying them a considerable distance up the stream, succeeded in floating one end against the island, by which means they were enabled to rescue the poor wretches from certain death.' It has always been considered impossible for any person ever to get off after having landed on the island. This notion is now found to be erroneous; and we are indebted to an accident for the discovery of a safe and easy passage to the island, provided you have a pilot who has been there before. It seems 'a man, in passing from Chippaway to Fort Schlosser in a canoe, depended so much upon his own skill and activity in managing his craft, that he attempted to cross over without going along the shore a sufficient distance up the stream. The consequence was, that he would have been precipitated from the height, had he not accidentally struck the bottom with his paddle, just as the stream had carried him in a direct line with the upper end of this island, where, jumping out, he found he had struck upon a narrow sand bar about one rod wide, and never before discovered. He pursued the whole length of the bar downward, and found it approached to within fifteen rods of the upper end of Goat Island, where the water was very deep and the current strong, but not impassable. He crossed this little strait, and was the first man, excepting the two Indians before mentioned, ever known to have landed and returned from this island.' I made some inquiry after this man, but found he was forgotten; and, as the general opinion is that he was drunk when he stumbled on this discovery, it is of no great consequence that you should know who he was. From the situation of the island in the middle of the falls, I was strongly tempted to pay it a visit;

and finding a person who had been there before, I engaged him to provide a canoe, and the next morning, after breakfast, we set out on our expedition. In less than half an hour we were safely landed upon the island. Having passed to the extremity of it, I suddenly found myself transported as it were to the centre of the grand confusion around me; and, after cautiously advancing to the edge of the precipice, and observing the firm and solid foundation upon which I stood, I experienced a degree of security not to be felt in any other situation when viewing the falls. At no great distance, on my left, I recognized the hollow projecting Table Rock, upon which I had lately stood; while on my right, I traced from rock to rock, under a similar projection, my last descent to the *lower regions*.

"The falls are making daily inroads on this island, as well as on the general foundation of the river; for, while standing here, we heard a hollow rumbling noise, which, at one moment, seemed to die away, then suddenly to revive again. I was, for some time, entirely at a loss to account for so strange an occurrence; at length, as I had turned my face towards the sound, I perceived a large black rock now and then showing itself amongst the foaming billows, which were hurling it over a smooth rocky bottom, on its way to the falls.

"When last on the Canada shore, I saw an old Indian who spoke tolerably good English, and had a long chat with him respecting the falls. He informed me, that, when he was a young warrior, he was amongst those who gave Braddock his famous defeat; that at that time there was a small rocky island that laid upon the very edge of the falls, at no great distance from Goat Island, and which was very remarkable for having two trees projecting over the falls. It is reasonable to believe that this account is not untrue, as eight or ten large rocks, lying very near the edge of the falls, are still perceptible, and which, in all probability, are the last fragments of the little island he alluded to. These would long since have been torn from their foundations, did not their situation protect them from the force of the main current.

"From the great body of water passing off on the Canada shore, the rocks, or foundation of the falls, are subject to greater inroads there, than any other part. The falls, from this spot, have something of the form of an irregular horse-shoe, with one side of the curve longer than the other; the longest being on the American shore. This is owing to its wearing away much faster on the opposite shore.

"We found some juniper berries on this island, which were the largest I have ever seen in the State of New York. After having spent the whole morning upon this delightful and romantick spot, we left the island, and, by pursuing the same course, returned in safety to our lodgings, well satisfied with the adventures of the day." Vol. 1. p. 76—78 and 79—83.

From the falls Mr. Schultz proceeded to Lake Erie, and by water, ninety miles to Presque Isle, situated on the south side of that lake. The village adjacent to the old fort contains

thirty houses, and is remarkable for having been the head quarters of the veteran, General Wayne, who, at his decease, was interred, by his own request, under the flag-staff belonging to the fort.

"The general's grave," says Mr. Schultz, "had been once paled in, but time had rotted away the principal part. I replaced it; and should it stand a year, a month, or even for a day, I have performed a duty. At the head of the grave is a small misshapen stone, picked out of the rubbish of the fort, with A. W. the initials of the general's name, scratched with a nail! Not even an epitaph. The wretched little space was yet unoccupied. Could I depart and leave it still a *blank?* No my friend I could not; but, with my penknife, engraved, in rude but legible characters, "*shame on my country.*" Vol. I. p. 109.

From Presque Isle is a portage of fourteen miles to Fort Le Beauf, or Waterford, situated on Le Beauf creek, one of the head waters of the Allegany river. A shorter portage is stated to exist between Chautaughque landing, so called, and the lake of the same name, this distance being but seven miles. Mr. Schultz's route was from Le Beauf by the French Creek, and Allegany river to the Ohio, afterwards down that river to its confluence with the Mississippi. He then ascended the Mississippi as far as St. Louis, and its junction with the Missouri. The descent to New Orleans, and subsequent voyage to New York, constitute the remaining parts of the work.

Mr. Schultz has given ample accounts of the Ohio, its navigation, its tributary streams, and the settlements on its banks. The towns of Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, Wheeling in Virginia, Marietta, Chilicothe, and Cincinnati in Ohio, and Louisville in Kentucky; are among the most flourishing. A small settlement at the mouth of Cumberland river, called Smith's Town, is remarkable for supporting a billiard table, though it contains but five houses.

Mr. Schultz has given a computation of the comparative expense of transporting goods to the Ohio river from the several seaports of New Orleans, Alexandria, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. From this it appears that New York, though by no means the nearest port, is enabled through the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the lakes, to furnish a transportation less expensive by nearly one dollar the hundred weight, than either of the above-mentioned places. The increasing facilities of canals and turnpikes are rapidly diminishing the present cost.

The navigation through a succession of fine streams, and tracts of water, is practicable with ease and safety, when compared with that on the whirls and rapids of the turbulent and irresistible Mississippi.

The dangers and obstacles of navigating the last mentioned stream are so numerous and peculiar, as to have acquired from its navigators a series of specifick names.

"*Sawyers* are the bodies of trees, whose roots have by some means become fastened to the bottom of the river, in such a manner, that, from the continual pressure of the current, they receive a regular vibratory motion, from the resemblance of which to that of a saw-mill, they have derived their name. Some of these have a very quick motion; others again are slower, frequently disappearing from one to twenty minutes, and then elevating their monstrous shafts from one to ten feet above the surface of the water; and wo betide the boat whose bottom comes in contact with them at this unlucky moment."

"*Sleeping Sawyers* are the same as those just mentioned, except that their motion is entirely under water, and the danger proportionably greater, as it is impossible to discover them before you feel the dreadful effects of their power. When their heads approach within twelve or fifteen inches of the surface of the river, an expert boatman will discover them by the ripple of the water with which they are accompanied; but when they are three or four inches lower, it is impossible to ascertain their position.

"*Planters* are likewise large trees, firmly bedded by the roots in the soft muddy bottom of the river. Some of these stand perpendicular; others have an inclination down the stream, and a few upwards; which last are by far the most dangerous. These trees have at first all their branches, but the immense quantities of floating timber soon strip off the whole, and sometimes leave a perpendicular shaft of thirty or forty feet in height, and twelve in circumference.

"*Falling Banks* are so called from their being undermined by the current in such a manner, that small portions are continually falling. It very often happens, that masses of an acre in extent, disappear in an instant; and trees, which were once growing on a bank thirty or forty feet above the surface, now seem half buried in the water. This phenomenon is easily accounted for, the bank being composed entirely of that rich, loose, and friable soil, which I noticed near the mouth of the Ohio, without any thing to bind it together, or resist the force of the current, which is always strongest in these places. The consequence is, that its base is constantly wearing away, till at length the weight of the projecting bank becomes too great to maintain its adhesion, and, obedient to the laws of gravitation, falls to the bottom of the river.

"From this description you will no doubt see the propriety of always avoiding these banks, and preferring willow points or islands for encamp-

ments. I do not recollect a single instance of meeting with falling banks on both sides of the river at the same time.

"*Wooden Islands* are generally formed at the upper end of a real one, where an enormous collection of trees and floating timber becomes entangled and matted together, sometimes to the extent of nearly a quarter of a mile, and in time makes part of the main island. These are very dangerous, as the depth of water at their head or point is frequently thirty, forty, or sixty feet, and the velocity of the current is such, that notwithstanding the exertions of a large boat's crew which we met on the river, they very narrowly escaped being dashed on the point of one of these islands." Vol. 2. p. 30—32.

The rapidity and violence of the Mississippi are constantly causing revolutions in its banks, so that while in one place it encroaches far upon the land, and shifts and widens its channel; in another it deposits new tracts of ground, and fixes new limits to its course.

"About four miles from Prairie le Roche is situated the celebrated post of Fort Chartres, which is said to have cost the Spanish government a hundred thousand crowns. It seems, that no pains or expense has been spared to render this fortress impregnable; and, as far as I can judge, without any other object than that of making it a general depository of military stores, as the situation is not superiour to many others along the banks of the river. The whole of these extensive works were laid in stone and mortar. At the time of erecting them they were upwards of a quarter of a mile from the river, but, at the present moment, half of them have fallen into the Mississippi, and in a very few years, the site of old Fort Chartres will be sought for in vain!"

"Although nature, in most of her operations, is slow, yet when we make our remarks at periods of thirty years distant, her progress seems more rapid. Witness the site of the old fort at the Balize, which at the time of its erection was opposite to the pass of the river, but at the present moment we find it nearly two miles above it. You must not, however, understand me to mean, that this fort, like some of the islands in the Mississippi, has *marched* nearly two miles up the river; but that the mouth of the river, or land on each side, has advanced that distance into the sea, and not only left the fort behind, but has absolutely stolen so much from the borders of the Gulf of Mexico." Vol. 2. p. 37.

We insert, for the recency of the statement, an account of the several towns of note situated on the Mississippi above New Orleans.

"St. Louis is beautifully situated on an elevated bank on the west side of the river. It contains about two hundred houses, which, from the whiteness of a considerable number of them, as they are rough cast and whitewashed, appear to great advantage as you approach the town. This is likewise a French settlement, established in the year 1765; the inhabitants

are chiefly Roman Catholicks, and have a chapel and confessor. A small number of American families have of late years settled in this town, and have had so much influence as to give a decided American *ton* to the fashions of the place; but as their numbers are too few to erect a church of their own, they have, by way of *amusement*, made arrangements with the father confessor, to give them a little lecture in his chapel every Sunday evening.

"I observed two or three BIG houses in the town, which are said to have cost from twenty to sixty thousand dollars, but they have nothing either of beauty or taste in their appearance to recommend them, being simply *big*, heavy, and unsightly structures. In this country, however, where fashion and taste differ so materially from fashion and taste with us, they are considered as something not only grand, but even elegant.

"St. Louis has for many years past been the centre of the fur trade in this country; but this branch of business, I am informed, is now rapidly declining, in consequence of the game becoming comparatively scarce.

"This town has been strongly fortified by the Spanish government, having two forts, two block-houses, four stone towers, and one half moon. These encircle the whole town on the land side, and are within gun-shot of each other. Some little care is still taken of the forts and barracks occupied by the garrison which is stationed at this place, but the towers and block-houses are entirely neglected, and, for want of repairs, already tumbling to pieces.

"The ladies of St. Louis I had heard generally celebrated through all the lower country for their beauty, modesty, and agreeable manners, as well as for their taste and the splendour of their dress. I was therefore very happy in having an opportunity of accepting an invitation to one of their balls, on the first Sunday evening after my arrival; having previously attended the chapel, for the express purpose of being able to form some kind of judgment with respect to their claims; and I must confess, that they appeared to be eminently entitled to all that I had heard in their favour.

"St. Louis is situated in lat. 38. 18. N. long. 89. 36. W. from which you would be inclined to believe the climate somewhat warmer than that of New-York, in lat. 40. 40; but I certainly do not think I ever experienced in that city colder weather, at this season of the year, than I have felt in St. Louis for these few days past. I made this remark to some gentlemen who have lived here for four or five years past, but who formerly resided in Philadelphia; and they were of opinion that the winters generally were equally severe, but did not last so long."

"St. Genevieve is an old French settlement, pleasantly situated on the higher ridge of a prairie about two miles from the Mississippi, and contains two hundred families, among which are included about thirty Americans. The greater part of the inhabitants are catholicks, who have their chapel and confessor. No other society is yet numerous enough to establish any other religion, and this seems to be but little respected among the few Americans who have settled here. The prairie, which is here deno-

minated the Big Field, contains about fifteen thousand acres of natural meadow, rich and level as the planter could wish. This is surveyed out into lots of eighty and a hundred acres or more, and owned by almost every person in the town. As the prairie has no timber upon it, the trouble and expense of fencing would be very considerable: they have therefore but one fence around the whole. The manner of using and improving their respective lots is regulated by law and custom; so that any person who permits his lot to lie idle, or who gets his crops in before his neighbours, cannot derive any benefit or advantage from turning in his cattle, as this is only allowed to be done on a certain day appointed, when the gates are thrown open, and the whole praire becomes a rich and well-fodd dered common for the cattle of the whole community. This custom is likewise observed at most of the French settlements in this country. They appear to have borrowed it from the Indians, who, in order to save the labour of fencing, always cultivate their maize in one common field.

"This village, when first settled, was built immediately on the banks of the river; but it being there found rather low, and subject to be overflowed by every extraordinary rise of the river, the inhabitants have removed it to its present situation.

"St. Genevieve, which lies in lat. 37. 51. N. long. 89. 28. W. is the storehouse of the Mines. All the lead prepared at those places is deposited either for sale or shipment at this place; from whence it is sent up the Ohio as far as Pittsburgh, and down the Mississippi to New-Orleans, where it is again distributed throughout the United States. Every inhabitant of the village is more or less engaged in digging mineral at the Mines, or carting of lead, wood, stone, &c. which, with a little tillage, constitutes their principal support. The French use a little kind of cart, made something like those in your city, to which they harness two horses, one before the other, and drive altogether without reins. The blacksmith, carpenter, and tailor, were the only tradesmen employed at this place; all the other necessaries and conveniences of life are procured by importation, at an enormous expense. The majority of the French in this place are almost as easily supplied as the native Indians: neither of them make any use of a hat or shoes; a pair of mockasons and a blanket seems equally common to both, except that the former will cut his into the shape of a coat, whereas the latter always prefers his loose."

"New Madrid, which lies in lat. 36. 34. N. long. 89. 20. W. is situated on the right side of the river in Louisiana, two hundred and fifty-five miles below the Missouri. This town, which formerly, under the Spanish government, was protected by a fort and garrison, contains at present no more than thirty indifferent houses, including the chapel, which is fast tumbling to pieces."

"The city of Natchez, which has been erected a port of entry, lies in lat. 31. 32. N. long. 91. 15. W. and is situated on a most beautiful eminence on the left bank of the Mississippi. Immediately adjoining the river there is a lower bank, which appears to be upon the same level with the

opposite shore; the whole extent of which, for nearly a mile, is lined with boats, intended either for this market or that of New-Orleans.

"From the best information I could obtain, this city contains nearly three hundred houses, and about three thousand inhabitants, including all colours. There are several extensive mercantile houses established here, and one at least which imports goods directly from England. There are two printing-offices, and consequently two newspapers, which are published weekly. The buildings in general are neat, yet I found none within the town that can be considered as elegant. The principal hotels are upon a genteel establishment, yet not in a style corresponding to the general character of the place for luxury: but to a Mississippi sailor, who like an alligator may be said to have lived in mud while upon the river, they afford no trifling luxury.

"The streets of Natchez are not paved, nor have they even the convenience of a paved side walk; consequently in wet weather it must be disagreeable walking. As the city, however, is situated on the summit of the hills, (which have a striking resemblance to the Walnut Hills already described) the water from rains passes off very readily, and a bright sun in a few hours absorbs the remaining moisture."

"From the eminence on which the city stands, which is about one hundred feet above the present level of the river, you have a very pleasing prospect of the river both above and below; but in front your vision is lost in tracing the immense forests which cover the low grounds, extending in one uniform horizontal line before you. One evening, as I was enjoying the cool refreshing breeze from this charming situation, I was agreeably surprised with the sight of a fleet of eleven Kentucky boats, which just came in sight, and were making for the landing. This is situated in a bend of the river, where the projecting point above causes a very extensive eddy along the shore below, and makes it very convenient for a landing-place. The current of the river is so strong, that the boatmen always make a proper allowance for the drift of the vessel while making in for the shore. But here the eddy setting up with nearly equal velocity, carried the most of them far above the town, where they had to take the channel once more, before they could effect a landing at the Levee. The next thing that afforded us amusement, was a long raft of boards and shingles, which was intended for this place. The owners expected its arrival, and were on the Levee to see it landed in safety, but it was soon discovered that it would not be able to reach even the eddy. They accordingly mustered all the ropes and boats which could be readily collected, and while those on the raft sent their boats and ropes ashore, these went off with theirs; but the power of the raft was so great, and the current so strong, that the ropes all snapped like threads; nor were they able to make a landing before they had drifted five miles below the city.

"I had the curiosity the next morning to count the number of boats then lying along the Levee, and found they amounted to eighty-three, all loaded with the produce of the upper country as far as the 42d degree of north latitude."

The city of New-Orleans, which, from its situation and future prospects has become an object of so much interest, is thus described:

"The city of New-Orleans, which lies in lat. 29. 57. N. and long. 89. 55. W. is situated on an island of the same name, on the east or left side of the Mississippi as you descend. It is regularly laid out, the streets cross each other at right angles, and are generally about forty feet in breadth. The houses of the principal streets nearest the river, are built of brick covered with slate, tile, or fire-proof composition. The back part of the town is chiefly built of wood. The middle of the streets are all in their natural state, unpaved, but the side walks are laid either with brick or flat stone, which renders walking through the city tolerably pleasant, except when you have occasion to cross the streets in wet weather.

"The city contains at present nearly eleven hundred houses, and its population is said to amount to twelve thousand souls. Its extent along the river, from the gate of Chapitoulan on the north to that of France on the south, is nearly one mile in length. It is about half a mile in breadth from the river to the margin of the swamps in the rear. The 'gates on the north,' and the 'gates on the south,' may probably impose upon your ear, and convey an idea of this being a walled city; yet nothing can be further from the truth; for whatever these gates might formerly have been, there is nothing to be seen of them at present.

"In the centre of the town is the site of the great cathedral church and town-house; and in front a square, now inclosed and covered with grass, which was originally intended for a parade. A little below this, on the Levee, is the market-house, which however is only used for selling meat and fish. The whole Levee, for nearly a quarter of a mile above the market, is occupied as a public place for selling articles of every description. Vegetables of almost every kind are here sold in the greatest plenty and perfection; but the fish and meat are very poor. The poultry which is brought from the upper country, and the oysters from the Lakes, are both very tolerable.

"The plan of a new custom-house has lately been marked out near the site of the old one, which is a miserable wooden building, long since abandoned to the negroes and Indians, and fast falling to decay. At the south-east end of the town the Ursuline nuns have a convent and chapel, which are liberally endowed. Few of its former inmates, however, chose to remain after the change in the government took place; but in consequence of their violent prejudices against the Americans, whom they believe to be a nation of atheists, most of them retired to the Havanna or to Vera Cruz. This city was fortified, while in possession of the Spaniards, with works on the north, east, and south sides; but these, since the cession of the country to the United States, have been considered of no importance, and suffered to go to ruin, excepting at the south end, where they have been much enlarged and improved. The barracks, which are large and spacious, are situated a little above the lower fort, and are kept in very good repair.

"The Levee is an embankment of earth about six feet in height, raised to prevent the river from overflowing the town and adjoining country, which lie below the surface of the river. This embankment commences at Fort Plaquemines, and extends to the head of the island, a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, making an excellent road about twenty feet wide, which is dry at all seasons of the year. It passes directly in front of the town along the margin of the river, and affords a very pleasant evening walk. It formerly was lined with rows of orange-trees, but from a want of proper care and attention, there is but here and there one remaining.

"The inhabitants of New-Orleans are mostly French, and members of the church of Rome, who, notwithstanding the great influx of Americans since the cession, still compose three fourths of the white population of the city. The church service in the great cathedral, (which is accompanied with a very fine organ,) is really sublime, and as a *form* of worship, particularly calculated to make a deep impression upon the tender minds of youth, and the fair sex in general. The Americans, although sufficiently numerous to form a respectable congregation, have no church, nor as far as I can learn, are they at all disposed to give the necessary encouragement to a presbyterian preacher, who has lately settled in the town, by way of experiment. They seem upon the whole to be satisfied that these things should remain 'as they are.'

"The chapel of the convent of the Ursuline nuns is small, but very neat within, being chiefly calculated for the accommodation of that sisterhood. Public service is performed here regularly. The nuns are separated from the audience by a partition of lattice-work, through which they may barely be distinguished. Their whole number at present does not amount to more than forty or fifty.

"A summer residence in New-Orleans must be extremely disagreeable, as even at this early season I find it intolerably hot and sultry. The evenings however are cool and pleasant, and as this city has no public gardens or promenade, the Levee after sunset is crowded with company, who having been confined all the day to their houses, seldom miss this favourable opportunity of breathing a little fresh air.

"That unfortunate class of females, the mulattoes, who from their infancy are trained in the arts of love, are far from being considered in the same humiliating light with those white ladies to whom they are nearly allied in profession. Since custom has planted an insurmountable barrier to their ever forming an honourable connection with white men, necessity has compelled them to resort to the practice of forming temporary engagements with those whom they may fancy. Engagements of this kind are every day formed, for a month or a year, or as much longer as the parties may be pleased with each other. During any engagement of this kind it is in vain to solicit improper favours: they are generally as strictly continent as the marriage ceremony could possibly make them. When the term is expired, or the lover gone, they accept of the next best offer that may be made to them. This class of the society of this city is so generally esteemed,

that no gentleman hesitates a moment in paying his compliments to those females belonging to it, whom he may meet with in the street or elsewhere. A far greater degree of distinction prevails among this class than even among the whites. They who are so many degrees removed from the black that the connection is no longer visible in the skin, consider themselves as the 'best blooded;' and so down to those who are only one degree superiour to the blacks, whom they all treat with more contempt than even the whites do.

"The whites, the quarteroons or coloured people, and the blacks, have each their separate amusements. The ladies divert themselves by riding in a single horse chaise, always driving themselves, accompanied by a female companion, and a slave of the same sex. You never see a coach with ladies in the inside, but you will at the same time find an equal number of female slaves behind; no lady presuming even to cross a street or visit her next neighbour, without her favourite female slave to attend her.

"The season for balls is already past; of course I shall have no opportunity of saying any thing respecting them, except from information. It appears, that the fashionable part of the city is divided into two parties, who have each their respective ball-rooms. That of the whites is sacred to themselves, nor can any white lady, who is known to be in the least degree tainted with the blood of Africa, ever gain admittance there. The coloured people have likewise their separate ball-room, from which all are excluded who have not some white blood in their veins. The white gentlemen of course are freely admitted, who generally prefer this assembly to their own, which it at all times surpasses both in the elegance of its decorations, and the splendour of the dress of the company.

"The amusements of the gentlemen are very much confined to billiards abroad, and cards at home, or at some appointed house; and it is said they are generally too much attached to the bottle after dinner. I must confess the few observations I was enabled to make inclines me to believe there is some truth in the report.

"This town, although not large, yet supports two French theatres, and both houses are in general crowded. The same distinction prevails at the theatre as in their assemblies. The lower boxes are appropriated to the use of the whites, and the upper to the people of colour. With respect to the performance, I found myself incompetent to make up a judgment, as my knowledge of the language was too limited to distinguish the merits of the respective performers. The theatres are open three times a week, but the fullest and most brilliant audience is always collected together on a *Sunday* evening. I cannot but admire the policy of such an accommodating system of religion, which, while it provides for the *salvation of the soul*, takes care it shall not interfere with the more important *pleasure of the body*.

"Our Yankees feel not a little foolish upon their first arrival in this city, where the manners and amusements are so very different from their own. Their delicacy is first offended, at finding most of the billiard tables plac-

ed in the front room on the lower floor, with all the doors and windows open for the admission of fresh air, but entirely subject to the view of every passenger in the street. Yet this is but a trifle, in comparison to the shock their piety receives on the first Sunday morning after their arrival, by finding these tables surrounded by a much larger company, and the stroke of the cue and mace resounding from one end of the city to the other.

"In the afternoon, a walk in the rear of the town will still more astonish their bewildered imaginations with the sight of twenty different dancing groups of the wretched Africans, collected together to perform their *worship* after the manner of their country. They have their own national musick, consisting for the most part of a long kind of narrow drum of various sizes, from two to eight feet in length, three or four of which make a band. The principal dancers or leaders are dressed in a variety of wild and savage fashions, always ornamented with a number of the tails of the smaller wild beasts, and those who appeared most horrible always attracted the largest circle of company. These amusements continue until sunset, when one or two of the city patrole show themselves with their cutlasses, and the crowds immediately disperse.

"In the evening, on their return from the scene last mentioned, they may probably be attracted by the noise of a drum, which upon inquiry, they will be told is only a mode of giving notice to the publick, that the performance at the theatre will commence in the evening!! I heard a gentleman from the eastward exclaim, on returning from a Sunday tour through the city, 'O where are our selectmen of Salem?'

"In attending to the amusements of the whites, the yellows, and the blacks, I had almost forgotten to mention the reds, who may likewise be said to have their own national musick and dancing. These are a gang of poor miserable naked wretches, composed of outcasts from the Tunica, Alibama, Chittemaches, and Otacapas tribes, who reside in the vicinity of New-Orleans. From the facility with which they procure liquor they are constantly drunk, not even excepting their women and children; and they exhibit such daily scenes of riot, obscene dances, and intoxication, that they are indeed a nuisance to the city, which calls aloud for the interposition of the police.

"There is likewise an establishment in the city called the Publick Baths, which, although constructed upon a narrow scale, yet affords all the necessary conveniences for the use of the warm and cold bath. I found myself so much invigorated after a liberal use of the former, that I neglected no morning while in that city, of enjoying that pleasure.

"Boarding in New-Orleans is not only expensive, but the accommodations at the boarding-houses are at best indifferent. The tables in general are scantily served with solid dishes, and most of these are composed of such indifferent materials, as seldom to excite any great degree of appetite; especially in those who have been accustomed to a northern table. The common charge at the first-rate French boarding-houses is forty-five dollars a month; supper and wine not included. There is not, as yet, a single

genteel American boarding-house established in this city. The two or three that have acquired that name are mere second rates: yet these afford a table better furnished at thirty-two dollars a month, than the others at forty-five."

The work of Mr. Schultz, which is written in the form of letters, is embellished with a number of plates and maps. The maps are taken from his own observations, and stated by him to be more correct than any yet published. A table of distances, and of latitudes and longitudes, of the principal places on the route is prefixed to the book. As the work is intended rather for practical use than curiosity, he has confined himself principally to those circumstances which are calculated to interest the ordinary traveller and man of business. In the character of a naturalist and philosopher he seldom appears, and indeed were we to judge of his acquaintance with natural science from his account of catching alligators on page 178, we should deem his omission a wise one. To the ordinary itinerant who is more interested by a distance, a rate of passage, or a detail of accommodations, than he would be by the solution of a natural phenomenon, or the discovery of a new species in the animal or vegetable kingdoms—to such an one the work may afford entertainment and advantage.

ARTICLE 23.

The Weekly Monitor; a Series of Essays on Moral and Religious Subjects. By a Layman. Philadelphia, printed by James Maxwell, 1810.

THIS book is a collection of short pieces originally published in the Charleston Courier, and we believe in the year 1809. They consist of many very interesting extracts, interspersed with a proper portion of original matter, written with extraordinary purity and seriousness. They are the production of a layman, and therefore may be acceptable to many who would turn with aversion from a volume of sermons, or from the precepts of a professed ecclesiastick. What we have read in this volume is excellent, and we presume that what we have not read is equally good. Would to God there were many men of taste, learning and piety, who, though not called to the labours of the pulpit, were at once willing and able to produce

such useful periodical works as this. We dismiss the book with the following extract, and with the expression of our ardent wish that a work at once so serious in its design, so catholick in its spirit, and correct in its literary execution, may be perused with the temper which it is calculated to inspire, and especially with the seriousness which the subjects it discusses demand.

"To every one who bears the name of Christ, and is careful not to dishonour the name which he bears: to the candid deist, who is honest in his doubts, and sincere in his inquiries after truth; to him, who has proved the instability of worldly gratifications, and is anxious to rest his hopes on some better foundation; to all, who are neither so blind as not to perceive the weakness and dependence of man, nor so unwise as to decline the support and protection of God;—the Monitor affectionately dedicates the following essays.

"He is not vain enough to imagine, that these pages contain a single precept, which has not been a thousand times inculcated, or a single position, which has not been a thousand times proved; but he knows that mankind err more through forgetfulness, than ignorance of their duty; and, in times like the present he believes, that the awful obligations of religion cannot be too frequently enforced.

"He, who shall take up this volume, in the hope of cherishing the peculiar prejudices of a sect, of triumphing over the errours of an opponent, or of gratifying his taste for disputation, will be disappointed. The writer is not conscious of desiring any triumph, but that of truth; of defending any cause but that of christianity; but, leaving the barren field of controversy and idle speculation to others, he has laboured to diffuse those eternal principles, which have received the concurring sanction of reason and revelation. His aim has been, not to perplex but to illustrate; not to dazzle, but to warm; not to be admired, but to be understood; not to irritate the passions, but to sooth and regulate them; not to play round the imagination, but to purify and mend the heart.

"But he is sensible that his offering is full of imperfections, and comes far short of what he could have wished to present to the publick. He feels that he will stand in need of, and hopes to receive their indulgence, while he trusts, that the motives of the work will partly compensate the deficiencies of its execution. The good of his readers has been his main object, and their improvement in virtue will be his best reward."

ARTICLE 24.

An Essay on the Law of Patents for new Inventions, with an Appendix, containing the French Patent Law, Forms, &c. By Thomas G. Fessenden, Attorney at Law. "*As the West Indies had never been discovered without the discovery of the mariner's needle; so it cannot seem strange if sciences be no farther developed, if the art itself of invention and discovery be passed over.*" *Bacon.* Charlestown, printed by S. T. Armstrong, 1810. 1 vol. 8vo.

THIS essay furnishes a very respectable account of the law of patents; and, on perusing this little volume, we can find no reasonable ground of complaint against the author, for material omissions, or any incorrectness in method of style.

Perhaps in no country so great favour has been shewn to inventors, as in our own. Patentees have sprung up like mushrooms; and, although we would not throw any unwarrantable obstruction in the way of that class of mankind, who are called by Mr. Fessenden, men of "inventive ingenuity," yet we esteem it an injury to society, and a negative insult upon real merit, to deal out patents indiscriminately to all who apply for them, and for every unimportant innovation.

We are happy in paying proper notice to publications which may contribute, in any degree, to bring this subject, before so vague and little understood, within any thing like use.

The work is commenced with an introduction rather too formal and elaborate for the compass of this little volume.

To any person, who is desirous of obtaining information on the patent law of the United States, we heartily recommend the perusal of the "Essay on the Law of Patents," by Mr. Fessenden.

INTELLIGENCE.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Report on the Progress of the French Language and Literature, from the Epoch of the French Revolution, (1789) to the Year 1808, made by a Commission of the Institute of France, by order of the Emperor Napoleon.

(Continued from page 141.)

Amongst the panegyrists, M. de Boufflers, M. François de Neufchateau, M. Cuvier, Portalis, have been distinguished by the brilliancy and facility of their style; and the eulogium of Marmontel, a work of great merit, which philosophy and friendship dictated to M. Morellet, appears in particular to have been heard with uniform pleasure throughout. Finally, as it is impossible to quote all, a multitude of productions are sufficient securities to us, that this species of writing will resume the useful influence which it formerly possessed; as well in the French Academy, as in the Academy of Sciences; where more than one celebrated author, a member of both societies, preserved between their different studies that union, which renders sciences, more generally useful, and gives to literature a more extensive direction.

The important branch of history, Sire, will long engage our attention. Not that we pretend to rescue from oblivion, a mass of private memoirs of the French revolution. Defective in point of style, containing besides only pleadings in favour of the different parties; they belong to the class of polemick writings, and we shall discard them indiscriminately. We shall, however, have to give an account of a great number of works. In one, M. Castera, describes an empress, who shone thirty years on the throne of Peter the Great. In another, M. de Segur, in drawing a political view of Europe, during a tempestuous period, communicates to his style the luminousness of his opinions. We shall display the merit of an Abstract of the History of France, a work of M. de Thouret, one of the members of the Constituent Assembly. The period furnishes us with another superior work, at least for the great qualities of the art of writing. Rulhiere, an academician, now no more,

has related the memorable events of the last century, in those regions, Sire, where your Majesty, accompanied by victory, has dictated a glorious peace. Although this posthumous work remains incomplete, we shall discover, in every part of it, the stamp of a genius improved by labour, and at times uncommonly splendid. We shall not forget an interesting publication of M. de Beausset: the life of that immortal prelate, who enriched our language by Telemachus, combined eloquence, religion, philosophy, and was at the same time simple in his genius, his piety, and his virtue.

Voyages and travels form a part of history. We shall follow through North America, the steps of M. de Volney, who formerly, in traversing Egypt and Syria, wrote one of the finest works of the eighteenth century, and a master-piece of its kind. Able men have collected the annals of the sciences, or drawn a faithful view of human opinions. M. Naigeon, completing the great labour commenced by Diderot, describes the luminous progress of ancient and modern philosophy: M. Bossut, interests by his diction, in the History of Mathematicks: with M. de Volney, eloquent Reason interrogates ruins, accumulated during forty centuries: with M. Dupuis, a judicious Erudition searches for the common origin of religious traditions. Here we find again, a profound and rapid sketch of the progress of the human mind, the last work, and nearly the last sigh of Condorcet, a will made by a sage in favour of humanity.

Before the art of writing was applied amongst us to the history of the sciences, it was known to what an elevation it could attain, even in the sciences the object of which is the study of nature. Buffon had taught it; and we shall have an occasion to remark, how well his worthy continuator, M. de Lacepede, has benefited by the lessons of so great a master. We shall see Lavoisier, and Fourcroy diffusing over chemistry that clearness, which is the first quality of style, and the most necessary for instruction. We shall next examine whether the theories, relative to the different arts of imitation, do not offer in the same light very remarkable improvements. Our researches will not be fruitless. We shall remark particularly, with what ease and elegance M. Gretry has treated the musical art, which he has long honoured by compositions, the melody and truth of which can never become obsolete.

We shall not proceed to poetry without taking a rapid view of novels, a kind of writing which resembles history, by the recital of events; the epick by an action wholly, or partly fabulous; tragedy by the passions, comedy by the representations of society. We shall not notice a heap of frivolous compositions of no character; but we shall appreciate the wit and talents of several ladies, who follow with distinction the steps of the illustrious female, to whom we are indebted for the Princess of Cleves. We shall remark Atala, the ornament of a considerable work, in which M. de Chateaubriant illustrates the Genius of Christianity. As early as the first year, we find the best, the most moral, and the shortest of the novels of the whole period, the Indian Cottage, in which one of our great surviving writers, M. Bernardin de Saint Pierre, has united, as in his other works, the art of painting by expression, the art of pleasing the ear by the musick of speech, with the supreme art of adorning philosophy by the graces.

Poetry will first present to us the eminent and sublime species consecrated Sire, to celebrate the men who form the destiny of nations, the heroick poem. The poets capable of attaining the Epopée, are not less rare than the men worthy of being adopted by it. Five master-pieces only produced within thirty centuries, are a sufficient proof of it: If within the period which we have to consider, we perceive scarcely one laudable, but defective attempt, the Helvetians we may indulge in higher expectations, warranted by the poetical talents of M. de Fontanes, who now shines as an orator at the head of the legislative body. In proceeding to the Hero-comick poem, we shall not forget the extreme circumspection necessary, in certain subjects, and at the same time to pay the tribute of praise justly due to one of our best poets, M. de Parny. After original compositions, follow imitations and translations, in verse, of some celebrated epick poems. Amongst the imitators, M. Parceval de Grandmaison, to whom we are indebted for the Epick Amours, and M. Luce de Lancival, author of Achilles at Scyros, must be distinguished from the crowd: but translations of the greatest merit will more particularly engage our attention. Virgil and Milton themselves seem to speak our language; and, thanks to a living classick; thanks also to Monsieur de Saint Ange, an able and laborious translator of Ovid; we shall

have the pleasure of observing, that in this respect, the present period is superior to every other. Until now, at least, in works of such importance, the difficult art of conquering the beauties of foreign poetry, and of translating genius by talent, had not been carried so far.

In didactick poetry, it is also to M. Delille that the period is indebted for its fecundity. He has diffused through three original poems, the same richness of style which he had displayed in translating the Æniad, and Paradise Lost. The poem on the Imagination, would particularly be a sufficient foundation, upon which to establish a high renown. M. Esmenard, M. Castel, and some others come next; deserving of praise, but far behind their model. Lebrun alone, would have been equal to the competition with M. Delille, if he had finished his poem on Nature; of which some fragments, of superior merit, remain. Without a rival in the Ode, Lebrun obtained harmonious sounds from the Pindarick lyre, so rebellious to vulgar poets; and we shall remark, Sire, that his last notes were consecrated to your triumphs; he was worthy to celebrate them.

M. Daru the translator of Horace, has, in that difficult undertaking, displayed a pure taste, a flexible mind, a profound study of the resources of our versification. Erotick poetry, is honoured by M. de Parny, by M. de Boufflers. Poets, whom we shall find again with lustre on the French stage, already present themselves under brilliant and various forms: M. Ducis, in the Epistle; M. Arnault, in the Apologue; M. Andrieux, in tales; M. Legouvé, M. Raynouard, in short poems of a serious and philosophical kind. After these experienced authors, we observe some rising talents now forming, which afford more than hopes. During two successive years, M. Millevoie, distinguished for the elegance of his style, has obtained the prize of poetry. M. Victorin Fabre, still younger, has merited, during two years successively, an honourable distinction. Several, whom it is now impossible to name, will not be forgotten in our work, where we shall avoid severity: persuaded, that in literature, as in every thing else, indulgence approaches nearer to justice.

Here is presented to your Majesty's view, dramatick poetry; the two kinds of which had so much influence on our language, our whole literature, and the national manners. In tra-

gedy, appears first M. Ducis, an inventor, even when he imitates; inimitable when he gives language to filial piety, a poet deservedly celebrated, and whose pathetick genius has tempered the gloomy terrour of the English stage. Competitors, worthy of each other, come next: M. Arnault, so noble in Marius, so tragick in the Venetians; M. Legouvé, whose Death of Abel presents an elegant imitation of Gesner, and who displayed great energy in Epicharis; M. Lemercier, who in Agamemnon so ably blended together the beauties of Eschylus and Seneca; lastly, M. Raynouard, who rendered so brilliant an homage to victims honoured by the regrets of history. We shall notice the interesting scenes of the Joseph of M. Baour Lormian, and the estimable parts of Mr. de Murville's Abdelasis.* We must not omit a few reflections. The good tragick compositions of the period cannot be reproached with the multiplicity of incidents, the profusion of subordinate personages, useless episodes, the insipidity of eligiack scenes. In all, the action is simple, and almost always severe. The progress of the poets is not timid. Without violating the ancient rules, they have obtained new effects. Upon the whole, they have preserved the philosophical character impressed on tragedy, by the finest genius of the last century; by following whose steps, the greater part have opened to themselves the various routes of modern history; an immense career, which promises for a long time, new palms to the poets capable of pursuing it.

In proceeding to comedy, we find as early as the first years, the pretty little piece, the Convent, by M. Laujon; the Greek Menechms, by M. Cailhava, an entertaining and well-conducted comedy of Intrigue; a work elegantly versified, the Pamela of Mr. François; a copy of that of M. Goldoni, but a copy superior to the original. Two, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Colin d'Harleville, competitors experienced in contending with each other, enrich the higher order of comedy. The one by forcibly pourtraying impassible egotism, and impassioned virtue; the other in representing, with strongly comick truth, the inconveniences of a protracted celibacy. M. Andrieux, shines in the same rank, by a pleasing vivacity, graceful and interesting de-

* In obedience to the class of French literature, Mr. Chenier is here named. His tragedy of Fenelon has succeeded; protected by the memory of a great man.

tails, and the uninterrupted charm of his style. A fertile imagination, an unaffected gaiety, an original portraiture of manners, have secured the success of M. Picard. Not less gay, and nearly as fertile, M. Duval is partly entitled to the same commendations. The purity of diction is esteemed in some essays of M. Roger. Here we point out an improvement, the merit of which is due to the principal writers, whom we have just named; perhaps also to the change which has taken place in our manners. During the whole period, the comedies worthy of notice preserve no traces of that jargon, which was so long in vogue. To succeed, it was found necessary to be natural. The pedantick, prudish style, the false wit, the affected tone, which had been introduced on the comick stage, by authors more refined than ingenious, have been entirely banished.

In the drama, a defective species of composition, but susceptible of beauties, we distinguish Beaumarchais, whom his comedies and his memoirs, had already rendered celebrated. M. Monvel, an author who has deservedly obtained numerous successes, and one of our greatest performers; M. Bouilli, whose pieces breathe that interest which excellent morality inspires. On the theatre, rendered illustrious by Quinault, are to be remarked M. Guillard, and M. Hoffman; more recently, M. Esmenard, and M. Joui: on the other lyrick scene, M. Hoffman, again, M. Monvel, M. Marsolier, M. Duval. After having done justice to some pleasing productions, compelled however to renew some opinions of Voltaire, and to observe what he had foreseen and dreaded, the influence of the comick opera on the general taste of the spectators, we shall endeavour, in consequence of that observation, to inquire into the means of supporting, of augmenting, if possible, the splendour of the French Theatre; where the dramatick art essentially resides. Your Majesty, is pleased benevolently to attend to this art, as beautiful, as it is difficult; and it is more easy than ever to perceive, of what importance it may become, when your soul, in unison with that of Corneille, applauds the conceptions of that man of genius, whose natural language was sublime, and who forced heroes to weep.

In finishing, Sire, a vast view, of which want of time now permits us only to present to your Majesty an incomplete, but at least a faithful sketch, general considerations on the whole

period will detain us a moment. Science and literature are affected by those profound convulsions, which shake and decompose nations grown old, until a powerful genius appears to tranquillize and invigorate them. We shall follow in the various parts of the art of writing the effects of the universal motion. We shall inquire what influence the eighteenth century had over the period, and what influence the period itself may, in its turn, have upon futurity. We have insinuated, and we shall prove that it deserves a profound examination. In vain do the enemies of all knowledge, proscribing the illustrious memory of a philosophick age, daily announce a shameful decline, which they would effect, if their clamours could reduce merit to silence; and which would be demonstrated, if they had exclusively the privilege of writing. It will be easy to confound these slanderous assertions, calculated to deceive credulous foreigners. No, Sire, so strange a catastrophe has not happened: France, aggrandized by your Majesty, is not become barren in talents. We shall collect and lay before you, the present elements of that French literature, of which invidious ignorance reviled at every period both the masterpieces and the classicks; but which was at all times honourable, and even now, notwithstanding its great losses, continues to be, in every respect, the first literature in Europe.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

LEIPZIG FAIR.

Leipzig, May 19, 1810.

The Fair of the present year, now holding at this place, offers an unusual variety of new and interesting literary productions. Among which are particularly noticed the following works.

History.—The Universal History, by the late John de Muller, published by his brother, in three volumes. A truly classical work, worthy of the author of the History of Switzerland. History of the Italian Republicks of the middle age, by S. de Sismondi; a continuation. History of the Christian Religion, by Count Frederick Stolberg. History of Austria, Spain, and Portugal, by Professor Galetti, of Gotha. History of the Spa-

niards, ancient and modern, by Mr. Sessler. Nestor, the Russian Annalist. Three volumes of the German translation of this work, which is in the ancient Slavonian language, had been already published by the late Mr. Shloetzer. The fourth volume now appears after his decease. The Ecclesiastical History of the late Mr. Schrock, is continued by Mr. Tzscherner.

Geography and Statisticks.—Description of *Australia*, the fifth quarter of the world, I suppose New Holland. Essays, Geographical and Political, upon the East Indies, both by Mr. Zimmermann, of Brunswick. Compendium of Cosmography and Statisticks, by Mr. Lichtenstein, of Vienna.

Philosophy.—A New System of the Doctrine of Sciences, by Mr. Fichte, of Berlin. History of Philosophy, in continuation, by Mr. Tennemann. Hermes, or a System of Nature and Society, by Mr. Buchholz, of Berlin. A System of Philosophical Theory, by Mr. Krug, of Königsberg.

Theology.—New Sermons, by Mr. Reinhard, of Dresden.

Jurisprudence.—General View of Jurisprudence in Germany, by Mr. Souerbach, of Landshut.

Medical Science.—The Pathology of Contagious Diseases, by Mr. Batz.

Sciences.—Natural History, by Cromé. System of Astronomy, by Bohnenberger. Technical Dictionary, by Mr. Hermstaedt. Compendium of Natural Philosophy, by Mr. Parrot. Theory of Colours, by Goethe, the author of Werter.

Philology.—Commentary upon the New Testament, by Griesbach. Translation of Plato, by Schleusermacher, in continuation.

General Literature.—Mithridates, by Mr. Vater, of Königsberg, in continuation. Dictionary of the German Language, by Mr. Campe, of Brunswick. Dictionary of Artists, by Mr. Fussli, of Zurich. Dictionary of German Authors deceased since 1740, by Mr. Mensel, of Erlangen. History of Literature, by Mr. Eichhorn, of Göttingen. History of Poetry, by Bonterweck. History of Painting in Italy, by Mr. Riepenhausen. And finally, a Treatise "On the Influence and effects of the prevailing spirit of the present times upon the higher classes of society in Germany," by Mr. Brandes, of Hanover, one of the best writers of Germany.

Extract of a Letter from a learned German, to his Correspondent in Boston, dated 31 July, 1810.

GERMAN literature, though under great restrictions and durance is not at a stand. I mention only such books as have been published *this year*; those in Latin I shall mark with an asterisk.

Divinity about 140. Among them *Henke's* Abridgment of his Church History, continued by Professor *Vater*, now at Königsberg. The large work in 6 vols. 8vo. of the deceased Abbot Henke, *last* professor of divinity at Helmstadt (a now reduced university) is the best extant. *Oberthür*, Anthropology of the Bible, 4th and last volume. The author, an amiable and very learned Roman Catholic, was professor at Wurtzburg, but has been laid aside on account of his superiour talents and tolerance. **Matthæi Novæ Eclogæ* ex Joh. Chrysostomo, published at Moscow, by a learned German. *Wezstheider*, (a young divine, transferred from the reduced university of to Halle) New Translation and Commentary on Paul's Epistles (the lesser ones) vol. 1. *Reinhard's* Theological Morals, vol. 4. the best now published; by the first and most eloquent preacher at Dresden. His New Sermons, vol. 1. excellent. **Rosenmüller*, Scholia in V. T. Part 6. v. 2. an excellent but very dear work. The Old Testament newly translated, by *Augusti* and *Vater*, vol. 3. The New Testament translated by the brothers Van Ess, (two Roman Catholics of very sober principles and much learning) ed. 2d. **Testamentum* Novum, Editionis Koppianæ, vol. ix. continuavit Dr. Pott, (now translated from Helmstadt to Halle) ed. 2d. the annotations are in the manner of the best editions of Greek Classics. *Vater's* Translation and Commentaries on the prophet Amos, with the Hebrew and LXX. His Synchronistical Tables of Church History, ed. 2d. There are about as many others which are valuable, many indifferent. Few of the much diminished innovators, mystical or deistical. These never prevailed much, as dreamt of by the now forgotten Barruel and Robison, whose works early translated into German, and though never suppressed, but to be seen in every bookseller's shop, were quite disregarded even by the abettors of old orthodoxy.

Law Books, about 48; the best on the Code Napoleon.

Medical Books, about 100. Among them some very valuable, but also many of the new sects in Physick, which are rising daily and falling. Many translations from the English and French. **Benedict* de pupillæ artificiatis conformatione. **Hildebrand* ratio medendi in Schola practicâ Vindobonensi. vol. i. much praised.—The same on Typhus. **Sömmering* Icones Organorum Olfactûs. Excellent. Completes his set on the Organs of Sense. **Sprengel* Institutiones Medicae, vol. ii. a large work; begun only. *Jöry* practical work on healing crooked bones and back-bones—much esteemed. *Rosenmüller's* Surgical and Anatomical delineations, No. 8. large folio, &c.

Philosophical Books, 48. The modern sects begin to sink, and much is written against them. They contributed designedly to debase Kantianism, and have in some respects succeeded, but experience a greater defeat—*discordia dilabuntur*. *Jacob's* Experimental Psychology, 4th ed. *Konig's* Theoretical Phil. T. 3 and last. *Carus's* posthumous works, vol. vii. Köppen's Darfletting der Philosophie, are perhaps the best of the unsectarian authors.

On Education and for the use of Children, 96 books; many concerning Pestalozzi's much over rated method of teaching the first elements.

Natural History, Chemistry, Nat. Philos. 100 books. Among them some very good ones; as **Ancharii* Lichenographia, with coloured prints, 4to. 10 dolls. *Blumenbach* Delineations of Natural Productions, 10 Nos. Buffon's Birds, with coloured prints, much enlarged, vol. 35. **Flugge's* (a young doctor at Hamburgh, who is establishing there an excellent botanical garden) Monographiae Graminum, P. 1. **Gyllenthal* Insecta Suecica, P. 1. *Hayne*, Description of Economical and Technical Plants, v. 1. *Continuatio Florae Danicae, vol. viii. folio, a precious, masterly work. Natural Hist. of German Birds, a very splendid work, large folio, 17th part. *Ramdohr's* Anatomy of Insects. *Schreber's* Description of Grapes, vol. 2. fol. 30. dolls. **Wildenow*, Species plantarum, vol. vi. Ejusd. Elements of Bot. 5th ed. *Klaproth's* Chemical Dict. vol. 5th. *Hortus botanicus Vindobonensis *Jacquini*, a rather cheaper edition than the first, which costs about 400 dollars.

Technical Works, 110. Among them *Sonnerschmid's* (once inspecter of the mines in Mexico) Description of the Amalga-

mation used there. *Thaer* Principles of Agriculture, 2 vols. 4to. an excellent work. The author, though he never was in England, wrote on English husbandry so exactly that the board of agriculture in England sent him, by Mr. Sinclair, a patent as associate member of the Agricultural Society. He is a physician, but has now established a practical academy of husbandry near Berlin.

On Trade, 15. *Bencke's* (a citizen of Hamburgh) very well written System of Insurance, vol. 4th. *Saalfeld's* History of the Portuguese East India Colonies, a compendious, but very learned book.

Mathematical Works, 52. Some translations. *Eghelwein's* Perspective, 2 vols. 4to. much praised. *Härding's* (professor at Gottengen) New Celestial Atlas, 2 Nos. preferred by the astronomers even to Bodes's and Von Zach's. **Landenau*, Novae Tabulae Veneris.

On the Art of War, 14.

Geographical and Statistical, 38. *Batmann's* Literature of Itineraries and Travels, continued. *Von Humbold's* Description of New Spain, in German, from his precious large work, which he continues with rapidity at Paris, where he now resides. I forgot *Hermanrey's* and *Link's* Flora Lusitanica, a most exact, splendid and precious work of botany, published at very great expense by the Count H. himself, 6 Nos. Imp. fol. 12 louis d'ors, coloured, or rather painted, under the the Count's inspection. *Von Zimmerman's* Description of Australia (the South Sea islands) considered as the best now to be found.

Travels, 24. Many Translations, Collections, &c. but also, *Konqastern's* Voyage round the World, in 1803—6, vol. 1. printed in German, at Petersburg, 4to. 9 dolls. Humbold's Travels, continued, with his Atlas of New Spain (in French).

History. *Busch's*, late professor at Hamburgh, History of the three last centuries, continued to 1810, by Mr. Bredow, ed. 4th. a valuable book. *Heeren*, Book of the same kind, with a history of the colonies; short, but exact and pragmatical. *Dupold's* Life of Charlemaign. *Wilken*, German History, vol. 1. a pragmatical history of the nation, not of emperors, and of the constitution. *Eichhorn*, History of Literature,

v. 3, 4, 5. *Heinrich*, History of England. This author, who died lately, wrote a very valuable History of Germany, its constitution, culture of mind, arts, in 9 vols. 8vo. *John V. Müller's* (who died lately, Westphalian minister of state) Universal History, in 24 books; classical, but not finished. Rüh's History of Sweden, vol. 4. much esteemed. *Bredow's* Chronological tables of civil and literary History, ed. 3. fol.

Novels, 74. Perhaps not three worth reading. *Goethe's* new novel called (here the MS. is illegible) is a work of genius but not of morality. *Poetry*, 40. Only *Jastis*, Flowers of old Hebrew poetry, and *Seume's* (the famous footpassenger, who in his youth fought in the Hessian troops in America, pressed by force) poems, are remarkable, as productions of real genius. *Dramatical*, 21. Only one volume of Kotzebue, the 15th. He seems exhausted. The fourth translation of Shakespeare, a good one, worthy of notice. Much old German poetry of the 12, 13, 14th centuries is revived.

Theory of the Fine Arts and Prints, 49. *Van Meerman's* Translation of the Messiah, in Dutch, with superb engravings, preferable to all other translations. *Goethe*, (the poet) new Theory of Light and Colours, written to destroy Newton's System. I dare not say with Newton's spirit.

Musick. A great many engraved. Among them Handel's Messiah for the Harpsichord, with a German Text as made by Klopstock and Professor Ebeling jointly.

Philology, 123. Fabricius Bibliotheca Graeca, volume 12th, published at Hamburgh, much enlarged, revised and corrected. *Heyne* Memosia John de Muller, the historian. The author is very well, as I see by a letter received from him this day. New editions of Apollonius Rhodius. Davie's Cicero. Ciceronis Epistolae, with Schutze's Historical Commentary. Herodotus by Schultz. Theocritus by Hermsdorf, with Valchmaer and Zoup's notes. *Campe's* large German Dictionary, vol. 4th in 4to. 6 vols. are to be printed. *Herder's* works continued, vol. 24—28. Klopstock's Letters, and those of his family and friends; genuine, but printed clandestinely. Rausch Repertorium Commentationum a societatibus literariis editarum. Tomus viii. 4to. a very useful, exact work.

The CENSUS *of* MASSACHUSETTS, *as returned by the District Marshal, taken August* 1, 1810.

Name of the Counties.	Free Females.					Free Males.					All other persons except Indians not taxed.	Slaves.	Total.
	Under ten years of age.	From ten to sixteen years of age.	From sixteen years to twenty-six years of age.	From twenty-six years to forty-five years of age.	Over forty-five years of age.	Under ten years of age.	From ten years to sixteen years of age.	From sixteen years to twenty-five years of age.	From twenty-five years to forty-five years of age.	Over forty-five years of age.			
Suffolk,	4500	1924	3730	4482	1414	4472	2126	4061	4241	1947	1484	,,	34,381
Middlesex,	7566	3876	5452	5304	4061	7386	3767	5113	5380	4510	374	,,	52,789
Worcester,	9847	4994	5995	5937	5433	9263	4441	6346	6587	5599	468	,,	64,910
Hampshire,	11927	5932	7122	7014	5973	11443	5574	7334	7480	5870	606	,,	76,275
Nantucket,	876	463	731	675	448	836	454	595	789	640	300	,,	6,807
Dukes,	429	214	274	309	263	418	214	297	368	348	156	,,	3,290
Berkshire,	5481	2973	3399	3154	2585	5502	2714	3684	3212	2550	653	,,	35,907
Essex,	10226	4990	7097	7347	4879	10026	4815	6912	8060	6676	860	,,	71,888
Plymouth,	4965	2662	2969	3618	3021	4843	2532	3285	3655	3649	420	,,	35,169
Bristol,	5297	2775	3300	3278	2928	5056	2656	3684	3829	3441	924	,,	37,168
Barnstable,	3629	1855	1881	2076	1465	3478	1621	1895	2291	1784	236	,,	22,211
Norfolk,	4187	2306	3068	3110	2506	4158	2277	3160	3337	2880	256	,,	31,245
	68930	34964	45018	45854	34976	66881	33191	46366	49229	38894		,,	472,040

☞ N. B. The last column are negroes and people of colour, say 6737.

MARSHAL'S OFFICE, BOSTON, JAN. 29, 1811.

CATALOGUE,

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

FOR MARCH, 1811.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. *Mart.*

NEW WORKS.

Memoirs of the Philadelphia Society, for promoting Agriculture, containing communications on various subjects, in husbandry and rural affairs; to which is added, at the request of the society, "Inquiries on Plaister of Paris." Vol. II. Price $3. Philadelphia; Johnson and Warner.

* "Road to Happiness." By Elias R. Sabin. Price 87 1-2 cents. Boston; E. Oliver.

Chaplet of Comus, being a collection of anecdotes and bon mots, culled from the best sources of wit and humour, accessible to the compiler; uniting the feast of sentiment, and festival of wit. Boston; the Booksellers.

* Call for scripture evidence that Christ is the "Self existent eternal God." A letter to Rev. Samuel Spring, D.D. Newburyport. By Thomas Worcester, A. M. pastor of a church in Salisbury, N. H. Boston; D. Mallory and Co.

Thomas' modern practice of Physick, exhibiting the characters, causes, symptoms, prognosticks, morbid appearances, and improved method of treating the diseases of all climates. New York; Collins and Co.

A narrative of Mr. Joshua Davis, an American citizen, who was pressed, and served on board of six ships of the British navy. Boston; C. Bingham.

Essays of Howard; or Tales of the Prison, originally printed in the New York Columbian, and supposed to be written by a debtor, who has been confined for sixteen years in the New York debtor's jail. Price 50 cents.

*A new Universal and Pronouncing Dictionary of the French and English Languages, containg above fifty thousand terms and names not to be found in the Dictionaries of Boyer, Perry, Nugent, Focquet, or any other lexicographer. To which is added, a vast fund of other information, equally beneficial and instructive, never before published in any work of this kind. For the benefit of all who may consider a knowledge of either language an acquisition in their respective situations in life. By N. G. Dufief, author of Nature Displayed in her mode of teaching language to man, applied to the French language. Price $10. Boston; W. Wells.

NEW EDITIONS.

* Hortus Elginensis: or a catalogue of Plants, indigenous and exotick, cultivated in the Elgin Botanick Garden, in the vicinity of the city of New York, established in 1801. By David Hossack, M.D. F.L.S. Professor of Botany and Materia Medica, in Columbia College, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Second edition, enlarged. New York; T. and J. Swords. 1811.

Knowledge for Infants, or a form of oral instruction for the use of parents and teachers. By A. Lindley. Philadelphia; Johnson and Warner.

* Such books, pamphlets, etc. as are designated by this mark (*) may be found at the Boston Athenaeum.

Nature Displayed, in her mode of teaching language to man; or a new and infallible method of acquiring a language in the shortest time possible, deduced from the analysis of the human mind, and consequently suited to every capacity, adapted to the French. By N. G. Dufief. Third edition, highly improved, and much enlarged. Two vols. 8vo. price $5. Boston; William Wells.

Sermons to Children. By a Lady. With new cuts, designed and engraved in Philadelphia. Philadelphia; Johnson and Warner.

Life and character of Miss Susanna Anthony, who died at Newport, R. I. June 23, 1791, in the 65th year of her age, consisting chiefly in extracts from her writings, with some brief observations on them. Compiled by Samuel Hopkins, D. D. Second edition.

A series of Letters to a man of property on the sales, purchases, leases, settlement, and devise of estates. By Edward Burtershaw Sugden, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. Boston; D. Mallory and Co.

* The Sequel to the Sketch of the denominations of the Christian World; being testimonies in behalf of christian candour and unanimity; by divines of the Church of England, Kirk of Scotland, and among the Protestant Dissenters; to which is prefixed, an essay on the right of private judgment in matters of religion. By John Evans, A. M. Boston.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

T. B. Wait and Co. propose to publish, by subscription, a Geographical and Historical View of the World: exhibiting a complete delineation of the natural and artificial features of each country; and a succinct narrative of the origin of the different nations, their political revolutions, and progress in arts, sciences, literature, commerce, &c. The whole comprising all that is important in the geography of the globe and the history of mankind. By John Bigland, author of Letters on Ancient and Modern History, Essays on Various Subjects, &c. &c. in five volumes.

W. Wells and T. B. Wait and Co. have in press, The Four Gospels, translated from the Greek, with Preliminary Dissertations, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. By George Campbell, D D. F.R.S. Edinburgh. Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. In four volumes, 8vo. This work will be completed in four or five weeks.

J. Simson and Co. of New Brunswick, N. J. propose publishing The History of Ancient Greece, its colonies, and conquests, from the earliest accounts till the division of the Macedonian empire in the east. Including the history of literature, philosophy, and the fine arts. By John Gillies, L.L.D.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

APRIL, 1811.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Continued from page 156.)

I DINED yesterday at Belem with a friend of mine, Major B— of the 20th dragoons, who is very agreeably quartered there. The situation of the house he lives in is extremely pleasant. It stands on the banks of the river, and commands a fine prospect. His quarters are contiguous to the Prince Regent's palace. Before dinner we strolled into the gardens. The walks are tolerably pleasant. There is however in them nothing very remarkable, excepting some admirable statues said to have been dug up a few years since in this kingdom. They are of white marble as large as life, and consist of two groups, each containing two figures. One represents a daughter nursing her father. The other represents a woman fainting in another's arms. These statues, though very injudiciously exposed to the air, are yet in good preservation: possibly they may, from the excellence of the climate, continue uninjured for ages. They are indeed exquisitely beautiful, and

> "Seemed to breathe
> "And soften into flesh beneath the touch
> "Of forming art, imagination flush'd."

There are several aviaries at the entrance of the garden, also the royal menagerie which contains a number of very fine beasts. Among others are some zebras. We visited the mu-

seum and the king's hot-houses in the neighbouring botanical garden of *Nossa Senhora de Ajuda*. They are well worth attention. The ceilings of the latter are painted in fresco. The museum contained the richest collection of birds in Europe before the French arrived. It has been plundered by Junot, but there are still left a great number. Their plumage exceeds any thing I have ever seen before. Most of them were brought from South America. The palace belonging to the *Duke de Aveiro*, who was executed for attempting the life of the late king, once stood near this place.* A column in commemoration of the event is now erected on the site. The palace was razed to the ground, and the ground on which it was situated was sown with salt. His majesty, in gratèful remembrance of his escape, caused a church to be built on the spot where he was shot at, dedicated to *Nossa Senhora do Livramento*, (our lady of the deliverance.) The first stone was laid in great state by his royal hands. The plot for the assassination was well conducted, and had the assassins acted as was previously concerted, could not but have been effectual. Three parties were stationed at a short distance from each other. It was agreed that the first should permit him to pass uninjured, and that the second should fire upon him. By this means whether he retreated or proceeded, the assassins would have a second chance of killing him. The precipitation of the first party rendered the scheme abortive. Their impatience induced them to fire as the coach passed. The coachman immediately turned round and drove back ; thus the king's life was saved, though he was severely wounded.

The royal church and monastery of Bethelem, or Belem, from which the suburb takes its name, stands near this spot. This magnificent and noble old structure was founded in 1499 by King Emanuel for the monks of the order of St. Jeronymo,

* The column contains this inscription :

"Aqui foraon as cazas arazadas e salgadas de Joze Mascarenhas, exauthorado das honras de Duque de Aveiro e outras ; e condemnado por sentenza proferida na suprema junta da inconfidencia, en 12 de Janeiro de 1759 : justizado como hum dos chefes do barbaro e execrando desacato, que na noite de 3 de Setembro de 1758, se havia commullado contra a real e sagrada pessoa de el rey nosso senhor Don Joze I. neste terreno infame se naon podera edificar em tempo algum."

and completed by his son and successor Don John III. It has received but little injury from the hand of time, and has withstood all the convulsions which have successively buried in ruins the buildings around it. The architecture, which is a mixture of the Arabick and Norman gothick, is striking and singular. Instead of endeavouring to preserve symmetry, the greatest pains have been taken to avoid every external appearance of regularity, one pillar being made intentionally different from another. We here read the inscriptions on the tombs of many of the royal and noble families of Portugal. Over the portal is inscribed:

Vasta mole sacrum Divina in littore matri
Rex posuit Regum maximus Emanuel.
Auxit opus haeres Regini, et pietatis uterque.
Structura certant, religione pares.

There are two very fine organs in the church. We saw an illuminated manuscript bible, in three volumes, which was presented by the pope to King Emanuel, and which has had the good fortune to escape the eye of Junot. The clasps are of gold and studded with gems, and it is adorned with inimitable paintings.

The castle at Belem was built by the same founder, and at the same period as the monastery, to which it is opposite. It is erected where the river is narrowest, on a tongue of land, and consists of a single tower with two batteries, to which an additional temporary platform has been recently added by the French. It presents as you enter the river a most beautiful and picturesque object to the eye. There is a fine sand along the shore, which affords a most excellent place for bathing. From the warmth of the day, and from its proximity to my friend's quarters, we were tempted to avail ourselves of the circumstance. The place, excellent as it is, is rarely used by the Portuguese. Was a hydrophobia prevalent in Lisbon, there could not be a more general aversion to water.

October 7.

I returned yesterday from an excursion to *Setuval*, or as it is generally called by the English, *St. Ubes*. We crossed the river to a place called *Couna*. Previously to our embarkation we agreed with a muleteer to be in waiting for us, stipulating at the same time how much we should pay for the journey. This

is a necessary precaution ; for gentlemen of his cloth, if you cross the river without a previous arrangement, seldom fail to demand double their due ; and the traveller must either comply with their extortion, or be content to go back again to Lisbon. On landing, we were obliged to let our baggage undergo an examination by the custom house officers. This ceremony does not occupy much time. It is merely a mode of taking a *cruzado* without the ignominy of begging it, or the risque attached to picking your pocket. The view of Lisbon from the southern bank is uncommonly beautiful. We stopped as we ascended the hill to look back on the city. On every side the prospect was rich in charms. Around us were cultivated fields, olive vineyards and groves,

> "Where the lemon and the piercing lime,
> With the deep orange, glowing through the green
> Their lighter glories blend."

The Tagus rolled below us. On the opposite shore rose an amphitheatre of hills, crowded with innumerable convents and churches, and covered with villas to their summits. Olive trees, plantations and gardens lay interspersed amid the houses of this wide-extended city, above which stood *proudly eminent* the tall palm, lifting high its lofty crown. We looked down upon the castles of Belem and St. Julien, and the Tagus pouring its waters into the Atlantick ocean. We saw the white breakers glittering over the rough bar at the entrance of the river, and at a distance the majestick, pointed, rocky mountains of Cintra formed the boundary of the landscape. On the other side the eye stretched across the dark and sandy plains of *Alemtyo*, over which we were about to pass. The prospect in this direction was terminated by the stupendous mountains of *Arrabida*, whose summits were hidden amid the clouds. Below the city rose the rock of Lisbon. It was a holiday, and the river exhibited a most gay and cheerful appearance. The surface of the water was covered with vessels. Unnumbered pleasure boats and barges were gliding along. The assembled fleets of Great Britain, Portugal and Russia lay at anchor before us, amid a forest of masts. The flags of all nations were flying, and as far as the eye could reach we beheld

> "Ten thousand banners in the air,
> With orient colours waving."

The sky was clear, and the heat of the sun tempered by a pleasant and refreshing breeze. I never remember to have witnessed a greater assemblage of pleasing objects, or a more interesting and lively scene. Such is the view of Lisbon, and excusable perhaps is the vanity of the Portuguese in their proverb, *Que naõ tem visto Lisboa, naõ tem visto cousa boa: He who has not seen Lisbon has not seen a good thing.* But alas, like many other *beauties*, Lisbon looks best at a distance. In beholding it as it lies stretched before you, you forget for a moment its dark, ill-paved and narrow streets, its filth, its noise, and its nastiness, but the instant you set foot within it, your senses are again more acutely awakened. All your ideas of the opulence, grandeur and magnificence of a mighty metropolis immediately evaporate like the snuff of a candle, leaving behind only a *stench*. We found our muleteer, by name *Baltasar Pacheco*, waiting for us with his mules and calesas ready harnessed. The heads of the mules were ornamented most gaily with strings and tassels of worsted, of all the colours in the rainbow. Their tails were tied with red ribands, and according to the usual custom of the country, the hair on their rumps was very ingeniously cut into divers fanciful shapes and quaint devices. The right buttock of one of the mules in the calesa which I rode in, contained a representation of Christ on the cross. Our ride was very pleasant. The country abounds with flowers, which lay scattered on every side amid the heath and sand. The road was partly through pine forests, interspersed with cork and olive trees, and partly across sandy heaths. At times we seemed to be entangled in a wilderness of evergreen shrubs and aromatick herbs. We passed through the small town of *Azetao*, close to which rise pleasant hills covered with laurel, myrtle, and laurestinus. Here we entered a thick wood of pines, over which we saw the venerable ruins of the castle of Palmella. This fortress was the last hold of the Moors in Portugal. It stands on the summit of a round and almost conical mountain, and is visible at an extraordinary distance. A convent is situated near the ruins, which also forms a picturesque object. At Palmella we stopped to water our mules at an inn, *the doors and windows of which*, as Taylor observes of one where he lodged, in his travels through Bohemia, *were always open, by reason of there being none to shut.* A cross was

suspended over the door by way of a sign, and on the roof of the inn there was a stork's nest. There is a very handsome fountain at the entrance of Palmella, decorated with the arms of the town. In the inscription on it we saw the flattering capitals S. P. Q. P. I recollect to have seen in the Guildhall of London, S. P. Q. L. but this I think is a rather greater assumption. The country about the town seemed in a high state of cultivation. As we descended the hill, the prospect became beautiful. The road was skirted with hedges of laurestinus, gum cystus and myrtle, which grew in luxuriant abundance. The air was impregnated with the balsamick richness of their blossoms. Immediately before us appeared the *Serra de Arrabida*. This lofty chain of mountains rises abruptly to the eastward of Palmella out of the sandy plain, and stretches into the ocean. Its extremity forms the promontory of *Espichel*. About eight miles below us lay St. Ubes with its harbour: beyond which we dimly discerned the distant shore of Estremadura. We frequently saw single farm-houses, cottages, churches and convents. There is a striking simplicity in the architecture of the country churches. They are without any tower or steeple, and their bells are suspended in a single wall of a pyramidical form, on the apex of which is a crucifix. On the outside of many of them were little balconies containing sculls. We passed a churchyard, the wall of which was entirely covered with monumental crosses. Over most of the church doors were figures of saints, &c. worked in blue tiles, like the wainscoating of the houses in Lisbon. We saw storks' nests in great numbers. The roof of almost every convent and church was peopled with them. This is the case throughout the peninsula. The stork is held sacred, and is looked upon by the inhabitants with a sort of religious veneration. No catholick will molest it. In the winter season they are very numerous, and they return annually to the same nests. They destroy all the vermin on the tops of houses, and pick up a great number of snakes; so that they are welcome guests. It is said that in some parts of Spain, if they do not appear by St. Agatha's day (the fifth of February) the people pelt them with stones when they come, and drive them away.

The dress of the peasants for warm weather is peculiarly comfortable. We met many on the road whose breeches were

of white undressed sheepskin, and their gaiters of black, with the wool outwards. The huts of this class of the community are not more sumptuous than their apparel. They live in the same sty with their swine, and appear not to be any ways inferiour to their inmates, either in filth or obstinacy. Not swine only, but horses, cows, hens and chickens, in many of the houses we passed, seemed admitted to board and lodging, to live in the same apartment, and to participate in all the privileges enjoyed by the other members of the family.

As we entered St. Ubes we saw a funeral. The body was carried on a bier without a coffin. Over it was a canopy. Our caleseros, when we arrived, unharnessed the mules, and turned them loose into the market place. This I find is the custom. St. Ubes is situated at the extremity of the Serra de Arrabida, on the south side of the ridge. The country about it is pleasant from the variety which it exhibits. The principal street extends along the strand. As soon as we alighted, we walked through the town. We went to see the *salt pans*, which lie in great numbers along the *Sado* and its branches. The Portuguese call them *Marinhas*. They are dug, square, about three feet deep. Salt water is introduced on one side from the sea, at flood, through canals, which extend in innumerable branches, and are shut when the pans are full. When evaporated, the salt is collected in the month of June, and kept either in wooden sheds or in heaps, which are protected against the sun by rushes. The export of this article forms the principal trade of St. Ubes, though some oranges and Muscatel wine are also exported. We saw vast numbers of women nearly in the state of Eve, kneeling to wash in the *Sado*, the banks of which were covered with linen. St. Ubes would be a considerable place were it not so near Lisbon. It was anciently called *Cetobrica*. Coins are frequently found in the vicinity. A Corinthian pillar was dug up not long ago near the town. It now stands in the square, ornamented with a crucifix. Opposite St. Ubes, on the narrow strip of land which forms the entrance of the harbour, are the remains of an ancient city called *Troga*. Many walls are still seen, and a number of square pavements, formed of small angular stones, strongly cemented together, which were probably sites of houses or courts belonging to them.

We put up at an *estalagem*, or Inn, which our muleteers informed us was the best in the place: but a worse I never again desire to do penance in. The witch of Endor would have seemed lovely by the side of the hostess. Her countenance was that of a fiend. Her hair was scattered about her face like the dishevelled ringlets of Ophelia. It had once been red, and the original colour might still here and there be distinguished by a lock whose primitive tint yet remained unblanched by the snows of age. Every time she spoke her nose and chin came in contact like a pair of nut-crackers. To set off this assemblage of charms, she wore a necklace and large pendants in her ears. In the prosecution of my inquiries respecting dinner, the success of which seemed, alas, very problematical, I put my head into the kitchen. As usual, it was windowless. The only light which it received came through the adjacent stable. Chimney there was none. The smoke was permitted to find its way out as well as it could. It is consequently easy to imagine what was the colour of the beams and ceiling, and the complexion of the bacon-faced inhabitants of this black hole. On a bench at the door, sat a grave corpulent personage, whom, it subsequently appeared, was the landlord, or rather the landlady's husband, for he left the management of household affairs wholly to his wife. He was much too important and consequential a person to condescend to interest himself in such insignificant matters. He seemed to have no other concern than the business in which he was then engaged, which was to

> "Exhale mundungus from a tube as black
> As winter chimney, or well polished jet,
> Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
> Smokes Cambro-Briton, vers'd in pedigree,
> When he,
> O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff
> Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
> High overshadowing rides."

On summoning the lady of the mansion to know what she could furnish us to eat, she said that she could get any thing that the *cavalheros* desired. This we found was not entirely correct, as out of a dozen articles for which we asked, not one was in the house. We begged her at length to give us any thing, and every thing that the larder contained. After wait-

ing nearly two hours, in which, by the bustle, I should have conjectured that it was the first dinner, which had ever been cooked in the house, we were informed that our meal was ready. We sat down at a table which consisted of a large stone, with Mosaick work, framed. This was a piece of antiquity, dug up from the ruins of Cetobrica. Very probably Ulysses or Julius Caesar may heretofore have dined at it. For my own part I confess myself so little an admirer of ancient manners, that I should much have preferred a modern table of wood with a clean cloth, or indeed with any cloth at all. It may be supposed from our having so classical a table, that the entertainment was equally classical. Indeed it was, nearly as much so as was the celebrated *feast after the manner of the ancients*, with which Peregrine Pickle was regaled by the democratick physician. To this entertainment many of the dishes which composed our banquet, both in smell and consistency, bore a strong similitude. The soup had an effect on some of the company nearly as potent as that which was produced by the doctor's *salacacabia*, or the *sow's belly* on Pallet. Fortunately for me my stomach is stronger than that of the painter. Our next dish was an *Olla Podrida*, alias a hotch potch of every thing cooked together; to analyse which was a task that soon puzzled what philosophy I was possessed of. I however made out to discover in it *bacalao*, or salt fish, beef, *garbanzos*, (horse-beans), pease, pimento, *tomatès*, garlic, and red-pepper. The whole of this delectable composition was swimming in stinking oil. We had a dish at the second course which the hostess had christened a stewed hare, but which, though I took care to conceal my opinion, I verily suspected to be no other than the carcase of a tough tom-cat. I privately asked Balthazar his sentiments concerning it, and I found that they coincided perfectly with mine. Our suspicions were afterward pretty strongly confirmed. Nothing is more common in this country than *cat-eating*. My landlady at Lisbon is under the necessity of confining her cats, lest they should be stolen and eaten by the neighbours. My stomach not yet being reconciled to the custom, I therefore forebore to taste of this Portuguese delicacy. Neither did I think it prudent to venture on a sausage, which, could the aforesaid cat have spoken, he would probably have claimed as his own property. I made my

dinner on a fowl fried in oil, with garlick and onions, and which, though by no means the most tender, I knew not to be a counterfeit. It was brought to the table in the attitude of a frog, seized suddenly with a convulsion fit. The pigs in this country are as familiar as kittens. Several of them very coolly walked into the room as we sat at dinner, wagging their tails like lap-dogs. Such is the force of education. In the afternoon we strolled round the town. We went into a number of churches, in one of which I noticed a crucifix against the wall composed of human skulls, having a pedestal formed by thigh bones. We saw several women at confession. In one of the convents we heard the nuns chaunting the evening service. After it was over they chatted with us at the grate. Some of them were pretty, but the major part could not boast of much more beauty than our hostess at the inn. One of these ladies begged me to give her my cravat. For supper we had the fragments of our sumptuous dinner, and a fine pheasant, which we purchased of a man whom we met in the street. Fearing to trust this *bonne bouche* to the barbarian claws of our landlady, I undertook, after it was plucked, the office of trussing it myself, giving her such particular instructions relative to the manner of cooking it, that it seemed impossible any mistake could arise. But alas, my lessons were of no avail. There is no beating any innovation into the pericrania of the people here. She brought in the unfortunate bird in the same attitude as we had seen the fowl served up at dinner. She told me with an air of superior intelligence that I had forgotten to cut off the rump, which had accordingly undergone amputation, and also that I had neglected to draw it, upon which she poked in her finger to convince us of the cleanness of the inside. The force of these arguments there was no withstanding. We therefore thought it best to bear our misfortunes with patience. On retiring to rest mine host for the first time made his appearance, and condescended to conduct us to our rooms. The apartment in which I was to sleep was furnished with a couple of beds, and one solitary, bottomless chair. Its whole appearance was most ancient and buggy, and gave me but a fearful anticipation of the sufferings which I was condemned to undergo. I found, on shutting the door, that it could not be fastened, being unprovided with either latch or lock. I

called to the landlord as he was descending the stairs to inform him of the circumstance. He answered that *he was the lock.* My bedstead stood in a sort of recess in the corner of the room, and consisted of three boards placed across iron trestles. My bed was an old matrass about an inch in thickness, and had, I have every reason to believe, been in possession time out of mind, of ten thousand legions of fleas, whose territory I did not invade with impunity. In less than a minute I was attacked by stings innumerable. My whole body was in a similar condition with Gulliver's face from the arrows of the Liliputians. The bed had neither bolster, pillow, nor blanket. The floor was covered with mats of straw, and your matting *breeds fleas like a loach.* All night did I lay awake putting my assailants to death. Underneath us was the stable, from which we were separated only by loose planks laid across the beams, so that we were unceasingly annoyed during the night by the bells of the mules. They sleep standing, with their heads tied close to the manger. It is difficult to imagine a more disagreeable or detestable discord than this gingling produces. It is sufficiently annoying by day, but travellers are obliged to submit to it at all hours. Day and night the annoyance never ceases. The drivers refuse to take off the bells, as they say the animals like the sound. It is difficult to say whether the two-legged or four-legged beast is the most obstinate; though from an accurate attention to the usual behaviour of both, I think that the former is the most reasonable. The roof of our apartment was in the same style as the floor. The rats, by which it was tenanted, entertained us all night with their gambols, and shook down the dirt about our heads as they ran over the rafters. Two of our party lay in the same room with mine host and his rib. Our dressing room exhibited a curious scene. We could get no cloth or towel to wipe our hands, nor could any looking-glass to shave by be procured in the house. One of the company, at my suggestion, desired the landlady to bring in a bucket of water from the well, that he might see his face; but whether from his being unaccustomed to the use of an inverted mirror, or from his own unskilfulness, he nearly severed his cheek in twain with the razor. For my own part, I felt the inconvenience less than my companions, as I had learnt on board the Africa to shave nearly as well in the dark.

In the early part of the voyage I had the ill luck to break my glass. Being unable to repair this loss, and as necessity is the mother of invention, I was obliged either not to shave at all, or to shave without one. I became at last very expert at the operation, not, however, without giving myself sundry grievous gashes and wounds in my first essays. The Portuguese ladies are not more deficient in curiosity than those of other countries. In order to try that of my landlady and her daughters, I put my hat before my face on the table as I was beginning to shave, pretending to look into the crown. The women stared at me with all their eyes. I saw them whispering one another, and one of them I overheard say *Santissima Maria o cavalhero tem um modo particular de afeitarse.* 'The cavalier has a very curious way of shaving.' Antonia, the youngest girl, came behind me, and endeavoured to peep over my shoulder. When I had finished, and laid down my hat, the whole family came in rotation and looked into the crown, in order to see what kind of a looking-glass it contained.

(To be continued.)

REMARKS ON A PARAGRAPH AND NOTE,

WHICH APPEARED IN THE CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE, FOR SEPT. 1810.

[We have received the following Remarks on some passages in the Christian's Magazine, in a printed form, and many persons have expressed a wish that, notwithstanding this, they might appear in the Anthology. We comply with the request, and take the liberty of subjoining some Extracts from a letter recently written and sent to us from another quarter, which may be profitably read in connexion with the other.]

EXTRACT FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. iii. No. ix. page 506.

"*We invariably suspect these* amended Bibles, *which the Iscariot bands of professed Christianity are labouring, on both sides of the Atlantick, to thrust into the hands of the unlettered and the simple.**

* There is a late most audacious attempt to explain away the *whole gospel* of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; absolutely stripping it, with the single exception of the doctrine of the resurrection, of every principle which makes it "glad tidings" to a sinner; substituting, in the room of "redemption by the blood of Christ," a barren morality, little, if any bet-

ter than that of the Pagans, who were "without Christ, without hope, and without God in the world;" (Eph. ii. 12.) and straining into the "cup of salvation" the distilled venom of Socinian blasphemy. This fatal draught is handed about with incessant assiduity, and put to the lips of the unthinking, that they may "sleep the sleep of death." All this under the modest and respectful guise of, "*an improved version of the New Testament.*" The precedent of such treachery was set long ago. Its author is "gone to his own place." But the "improved version," with its accompaniments, show that his treason has not perished with him. "Betray ye the Son of man with a kiss."

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE PASSAGE,

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR SIR,

THE extract you have favoured me with from the *Christian's Magazine* is indeed a curiosity in its kind and has given occasion to some reflections, which, in return, I take the liberty of communicating.

You and I will, I suppose, agree with the writer of these paragraphs in reprobating all attempts to *amend the Bible;* but what that Bible is, which ought to be secure from all such unwarrantable freedoms, is a subject on which there would probably be a great divergency of opinion. It is *our* wish to obtain, if it were possible, the scriptures in the same unadulterated and ungarbled state as when they came from the hands of the writers. But, sensible of the vast difficulties that are to be surmounted before an end so desirable can be attained, we view with lively interest and fervent wishes for their success, the labours of men of learning, abilities and integrity in this important and arduous undertaking. As to the New Testament in particular, the late discovery and careful collation of a great number of manuscript copies, have thrown light upon many passages heretofore obscure, and have exposed to view interpolations, alterations, and other supposed improvements upon the originals, from which it is highly necessary to clear the sacred volume; and, far from stigmatizing such men with opprobrious epithets, or suspecting them of unwarrantable designs, we look upon them with veneration and gratitude; we hope that by their means a criterion may at length be established for distinguishing truth from errour, and the word of life be exhibited in all its native purity and lustre.

For *his* standard of perfection, our magazine-writer seems to look to a quite opposite quarter—to have fixed upon one out of the almost innumerable translations of the scriptures into modern tongues as the *ne plus ultra* of accuracy, and to deviate from which, he accounts a kind of treachery no less atrocious than that of Judas himself! That this is the translation in common use among us may be concluded without much danger of mistake. But what are its claims to such a pre-eminence? Without the least wish to detract from its real merit we must refuse to acknowledge its infallibility. It will be difficult even to allow its impartiality when we consider that it was made at the command of an arbitrary and pedantick monarch, whose theological notions the persons employed did not dare to contradict, and when we read the nauseous piece of adulation with which it was prefaced. It is obvious that it must have wanted the light which later discoveries and improvements in sacred literature have furnished. It has even been allowed by persons who agree with our writer on many points of religious faith, that several passages by which they appear to be supported ought either to be altered or expunged, in particular that (1 John v. 7.) respecting the three heavenly witnesses, against which the evidence is acknowledged to be decisive and incontrovertible. The utility, not to say the necessity of a version, in the fidelity of which all denominations of Christians might agree, is readily acknowledged; but the only chance for arriving at an end so desirable, is to give the fullest scope to inquiry, to afford the requisite encouragement to every respectable and well-intended endeavour to make all men acquainted with the Scriptures, under every translated sense which they will fairly bear, and to call upon the world at large to read, compare, and judge. There is a sure testimony of the Lord which makes wise the simple—there is a pure commandment which enlightens the eyes; but it must be presented to mankind in its *certainty* and *purity* before it can produce these happy effects.

Very different is the plan of which we have here the outlines. Assuming those magisterial airs at which I have often smiled in such self-erected directors of the publick opinion, and putting comparative merit entirely out of the question, this gentleman, with exemplary impartiality, affixes on every

effort of this nature, the brand of *invariable suspicion*, and would persuade his readers that they are too *unlettered* and too *simple* to entertain truth under any character but that in which he thinks proper to introduce her. But not deeming this sufficient in the case of the Improved Version of the New Testament lately published, he steps at once from suspicion to denunciation, takes care to be beforehand with those who might accuse him of *audacity*, and transporting himself in imagination into the chair of Saint Peter, deals out his anathemas in terms for which its archives alone can furnish a precedent.* His accusation is of nothing less than an "attempt to *explain away* the *whole* Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; *absolutely* stripping it, with the *single* exception of the doctrine of the resurrection, of every principle which makes it glad tidings to a sinner." See, my friend, how an infuriated zeal overshoots its mark.—Can you conceive how the doctrine of the resurrection can stand when all the rest of the Gospel is explained away? How this insulated point can remain, when, under the pretext of explanation we have set aside the appearance, the discourses, the miracles, and even the death of Christ? for not an iota of the Gospel is to be suffered to remain except the resurrection! But hold!—suppose we suffer our learned antagonist to *explain away* his own assertion, and by taking a distinction between Gospel facts and Gospel doctrines to give colour to the charge of its being stripped (*absolutely* stripped) of *every principle* which makes it glad tidings to a sinner. This allegation, sweeping and unqualified as the former, falls to the ground if we can produce, from the Improved Version, a single line, or even word of comfort to those who are turned aside from the way of peace; and such off-book talk is sufficiently refuted by a reference to the xvth Chapter of Luke's Gospel preserved whole and entire in the work in question without any comment except the following note. "This parable shews how graciously God receives sinners, and how great the displeasure of the Jews was at the reception of the Gentiles into the evangelical covenant."

* See the Bull of Leo X. against Luther, wherein much is said of the *poisonous* nature of his doctrines, and their dangerous effects on the minds of the *simple*. (Roscoe Vol. IV. appendix.)

Nor are the editors of the Improved Version, and those who patronize it, under great obligations to this writer for allowing even the resurrection to remain a part of their creed, he was himself probably aware of the fatal dilemma in which this admission would fix them. Although he restricts them, apparently in such absolute terms to this single article, he does not mean to separate it from its immediate and allowed consequence, a retribution to all according to their works. Giving therefore no credit for possible mistake or innocence of intention, but imputing aggravated and premeditated wickedness committed under the certain expectation of an account to be rendered hereafter, he places them at the bar of the Judge, either self-condemned, or impudently lifting up their faces and looking for the sentence of approbation from his lips, laden with guilt enormous as that of the traitor who delivered him into the hands of his murderers! Does the writer believe that himself shall stand at the same righteous tribunal, and is he not afraid of incurring the condemnation of him who judges his brother, and sets at nought his brother? At such language and conduct in a professed advocate of *Christianity*, and a writer for a *Christian* magazine, how does that Charity which *thinketh no evil* hang down her head in astonishment and confusion!

He speaks of a morality little if any better than that of the pagans, substituted in the Improved Version in the room of redemption by the blood of Christ. This charge is quite of a piece with the rest. The morality, enjoined or recommended in the New Testament stands in the Improved Version without alteration in the text or depreciation in the notes; and if this be little if any better than heathen morality it is no fault of the editors'—they have substituted nothing of their own in its room. Perhaps indeed the writer may be disposed to deny that the New Testament teaches any morality at all—it is however at all events a *barren morality*. This is a combination of terms altogether new! If morality, good dispositions, and good works mean the same thing (which I suppose will not be denied) these are always represented as the effect and product of some internal principle, just as the species, the soundness and healthfulness of a tree are evidenced by the fruit it bears, and thus it seems to me that it would be as rational to talk of *barren figs*,

or *barren grapes*, as barren morality. If his meaning be to represent every thing of this kind as useless and ineffectual, he certainly is at war with the positive declarations of Christ and his apostles. They tell us indeed of a *profession* which is unprofitable, of a *faith* which is dead, and of course barren; but good works and their concomitant qualities are represented under the emblem of good fruits, acceptable to God and profitable to men; and where they appear, the profession is said to be "neither barren nor unfruitful." I am not willing, whatever be the case with our writer, to think that Christian morality is little, if any, better than that of the pagans; but I believe that in *every nation* he that feareth God and worketh righteousness according to the measure of the light he enjoys, is now, and was in all former ages accepted of him. To such, Paul's observation Eph. ii. 12. was never intended to apply, in the sense here contended for.

When it suits a writer's purpose to deal in declamation and rhetorical figures, he is not very scrupulous about confining himself within the bounds of truth and consistency. Here we are presented with the Improved Version under the similitude of the cup of salvation, full of adulterated and soporiferous ingredients—handed about with laborious and incessant assiduity—thrust into the hands of the unlettered and the simple, and put to the lips (it is well he did not say, poured down the throats) of the unthinking, that they may sleep the sleep of death! What idea does this idle rant convey, unless it be that persons are hired to go about the country and distribute the book *gratis* among those who are too ignorant to read, too careless to reflect, or who want a substitute for a dose of laudanum? A very harmless mode, one would think, of perpetrating such a mighty mischief! It is true that liberal subscriptions were entered into for defraying the expense of publication, and that it was printed in three several forms for the convenience of readers in different classes of life, but the purchase was left, for any thing I ever heard to the contrary, as open, as fair, and as voluntary as that of any other work. Perhaps in some instances it was given away, though of this there is no evidence, but be these things as they may, it was intended in every case, and contrary to the assertion here made, for those who were disposed to think, to inquire, to reflect—"to sup-

ply," as is expressed in the introduction, "the English reader with a more correct text of the New Testament than has yet appeared in the English language, and to give him an opportunity of *comparing* it with that in common use." Now so abundant and superabundant have been the notes and commentaries upon the Old Version, that it would seem not a little hard that the editors of the New should be abridged of the privilege of giving along with it what *they* conceived to be a correct view of the Gospel dispensation, and a true elucidation of difficult passages. And this is nothing more than the magazine-writer may do whenever he pleases—a liberty of which no one wishes to deprive him. If he be confident that his own beverage is so much more pleasant and wholesome let him prepare it in a similar form, hand it round, and invite every one to taste of it without fearing for the event of a comparison. But how opposite to this his conduct! He first alarms with suspicion, and then in effect he exclaims—"touch not! taste not!—handle not!—there is death in the cup!—there is treachery in the inscription!" while the only cup *he* exhibits is the Christian's magazine into which he has an opportunity of *straining*, drop by drop, a mixture partly lethargick and partly inebriating, which either scares his patients with dreams and terrifies them with visions, or induces them, with their eyes not more than half open, to follow him into real danger.—So much for metaphors!

It is very convenient to have a nickname to apply to those whom it is wished to run down and expose to publick hatred. "Socinian blasphemy" is a phrase so hackneyed that few, if any, will think of inquiring into its meaning—it might not be so well if they did. Suppose, however, we were to rebut the calumny with "Calvinistick Persecution." Whether or not Socinus were a blasphemer is merely matter of opinion; but that Calvin was a persecutor, and pursued with unrelenting cruelty the Antitrinitarian, Michael Servetus, to the stake, is a recorded historical fact. That his intolerance *has not perished with him*, we have a striking proof in the paragraphs under discussion; but happily the *precedent* cannot now be carried into practice—the *venom* may remain, but the sting is drawn.

If I am not mistaken in supposing that the writer is one of those who believe and teach the doctrine of the universal and

total depravity of human nature—that it is "utterly averse from all good and prone to all evil, and that continually," there can be no great difficulty in tracing to its origin his present production. According to this system, as he cannot himself be exempted from that imputation under which he conceives the whole species to lie, it was perfectly natural and consistent in him to ascribe to the basest and vilest of motives, an undertaking, upon the face of it benevolent and praise-worthy; and to assume the office of a certain personage, of whom nothing worse can be said than that he is inclined to all evil and that continually—that of "Accuser of the brethren."

The obscurity of the concluding lines as to the original author of the supposed treachery, who is said to be "gone to his own place," has, as you know, set many conjectures afloat. I am now inclined to think that Dr. Priestley is intended. If so, the writer will of course wish to keep at the greatest possible distance from him in the other world, and will deprecate the idea of the Doctor's place being his—*mutatis mutandis*, this may probably be the case.

These remarks have run to a greater length than I was aware of, and yet they are short compared with what they might have been, if every unchristian passion which has entered into the composition of this potion of *distilled venom* had been extracted and severally commented upon. If the religion of Christ be indeed the truth of God, and the harbinger of peace, love, and good-will among men, is it possible that its cause can be benefitted by a publication of whose spirit this is a specimen?

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Veritas *eget.*

You are sufficiently acquainted with my disposition to believe that recrimination is no favourite employment of mine, and that it would be much more pleasant to me to discuss controverted points in the spirit of meekness; and where conviction is unattainable, to differ with that charity which becomes the christian and that urbanity which good manners and politeness require—but there are perverse minds upon which these would be thrown away, and gainsayers whom there is no hope of convincing but by judging them out of their own mouth and correcting them with their own rod—a remark that

will not be irrelevant if you make the use of this letter you hinted at, and to which you are perfectly welcome. I remain,

Yours sincerely, &c.

Oct. 1810.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

Extracts from a letter recently written, copied for the Anthology.

"You next inquire for my opinion respecting the *temper* or *spirit* manifested by trinitarians in defence of their own sentiments, and in opposition to the views of others. This inquiry, Sir, places me in a delicate situation; for, as I differ from them in opinion, I may be liable to prepossession in judging of the temper with which they *speak* and *write*.

You say you are "stumbled in respect to their piety while you discover in them such haughty contempt of other professed christians"; and you ask, "Can such an overbearing, imperious and censorious spirit be consistent with true benevolence and gospel humility?"

Your inquiry is capable of a twofold answer. That an "imperious, overbearing, and censorious spirit" is in its nature inconsistent with benevolence and gospel humility, must be admitted. But even good men are imperfect in the present state; and what you have noticed in the preaching and writings of *some* trinitarians may be great imperfections in them, and, yet, they may have some good thing in them which is acceptable to God, and ought to be pleasing to us. Such things as you mention I have noticed and lamented; but I dare not pronounce all those destitute of piety who manifest these imperfections. In respect to many, who evidence these imperfections, I hope and believe that they are the children of God. We are all liable to go astray, and, perhaps, in nothing more frequently, than in opposing the opinions of others and defending our own. It is too common with others, as well as trinitarians, to lose sight of their own fallibility, and the example of Christ, when engaged in controversy.

You observe that "gospel humility naturally leads to a compliance with the apostle's advice, *Let nothing be done through strife and vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves*; "Yet," you add, "the spirit with which many trinitarians defend their own system seems t

lead them into an opposite course, even *to trust in themselves that they are righteous and to despise others.*" As proof of this you refer to certain authors "who treat all who differ from them in sentiment as the proud and haughty enemies of Christ; who set up their own reason above revelation, and even deny the Lord that bought them."

I shall not, Sir, undertake the task of reconciling the conduct you mention to the *nature* of christian humility. But I feel most comfortable in my own mind, when I feel most disposed to "hope all things," and to believe that such painful inconsistency does not result from the habitual tempers of those to whom you refer. It is, indeed, difficult to account for such things in those who have, in any measure, *learned of him who was meek and lowly in heart.* But it may be useful to reflect, that Christ had once occasion to say to two of his beloved disciples, *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.* These disciples were dissatisfied with the conduct of the Samaritans towards their Lord and Master. And they felt some inclination to call for fire from heaven as Elias did. Too much of such feelings is discoverable in some of the writings to which you have referred. But still I hope they are but *occasional feelings;* and I am persuaded that the writers did not duly consider the temper they manifested. Nor do they, I fear, duly consider that God has committed all judgment to his "*beloved Son,*" and not to *them.* And I feel happy in the thought that this is the case; for it is pretty evident from what they say in their writings, that not a soul of their opponents would ever be admitted to heaven, if all judgment was committed to them. Yet I flatter myself that even such writers do not always feel of such a bitter, censorious spirit, and that we often see the worst part of a man's character in his controversial writings.

You mention the "*reproachful* manner in which some preachers and writers allow themselves to speak of their opponents, and of all who differ from them in sentiments," and ask, "What is this *reproaching* different from that *railing* or *reviling* which is so often forbidden in the scriptures?" Here, Sir, I must confess my utter incapacity to discriminate or distinguish; and must join with you in sincerely lamenting that "so mischievous a vice should be sanctioned by such autho-

rity; and that the pulpit, which was designed for displaying the kindness and love of God to men, should be occupied as a place for giving vent to malignant passions and prejudices, and for uttering abusive slander." Yet *reviling* is a *fashionable vice;* and *good men* are sometimes led astray by *bad fashions.* I cannot, however, but remark, how much more amiable preachers and writers would appear, if instead of such censorious and reproachful observations, they were to discover a truly *christian tenderness* for such as they view in errour; and feel towards them as our Saviour felt towards sinners when he laid down his life for the world! Nor would their characters appear *less amiable,* if with a tender solicitude for others, they should mix a *little spice* of *self diffidence,* and a *sense of their own fallibility.*

It is to be feared that *they,* and that *we,* too seldom think of the solemn admonition of the apostle, "Why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? For we must all stand at the judgment seat of Christ".

You are, I think, perfectly correct in supposing that "such an uncandid and censorious spirit has a pernicious influence." It unquestionably has a pernicious influence on all who indulge it in themselves. It not only deprives them of much christian comfort which they might otherwise enjoy in the exercise of proper feelings of love and tenderness towards their opponents, but it tends to bar their own minds in respect to receiving any light or conviction, on the supposition, that they themselves are in an errour. By this temper they are naturally led to look down on those who differ from them in sentiment with a kind of *imperious disdain,* and *ungodly jealousy.* And these *feelings* are as *contagious* as the *plague;* they are readily communicated from one to another. *Preachers* communicate them to their *hearers,* and *writers* to their *readers.* These hearers, and readers, having the example of ministers to support and countenance their conduct, feel justified in the most illiberal and abusive reproaches. This spirit has, also, a pernicious tendency in respect to those against whom it is more particularly directed. And we have reason to fear that, in a multitude of instances by this spirit, hatreds are engendered, which are transmitted from generation to generation.

Permit me to add, that you and I have great need to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. To be the subjects of *reproach*, to be *suspected*, *represented*, or *denounced* as the enemies of Christ, by those who profess to be his followers and his ministers, is indeed painful. But it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. I think I have learned from experience that I feel the most comfort when I feel most disposed to put as favourable a construction as possible on the conduct of those who appear unfriendly; and to pray for those who reproach and defame. The more pity I feel for them, the more peace I possess in my own breast. It is but a *criminal pleasure* that we can take in rendering evil for evil, or reviling for reviling. But we approach to a *divine pleasure* when we can pray as Christ did on the cross, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." To this pleasure, my friend, I believe you are not a stranger. Let us then unitedly labour to cultivate the forgiving spirit in ourselves and in others, duly considering how much we stand in need of the forgiving grace of God, and always remembering, that if we forgive not men their trespasses against us, neither will our heavenly Father forgive our trespasses.

We ought, also, to be very careful that we do not attribute the faults of individuals to all of the same denomination. Such a method of proceeding is too common, but it is both ungenerous and unreasonable. There are many very amiable persons among the trinitarian clergy. We are not to suppose that all trinitarians possess the same degree of self-importance and bitterness as ***** ****. But I forbear to call names. And I am far from wishing even that man greater evils than he naturally and necessarily suffers by the indulgence of such unchristian feelings."

From the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE often been surprised that, notwithstanding the ardour of the present age in the pursuit of literary history, so little knowledge generally prevails respecting the origin and nature of the foreign universities; institutions which have contributed in so remarkable a manner to the progress of knowledge.

It is well known that the university of Paris was not only the earliest establishment of this kind in Europe, but that it retained its ascendency for many ages, and certainly possessed a decided superiority over every similar institution in modern times. The particular circumstances which gave occasion to its existence, are involved in considerable obscurity. It seems, however, to be generally agreed upon, that it derived its origin from the liberal and enterprising genius of Charlemagne. One thing is certain, that Alcuin was protected by him. That prince was not more distinguished by his political wisdom, and the success of his arms, than by a desire of knowledge, and the patronage he extended to learned men. The period in which he flourished was the most ignorant which occurs in the history of the French nation. Charlemagne, however, had imbibed a strong relish for learning from his preceptor Alcuin, who, to the honour of Great Britain, was a native of Yorkshire. He was not only munificent to the learned men of his court, but set the example himself of great ardour in the pursuit of knowledge. This monarch, by far the most powerful in Europe, began to study grammar when he was thirty years old. The degree of ignorance which then prevailed was excessive; yet the patronage that he afforded to letters, and the pattern he exhibited, produced a temporary interval of light amidst the gloom which so generally prevailed.

Though the university of Paris is proud to refer its origin to this great prince, yet it must not be supposed that he formally established it as a constituted body. All great institutions, at least those which have flourished for a long period, have arisen gradually, and acquired strength by degrees. Charlemagne retained a great number of learned men at his court; and as it was his custom, or rather he found it necessary, to be frequently in different parts of his extensive dominions, those persons were in his train, and accompanied him wherever he went. From this, in process of time, sprung the university of Paris. This illustrious seminary gradually acquired a new accession of strength, and at last its reputation became so great, that it was the place of resort of all the learned men in Europe. No one was thought to have had a liberal education who had not studied at Paris; and, considering the state of literature at that time, there was great reason for holding the opinion. In the

middle and dark ages little or nothing was taught, excepting the dialectics of Aristotle. The greatest acuteness was excited, and industry employed, to explain and render intelligible the abstractions of this intricate philosophy. Paris was the theatre in which all literary questions were discussed. The decision which was given by the literati there was esteemed final, as no appeal could be made to any higher tribunal. Their authority continued to be great for many centuries; and the privileges, or rather the jurisdiction, they possessed, not in France only, but in the other countries of Europe, were greater than any other society of learned men ever possessed, either in ancient or modern times. Their influence extended over all the other colleges in Europe. Their reputation was so high, that, without recognising their right to teach the sciences, and to confer the usual degrees, it operated as a barrier, because no students would attend a seminary, or graduate, when they knew that the Parisian doctors would not admit them into their society, notwithstanding the time which they had spent in the prosecution of their studies. From the number of the subjects taught, it assumed the name of *university*, in which it has been followed by all similar European academies.

At the revival of learning, the university of Paris took the most active part in promoting the study of the languages; and it has the distinguished honour of enrolling as members, not only the most zealous promoters, but the greatest proficients in classical learning, which any age has ever produced. The study of the Latin had, from the first, been in some degree cultivated; but it was not till the 19th January 1458 that Gregory applied to the university for liberty to teach Greek. This was granted, and he was to receive one hundred crowns per annum, upon condition that he gave two lessons each day, one in Greek, and another on rhetorick. It would be impossible to give an account, within any moderate bounds, of the different branches of knowledge which were taught there. It may be sufficient to state, that they were generally divided into grammar, philosophy, and theology. The representation of comedies, and other theatrical amusements, was very common in the schools; but at last they became so licentious, that the university found it necessary to interfere. A custom similar to this still exists in England. Even the most rigid reformers did not object to

theatrical exhibitions; but they recommended that the subjects should be taken from Scripture. Buchanan wrote his tragedies to gratify this taste.

The university of Paris was indebted to a great many circumstances for its prosperity. Besides the advantages that accompanied its local situation, the nature of its constitution contributed much towards this. It was altogether composed of *seculars*; and such was the care which had been taken to maintain its independence, that the *regulars* were subjected to restrictions which prevented them from ever obtaining the ascendency. It ought also to be observed, that the university was always poor as a body; and this was particularly the case at its first formation. The colleges at all times could scarcely support their *Bursars*.

Previous to the French Revolution, the university was composed of seven classes; 1. The faculty of theology, which had for its head the oldest of the secular doctors, who was called dean. 2. The faculty of law, originally established for the study of the canon law; but, by an order from the king in 1679, was entitled to teach the civil law also. A dean was chosen every year from among the professors, according to precedence. 3. The faculty of medicine, whose dean was elective, and his office continued two years. 4. The nation of France. 5. The nation of Picardy. 6. The nation of Normandy; and, 7. The nation of Germany. This last was generally called the nation of England before the Reformation. Each of these nations had its head, who was called *procureur*, and elected annually. They formed together the faculty of arts, but were nevertheless four distinct companies, and voted separately in the affairs of the university. The rector, chosen by the nations, or their representatives, and taken from the faculty of arts, was head of the whole university, and of the faculty of arts in particular. There were three officers who were perpetual—The syndick—the register—and the receiver. These were taken from the university and faculty of arts.

It will be readily perceived, that not only the technical names of the offices of those who are engaged in initiating the youth into the principles of knowledge in our established seminaries, but that the CLASSES into which they are divided, are derived from the university of Paris. The same observation may be extended to many other learned societies.

A GOVERNMENT OF LAWS AND NOT OF MEN.

Such a government is not, never was, and never can be. These mystical aphorisms, without a critical investigation of their meaning, lead to wild projects, visionary speculations, and pernicious errours in politicks as much as in religion. In this trite saying the sense is good, but the expression is too loose.

There is too much rhetorick in it. Although I would not banish Homer, or Milton, or Spenser, or any other good poet from the commonwealth, I would avoid poetical emblems, rhetorical figures, and especially personifications, in all laws, constitutions, and sober reasonings upon government. The most perfect simplicity and precision of language, should always be preserved in all grave discussions of such subjects.

Suppose we should say, a government of the Virtues and not of Men: a government of Wisdom and not of Men: a government of Religion natural or revealed, and not of Men: a government of Morality and not of Men: a government of Policy and not of Men: would not any of these propositions be as intelligible, as true, and as important, as our motto?

There is, there can be no government merely human and terrestrial, without men to govern and to be governed. Annihilate all magistracy, which can only be exercised by men, and then consider a nation governed by the Virtues, by the Wisdom, by the Religion, by the Morality, by the Policy of the individuals, who compose it. What would become of your houses and lands, your ships and merchandize, your arts and manufactures, your reputations and characters, your wives and daughters, your limbs and lives, in a few weeks or days? It is very true there can be no good government, without laws: but those laws must be good, must be equal, must be wisely made, but by men however; they must be impartially interpreted, but by men still; and faithfully executed, but by men again. They must also be by men promulgated to the people, and universally known. And there must be organizations and institutions of men to compel the law-makers to ordain good ones, the law-judges to decree impartially, and the law-executors to execute faithfully. These things can only be done in mixed and limited governments. Every one of the three sim-

ple forms, is wholly incapable of them. A simple government of the one, the few, or the many, is essentially and inevitably a government of men, and of the passions, prejudices and appetites of men for the most part without laws, because that no laws can stand before the passions of men in such governments. Examine every one of these in its turn, and you will find it to be the government of the House of Pride.

> And proud Lucifera men did her call,
> That made herself a Queen, and crown'd to be;
> Yet rightfull kingdom she had none at all,
> Ne heritage of rightfull soverainty,
> But did usurpe with wrong and tyranny
> Upon the scepter which she now did hold;
> *Ne rul'd her realme with Laws but Policy*
> And strong advisement of six wizards old,
> That with their councils bad, her kingdom did uphold.

Vanity was the lady usher, to introduce all visiters to this palace, and the six old Wizards, by whose policy and councils Pride governed her dominions, were Idleness, Gluttony, Lechery, Avarice, Envy and Wrath. When the royal dame rode out for her health, her six counsellors attended and served as postillions to her coach.

> But this was drawn of six unequal Beasts
> On which her six sage Counsellors did ride,
> Of which the first that all the rest did guide
> Was sluggish Idleness, the Nurse of Sin;
> Upon a slothful asse he chose to ride.
>
> And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
> Deformed creature, on a filthy swine.
>
> And next to him rode lustful Lechery
> Upon a bearded goat.
>
> And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
> Upon a camel loaden all with gold,
> Accursed Usury was all his trade,
> And right and wrong alike in equal ballance weigh'd.
>
> And next to him malicious Envy rode
> Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
> Between his cank'red teeth a venemous toad,
> That all the poison ran about his jaw;
> And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
> Upon a lyon, loth for to be led.

His ruffian rayment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
For of his hands he had no government,
Nor car'd for blood in his avengement.

Full many Mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
Bitter Despight, with rancour's rusty knife:

And after all upon the waggon beam
Rode Satan with a smacking whip in hand,
With which he forward lash'd the lazy team
So oft as Sloth still in the mire did stand.

Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book I. Canto 4. Stanza 12.

The government of the House and Realm of Pride, was we see a government of Vices, Sins and Crimes, and not of Men: and such has ever been every simple government in the world.

No generation of men, since the fall of the first, has ever had better opportunities to know mankind, than the present. France has been the very House of Pride, and Mirabeau, Condorcet, Robespierre, Barras, have been one after the other, riding in the car of the Queen Lucifera, drawn by incarnate passions, whipped on by Satan. Such has democracy ever been and ever will be. There cannot be a greater absurdity, or a grosser insult to common sense than to call it a government of laws.

There is, in human nature uncultivated, a dark and deep aversion and oppugnation to government, which is never overcome but with difficulty, and that after its necessity to society has become obvious and indisputable to all. It would be sufficient in proof of this to refer to every parent, especially to every mother, for her experience of the temper of children.

Remnants of this surd and sullen opposition remain in every stage of society, and under every form of government. These assume many shapes, and among others is an artifice of disguising to themselves that men are essential to government. Laws are a kind of metaphysical entity, about which they care not, if men can be excluded from their imagination.

SILVA, No. 74.

..... Io sylvae !

OVID. Metam: lib. 3. v. 442.

TRAVELLERS

MAY be divided into travellers for business, for pleasure, and for information. The first class probably pursue their undertaking with most energy and effect, yet to the last the world is more indebted for the enlargement of its general stock of knowledge. In one instance the love of gain, which is the predominant motive, centers entirely in the individual; in the other the passion for fame is not satisfied, till the world at large are made partakers of the benefits resulting from the enterprize. The above prelude has very little to do with the following imitation of Horace, book I. ode 29.

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides, &c.

TO A. H. E.

Dear Sandy, still remote from home,
You choose Muscovian realms to roam,
In climate cold and drear;
With Russian boors sit jole by cheek,
And list while Fins and Cossacks speak,
And relish all the heathen Greek,
They pour upon your ear.

Say, has your search some crony found,
Whose classick taste, or wit profound,
Has fastened your esteem?
Or has some fur-clad northern fair,
Of stature short, and tawny hair,
Glanced from her eye, too bright to bear,
A soul dissolving beam?

So strangely soon the ties you broke,
Of Blackstone, Lyttleton, and Coke,
And made your law books all a joke,
To sail beyond the brine;
I should not wonder at the feat,
Should walking trees invade the street;
Should Charles' refluent stream retreat,
Or Taunton waves concoct the meat
Of Jew-detested swine.

BACCHUS

Is by the poets called LIBER, quia liberos homines facit.

MISERS

WERE as harshly treated by the ancients as by any of the wits of our own time. In the Anthologia is a Greek epigram, of which Jortin has given the point with much simplicity in the following translation:

"Thou little rogue, what brings thee to my house?"
Said a starv'd miser to a straggling mouse.
"Friend, quoth the mouse, thou hast no cause to fear;
I only *lodge* with thee, I *eat* elsewhere."

ARNOBIUS

Is in many respects, says a witty critick, a valuable author, and a good edition of his works is much wanted. He is but the bad defender, however, of a good cause; and makes objections to the Pagans, which they might easily have retorted upon Christianity, and particularly upon Judaism. He reminds me of a poor fellow who was put into the inquisition at Goa. The Inquisitor said to him, "Sirrah, thou art a Jew, and a worshipper of Moses." "Not I, indeed, my lord," said he, "*I worship Moses!* I hold him to be an impostor." "This may be an honest fellow," said the Inquisitor.

HIGH COMMENDATION.

ALL the sneers of succeeding, and all the envy of contemporaneous rivals how willingly would I bear, to have a hundredth part of the praise of Joseph Scaliger from such a pen as Jortin's, who says "Catullus has been corrected by the best critick and the greatest scholar that ever was born,—by Joseph Scaliger."

BISHOP FLEETWOOD.

JONATHAN RICHARDSON, the son of the painter, has recorded the opinions of Bishop Fleetwood, which that worthy ecclesiastick delivered to his father. Old Richardson was once full of doubts and scruples in matters of faith, and applied to the bishop for instruction and direction. "Where mystery begins," said Fleetwood, "religion ends. Make a truce with texts and Fathers, and read Don Quixote. In your present situation of mind and weakness of spirits, you are not capable of doing them justice, nor are you equal to such points of speculation." "Ah, Doctor," replied Richardson, "but if I should be mistaken, and put up with an erroneous faith—" "Well," said the bishop, "and if you should?" "If I should,"

said the old man, "if after the utmost diligent inquiry I can make I should be mistaken, am I not sure to make my God my enemy?" "Are you!" said Fleetwood warmly, "then he is no God for me."

HYPERCRITICISM.

THERE is a class of criticks who amuse themselves, and a class of readers who suffer themselves to be amused, with the detection of remote resemblances between the thoughts of different writers, which they arrogantly call imitations. They seem to think that similarity of expression is always plagiarism, and from a single word derive the imitation of a whole passage. No man was ever more liable to this censure than Gilbert Wakefield. Whoever has read his edition of Pope's Homer must have frequently smiled at the critical acumen which he has lavished on the most trifling and unimportant passages. He frequently travels out of his duty as an editor, and examines the characters and productions of persons entirely unconnected with Homer and his translator. The resemblances he traces are almost always imaginary, and generally pursued to some of the Greek and Roman poets, which he quotes, with apparently greater ease and fluency than those in his vernacular. In one of his numerous excursions, he notices a passage in Gray's spring:

The attick warbler *pours her throat.*

After bestowing considerable praise on the poetical imagery he declares it to be "an admirable improvement of the original form in the Greek and Roman classicks:

——— χεῖσι ἀυδήν: Hes: Scut: Herc. 396.
——— Suaves exore *loquelas*
Funde. Lucret. I. 40."

This I conceive to be an unparalleled instance of the waste of learning. If Wakefield had been as familiar with English poetry as he was with that of the ancients, he never would have undertaken to find or force a resemblance between these radically dissimilar passages. Instead of applying to Hesiod and Lucretius, he would have been satisfied with a line from Pope, which Gray undoubtedly had in his eye when he wrote this passage:

"Is it for thee, the linnet *pours her throat.*"
Essay on Man. Ep. III. v. 33.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

WHO WAS THE AUTHOR OF THAT INCOMPARABLE WORK, "THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN?"

THE first person to whom it has been publickly ascribed was Mr. ABRAHAM WOODHEAD, a very learned and pious gentleman; but, as he lived and died a zealous Roman Catholick, could not have been the author.

Mr. Oldfield seems very positive in informing his readers that "the author of the Whole Duty of Man hath been long concealed; but his name is WILLIAM FULMAN; he being now dead, may be now published. He was bred under Dr. Hammond, and for some time his amanuensis. He was a learned divine, born at Senhurst in Kent."—But what authority had Mr. Oldfield for this assertion? It is plain, from the following remark, that he had no good ground to go upon. Bishop Fell's preface to the folio edition of the works of the author of the Whole Duty of Man, printed in 1684, tells us, that "if Almighty God had given longer life to this eminent person (meaning the author of those works) we might have received ample benefits by it; and particularly a just treatise, which was designed and promised, of the Government of the Thoughts:" which plainly implies that the author was then dead; so that Mr. Fulman, who died June 28, 1688, could not possibly be the author.

A third person supposed to be the author of this celebrated book, is Dr. RICHARD STERNE, Archbishop of York. The ingenious Mr. Dale, in his life of this worthy prelate, modestly tells us, that "he was much suspected for being the author of that most excellent divine and moral treatise, called The Whole Duty of Man." But if the Archbishop was the author, why should he own his comment on the 103d Psalm, and his book of Logick, and yet so carefully conceal his being the author of a more useful work?

Again, we are assured by Bishop Fell, that if the author of the Whole Duty of Man had lived a little longer, the world might have expected another treatise entitled, the Government of the Thoughts; but could it be reasonably supposed that a man in the 87th year of his age (as was the Archbishop) could

be drawing up a work of this kind, when it can hardly be imagined he was master of his own reason? Besides, the style and orthography of the Archbishop's commentary on the 103d Psalm are so very different from that of the Whole Duty of Man, that no comparison can be made between them.

We shall now produce testimonies to prove that *Lady* DOROTHY PACKINGTON, wife of Sir John Packington, and daughter of Thomas Lord Coventry, keeper of the Great Seal, was the author.

The first witness is the famous George Hickes, the vicinity of whose deanry to Westwood, his intimacy in the family, his known probity and unshaken integrity, will make his authority appear beyond all exception. The doctor, in his preface to his Anglo-Saxon and Maeso-Gothick Grammars, printed before his Thesaurus, and inscribed to the late Sir John Packington, having given an excellent character of his grandfather, proceeds in the following manner in relation to this excellent lady, as translated from the Latin in which he wrote.

"But your grandmother, the daughter of the most renowned Thomas Lord Coventry, Keeper of the Great Seal, was remarkably illustrious for all virtues, especially such as consist in the practical part of a christian life. She had, moreover, an excellent judgment, and a talent of speaking correctly, pertinently, clearly, and gracefully; in which she was so accomplished, particularly in an evenness of style and consistent manner of writing, that she deserved to be called and reputed the author of a book concerning the Duty of Man, published in English by an anonymous person, and well known throughout the christian world for the extraordinary completeness of a work of that kind. Hammond, Morley, Fell, and Thomas, those eminently learned men, averred that she was as great an adept in the sacred scriptures as themselves were, and as well versed in divinity, and in all those weighty and useful notions relating to duty which have been recommended and handed down to us, either by profane or christian philosophers. I have heard, also, that she was so far from being unacquainted with the antiquities of her own country, that she knew almost as much as the greatest proficient in that kind of knowledge. Nor is this to be much wondered at, since she had in her youth the most excellently learned Sir Norton Knatchbull, baronet,

for her tutor and preceptor; and, after she married, the famous Hammond, and others his contemporaries, very celebrated men, for her companions and instructers."

If this should not be thought a direct proof of her being the author, it however shews that she was every way qualified for it. Besides, a lady (who was living not many years since) declared that Dr. Hickes assured her that Lady Packington was the author of the Whole Duty of Man, and that he had seen the manuscript written with her own hand, which from the many rasures, alterations, and interlineations, he was fully satisfied was the very original book.

The next evidence is the author of the Baronetage, who tells us, that "she was one of the most accomplished persons of her sex for learning, and the brightest example of her age for wisdom and piety. Her letters and other discourses still remaining in the family, and in the hands of her friends, are an admirable proof of her excellent genius and vast capacity; and as she had the reputation of being thought the author of the Whole Duty of Man, so none who knew her well, and were competent judges of her ability, could in the least doubt of her being equal to such an undertaking, though her modesty would not suffer her to claim the honour of it; but as the manuscript under her own hand now remains with the family, there is hardly room to doubt it. By her great virtues and eminent attainments in knowledge, she acquired the esteem of all our learned divines, particularly Dr. Hammond, Bishop Morley, Bishop Fell, Bishop Pearson, Bishop Henchman, and Bishop Gunning, who were ever ready to confess that they were always edified by her conversation and instructed by her writings. These learned and pious gentlemen never failed of an agreeable retreat and sanctuary at Westwood, as far as those dangerous times would permit; and it ought to be remembered, to the honour of this good lady and her husband, that the famous Dr. Hammond found a comfortable subsistence in their family several years, and at last reposed his bones at their burial place at Hampton Lovett, in a chapel built by Sir Thomas Packington, anno 1561."

The third proof is taken from a quarto pamphlet, entitled, "A Letter from a Clergyman in the country to a dignified Clergyman in London, vindicating the Bill brought in the last

session of Parliament, for preventing the translation of the Bishops;" printed at London, 1702: in the 3d and 4th pages of which may be found the following passage: "But before I enter upon the nature, tendency, and usefulness of the bill, give me leave to say something concerning that worthy member, Sir John Packington, who brought it into the House. His zeal for the church and monarchy descended to him, as it were, by inheritance. I must write a history, if I would deliver at large how many proofs his ancestors have given of their being the fastest friends to both; but his grandfather's spending 40,000 pounds, and being tried for his life during the civil wars, because he vigorously endeavoured to prevent the martyrdom of King Charles I. and the destruction of episcopacy; the uninterrupted correspondence of his grandmother with the learned and pious Dr. Morley Bishop of Winton, and Dr. Hammond, and his supporting the latter when deprived, and who is by several eminent men [Archbishop Dolben, Bishop Fell, and Dr. Allestry, declared this of their own knowledge after her death, which she obliged them to keep private during her life] allowed to be the author of the best and most masculine religious book extant in the English tongue (the Bible excepted) called The Whole Duty of Man, will serve, instead of a heap of instances, to shew how great regards this family have formerly paid to the church and kingly government."

To the foregoing we might add the testimony of Mr. Thomas Caulton, vicar of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, who, on his death-bed declared in the presence of several worthy persons, that Mrs. Eyre, daughter of Lady Packington, told him who was the author of The Whole Duty of Man; at the same time pulling out of a private drawer a manuscript tied together and stitched in octavo, which she declared was the original, written by Lady Packington, her mother.

Upon the whole it is presumed that Lady Packington's title to this performance is by far the clearest of all those to whom it has been ascribed; but whether her title be absolutely ascertained, must be left to the judgment of the candid and impartial.

Full of years and of good works, she died May 10, 1679, and was interred in the church of Hampton Lovett, in Worcestershire; where is a small memorial of her at the bottom

of the monument erected for the late Sir John Packington, as follows:

"In the same church lies Sir John Packington, Knt. and Bart. and his lady, grandfather and grandmother to the said Sir John; the first tried for his life, and spent the greatest part of his fortune in adhering to Charles I. and the latter justly reputed the authoress of The Whole Duty of Man; who was exemplary for her great piety and goodness."

[This curious Life of Reiske, valuable for its authenticity and so interesting from its simplicity, is extracted from the seventh volume of Maty's Review.]

THE LIFE OF REISKE,

Collected from that written in German by himself, and published after his death, at Leipsick, 8vo. 1783, (816 *pages, with the correspondence*); *and that written in Latin, published at Leipsick in* 1773, *by Frederick Morus, Greek and Latin Professor.*

In other words, the consequences of an honest and ingenious man's falling in love with the Arabick tongue, and being too self-willed and independent.

I will write my life; I have often been asked to do it; but hitherto felt no great relish for it. I have been an ordinary man, who did nothing out of the way, nor raised any great expectations. I was no fashionable writer. My life has flown away partly in laborious occupations, and partly in obscure quiet. My writings have done no great matters for literature. The will has always been better with me than the deed.

In some respects a man of letters seems better qualified to write his own life than the stranger is. In some, however, the stranger has the advantage. Length of time makes the man himself forget several things, which others remember; some things, which are material, seem insignificant to him; self-love guides his pen often without his perceiving it; he cannot praise himself, for no body would believe him if he did; and to blame himself, is none of his business.

These are the true reasons which have hitherto kept me from yielding to the importunities of my friends; for as to vanity, it dwells not in me. How long, indeed, could I expect

that my reputation should last? Say that it was to be as durable as that of the authors whose works I have published, (and more I cannot expect) what is this in comparison of the time previous to my existence, when men knew me not? or to the time after my decease, when no vestige of me shall remain? But suppose that my name was to abide, even to the end of the world, what good could that do me? I have a long time been known, known even to fame, and yet have remained necessitous, despised, and very very poor. It was not my reputation, no, certainly it was not my reputation, but the wonderful providence of God, which placed me in my present circumstances, after many fruitless pursuits, and at the instant when I was upon the brink of ruin.

Fame then, once more, has nothing to do with the business. I yield to the desires of friends, who have never long desired any thing of me in vain;—after all, the narrative will be an imperfect one, with many voids in it. I have forgot a great deal; indeed, my true life is in my works, but how few of these have I been able to publish! The rest of them will go with me, the way of all flesh. The substance of them, however, is in my head, and that quiets me. Nay, as to what I have published, how much of it is there in the *Actis Eruditorum*, and in other journals, which I myself have forgotten. I cannot, with truth, say whether many of these are mine or another person's. There must be void places in literature as in house-keeping; for dogs, cats, and sparrows must live as well as their betters.

Οἰωνοῖσι χυτεσσι θ' ἑλωρια ταυτα γενεσθω.

I was born December 25, 1716, at Zorbig, a small town near Leipsick—All that I know of my ancestors is, that my grandfather was an innkeeper in the village of Sietch, near Landsberg, in Austria. I stayed at school at Zorbig till I was ten years old; then removed to Soschen, when a gentleman, to whom I dedicated my remarks on the *Tusculan questions*, as a small sign of my gratitude, brought me very forward.

From thence I went to school at Halle. Here I met with two misfortunes; the first was, that the professors who had the teaching of me knew nothing of Latin; the second was, the long time it was then the custom to spend at prayers. For a time nothing could be so eager at this as I was myself,

but when the heat was over, and I came into the world, I was little better than a naturalist. Of this great leap, from one end to the other, over so great a hole, I have not quite got the better to this day.

At Easter 1733, I removed to the university of Leipsick, where my timidity rendered me an Auto-didact, a state of which I experienced all the inconveniences; for instead of attending to Greek, mathematicks, and polite literature, I gave myself in an evil hour to Rabbinical learning, and in the end nothing would serve but I must learn Arabick.

There is a kind of parsimoniousness in my character, which in itself, perhaps, is not increditable, but exposes to great inconveniences, when it is not under the guidance of sound philosophy. I wonder now to myself at the economy with which I contrived to live during the five years I stayed here; for all I got from home was two hundred dollars, and with these I contrived not only to live, but to purchase most of the Arabick books then extant. In 1736 I had read them all.

The last year, indeed, I got a scholarship of twenty dollars a year, which I might have enjoyed longer, but that in 1738, I determined to go to Holland; from this journey into a foreign country, without any money, nothing could preserve my yet unexperienced mind.

Leyden I must and would see; to the Arabick manuscripts there I sacrificed every present prospect, and every future hope. Dearly, full dearly, have I paid for my folly.

I have been the martyr of Arabian literature. But I did not think so then; on the contrary, I hungered after the treasures of *Warneri*. In vain my friends remonstrated; reason called me back, but I was deaf to her remonstrances, as I have been all my life. It has ever been my fate to lay plans without any prospect whatever of getting through, and so it was on the present occasion. I knew nobody, nobody knew me, and I had no money. The consequences of this journey were, that I have often wished I had either never gone into Holland, or had never left it.

I went from Leipsick to Lunenburg in the common waggon, which the mechanicks of the country travel in, and do not remember ever to have been merrier in my life than I was on this short journey. From Lunenburg I went by the Elbe to Hamburg. Here I visited Reimarus. He received me coolly

at first, and shook his head at my prospects; but when he found I had read some good books, and had a little of the right learning about me, he gave me letters, and became my fast friend; nor did the worthy men of Hamburg send me pennyless on my way.

I was well received at Amsterdam by a friend of my mother's, who had married a linen-draper there.

The next day I visited Dorville, to whom I had brought a letter of recommendation from professor Wolfe. He offered me six hundred florins a year to live with him, and be his amanuensis; but I told him I was not come to Holland to make my fortune, which I could have done much better in my own country, but to look for Arabick manuscripts; he seemed surprised, and a little angry at this answer, from a man who had not a shilling; but afterwards we were very good friends, though I wonder how we did so well together, for we were much of the same temper, hasty, passionate, and self-willed. He gave me a letter to Peter Burman, and he and I came together again, after he had had Santorock, Quintus Icilius, and the now far famous Rhunchen.

From Dorville I went to Leyden, and delivered my letters to Schultens and Sgravesande. By these I was told that there was no provision in Holland for strangers, that it was vacation time, that the scholars were all gone, and the library quite inaccessible. This was sad news, but I made shift to pick up a livelihood, by being corrector of the press for Alberti's Hesychius, and giving a few lessons when I could get them. At length I got introduced to Schultens, who allowed me to come and copy the long hunted for MSS. at his house, where I gave lessons of Arabick to his son. At the desire of Schultens, I applied myself to the Arabick poets, and published an edition of the Moallakat in 1740; but we did not quite agree about some passages in it, and this laid the foundation of the misunderstanding between us. In the mean time, however, I made a catalogue of Arabick MSS. in the Leyden library, a work which cost me some months, and for which I received a reward of nine guilders (eighteen shillings) from the curators!

Hitherto, however, I went on very well, but now my misfortunes began. Upon Burman's intention to reprint his Petronius; the correction of the press fell upon me. Burman was

old and bedridden—I made some alterations in the first volume, which was printed in his life, with which he was well pleased; but he happening to die, I took some greater liberties with Petronius's text in the second, and this set all Bs. friends against me. Peter Burman, the son, wrote a preface to expose my shame; my scholars fell off; Dorville broke with me, and yet—But this is not the place to make my apology, which will be found in the *Acta Eruditorum*.

A little before this, I had refused the place of *corrector* to the school of Campen, vacant by Valkenar's coming to Leyden. Whether I did well or ill God only knows—Had I accepted it I should, probably, have been now a professor at some of the Dutch universities. I suffered severely for not having done it—God, however, has at length extricated me; but let it be a warning to young men not to despise the first call he gives them; it may be long enough, as was my case, before they have a second.

As I soon saw there was nothing to be done in divinity, I took to studying physick. For this purpose I attended Gaubius Albinus, and Van-Royen, and cut up dead bodies at my own rooms. By this means I soon became a very good theorist in physick, and intended to commence practice when I returned to my own country; but, I do not know how, straightness of circumstances, oddness of humour, and the *love of Arabick*, always kept me from it. I am now thankful that it was so; for if I had killed a single man without being conscious to myself of having intended it, I could never have forgiven myself. And I should have been an autodidact in this as well as in every thing else.

Two things now happened which determined me to quit Holland. The one was, that having said that if any thing was to be done in Arabick it was not by Schultens method of applying it only to theological purposes, but by reading the history, philosophy, &c. it came to his ears, and made him very angry.

The other was, that happening to write a thesis for my degree, in defence of some propositions taken from the Arabian physicians; I tacked some corollaries to them, which *Schultens, and the theological faculty together*, thought had a tendency towards materialism. This occasioned a debate of an hour,

whether I should have my degree, however I got it, and on the 10th of June 1746, bad adieu to Holland.

Much loved Holland! How often do I think of thee, with pleasing recollection. Ah! would to God, that I had either never seen thee, or never left thee; or that at least I had made a better and wiser use of thee. Thou didst behave to me as a true mother—have I been a grateful son to thee? O, that my conscience could say yes to that question. God give thee in my stead, that which my folly, want of feeling, and want of knowledge of what was genuine gratitude, has made thee miss. God bless thee, and make it go well with thee, thou honoured land; habitation of liberty, and sincerity. I enjoyed much happiness *by* thee—I have learned much good *in* thee—Next to God thou hast made me all I have been since I left thee—All I can do, to shew my gratitude, is to pray for thee—God take thee under his protection—God cover thee with his shield—God support and increase thy commerce, manufactures, liberty, science, and all that is valuable, and praise-worthy in thee. O, that I could see thee once more in my life—O, that I could at least thoroughly make up matters with thee!—An arrow went through my soul when I was forced to leave thee; my heart was broken as I was torn from thee. How often did I look back on thee, with streaming eyes, till thy towers and palaces vanished from my sight; even now, thou art never long distant from my thoughts; but the painful, as well as the pleasing hours I spent in thee, rise to my phantasy, and help me to go through my tedious days, and sleepless nights. So things go—God takes his gifts from us when we know not their value, or misuse them. My sins and forgetfulness of him bereaved me of my paradise. They struck me with blindness, so that I knew not (or rather knew too late, but would not use) the means of happiness his providence had opened for me.

That, however, is over, and it only remains to tell how I lived with Dorville, and what I did for him.

I translated, into Latin, some small French tracts, which he inserted in his *Miscellanea Critica*. I made collections from MSS. or other literary curiosities, for him. I transcribed, into his Muratori, from Gruter, Reinesius, Gudius, and others, the inscriptions which Muratori himself had published in a careless, slovenly manner. I translated his Charite into Latin, and

collated the copy which Dorville had received from Cocchi at Florence—For this I had only nine ducats from Dorville; but the good times were as frequent with him as the bad; for having, at his request, translated *Abulfeda's Geography*, out of Arabick into Latin; when he found he could not get a printer to take the work, he sent me a present of thirty pounds for the time it had taken me up. We disagreed, however, because, not contented with altering my translation of Charito, he obliged me myself to pass my *parricidical* pen through it, and make alterations in it before his face. Remonstrances on this brought on quarrels, and I soon left Gronnendal (Dorville's country house,) to see it no more.

The Charito, with the Greek text, my translation, and many notes, was printed in 1745. Five years after it came out with a great lumbering aukward commentary, in the manner of the Burman school.

At Zwoll I called upon Abresch, who shewed me some still inedited scholia on Aristides.

I staid till the following autumn at Zorbig, the place of my nativity, in hopes of meeting with some opportunity of settling advantageously, by a lucrative marriage or otherwise, but meeting with nothing, was obliged to return to Leipsick, with a heart big with forebodings of the misery I was to go through there.

The physicians of the place did not look kindly upon me, for having got my physical education in another place, so I could not practice physick.

In 1747, I was made professor for the publication of a tract, entitled *De principibus Mahummedanis literarum laude claris.*

From this time, I lived, during many years, in want and obscurity—in such desperate want, that I many days did not know where I should get bread to eat. What I did get was hardly earned, by private instruction, writing books, correcting for the press, translations, and working for reviews.*—Thus I

* *Note by Mrs. Reiske.*—The reader will wonder how Reiske could be in such want with so many occupations. As a corrector of the press alone, he would have done very well; what ruined him was, his being a reader of books, as well as a writer of them. He would often buy them without thinking whether he should have money enough left to buy next day's dinner. Besides this he had the rage of publishing things which moul-

went on from 1746 to 1758.—I will now be a little more particular.

In 1748, I wrote my *Programma de epocha Arabum antiquitissimam Sail ol Arem dicta.* This made me Arabick professor; which, however, was worth nothing to me but a small, and very ill paid pension of one hundred dollars a year, for I read only a few private lectures, which nobody could have prevented my reading, if I had not been professor.

In the autumn, Luzac the bookseller, at Leyden, who had been my scholar and friend, came to our fair, and we made an agreement to publish Abulfeda's history in Latin and Arabick, by subscription; the first sheet was accordingly printed, and made me known in France and England; and the whole would have followed if it had not been for my quarrel with Schultens. It was my fate to review his commentary on Solomon's proverbs, and his second edition of Erpenius's grammar, both which had then just come out, in the Acta Eruditorum. This review I wrote for the publick, and neither for him nor for me; I wrote it conscientiously, thought of no personal quarrel between the editor and the reviewer, but told the world what the world had a right to expect from me. It turned out very ill both for him and me; for though he had nothing to say to the criticism; as he was much used to controversy, he immediately wrote two very long letters, addressed to Menkhenius, (the publisher of the Leipsick Acts,) against me, and sent them round to all the professors. In these he called me atheist. If I had been so, or had shewn myself so at Leyden, it would all have come out. The worst he could say of me, however, happily for me, was, that I was a proud, insolent, and ungrateful young man. He did himself more harm by it than he did me, for his passion threw him into a fever and he died.—He died, and left a never-dying worm in my breast. Never can I think, without bitter remorse, of the wrong, which through want of consideration, I did a man who had deserved so well of me; a man, who had been a father to me. O, how the thoughts of it tear and distract my soul. O might the two black nights, in which I wrote the two fatal sheets, be blotted out from the number of my days; not but that all I said against

dered away in a dark room, and, besides *this*, he had his mother to keep. He used to buy leather, and send it to Zorbig, where she sold it by retail.

Schultens was true, and will remain true to the end of time; but another should have said it and not I. But I said to myself, thou must say this, thy conscience, thy duty as a reviewer requires it of thee—Schultens brings the heathen philosophy to shame with his *originations*, he makes the study of sacred Exegeticks, ridiculous. Thou must direct the unlearned; there is none but thee who can do it. I took the pen up with these sentiments—with which, however, I do not deny but a little of the acid of youthful pride may have mixed itself unperceived.

A sort of revenge led me, about the same time, to speak ill of the works of some of my friends in the *Acta Eruditorum*, I mean the *Carmina Ali Ben Abi Taleb of* Cuypers; *the Carmen Caab ben zohair of* Lette, and the *Fulvii Ursini Virgilium illustratum cum accessionibus Valkenarii.*

I also quarrelled with Burman, the younger, on account of my review of his specimen *Anthologiae Latinae*, and with father Carmeli, for my review of his Italian Euripides. The father answered in a dissertation *pro Euripide et novo ejus Italico interprete Patavini*, 1750, to which I made no reply.

This is the place to mention what reviews are mine in the several journals in which I laboured.

(To be continued.)

FRANKLIN'S MOTTO.

[Since the publication of the last number of the Anthology, we have been favoured with the following communication from the author of the article on the same subject in our Silva.]

Extract of a letter from Mr. Vanderkemp, of Olden Barneveldt in the State of New York, 28th March, 1811.

"I AM more and more convinced, that Eripuit Coelo fulmen &c. is a downright plagiarism.

"Your question, who is the Franklin in Manilius? removes every doubt. Manilius gives a description of the progress of the human mind; how it went on gradually from earth to heaven; till it explained meteors, &c. I submit the whole passage to your decision.

Nec prius imposuit rebus, finemque modumque
Quam Coelum ascendit RATIO, cepitque profundis
Naturam rerum causis, viditque quod usquam est;
Nubila cur quanto quaterentur pulsa fragore;
Hibernâ aestiva, nix grandine mollior esset,
Arderent terrae, solidus que tremisceret orbis,
Cur imbres ruerent, ventos quae causa moveret,
Pervidit; solvitque animis miracula rerum:
Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque tonandi
Et Sonitum ventis: concessit nubibus ignem.
Lib. 1. 96—104."

"Is it not curious, that this beautiful line, and the application of it so wonderfully lucky, should have passed upon the whole learned world for more than thirty years, and the origin of it never discovered till the last winter, by a gentleman situated among our American lakes?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AEGIDII SCROGGINTIS UMBRA.

INSANO Aegidius Scroggins ardebat amore
Formosae Mariae, dum quid speraret habebat.
Annulum ei dulci hoc inscriptum carmine misit,
"Si similis mihi nunc ardente cupidine ferves,
Non poterit culter nostros disjungere amores."

Non minus, heu, cultris forfex plerumque secat res;
Omnesque incertâ mortales vescimur aurâ.
Cum jam sancta dies aderat, thalamique parati,
Parcorum forfex filum Scroggintis amandi
Rescidit. Expectatus Hymen defugit in auras.

Ad lectum Maria tristis cum fletibus ivit
Passaque vix sero curas discedere somno.
Ecce autem ante oculos visa est astare jacentis
Aegidii facies et nota major imago,
Dixitque, "En orco Scroggins quem provocas adsum!"

Tum graviter gemitum rauco de pectore ducens,
"Nunc Maria est tibi descensus calcandus Averni,
Mecum ut amores arcto definire sepulchro."—
Illa autem, "An me non cassum lumine raptas?"
Ast ille, "His rebus jam sum et abnormis et exlex."

Dixerat, et pavidam digitis complexus aduncis
Ad manes saevus rapiebat limite secum.
"Eja, age, rumpe moras," ait "en jam Aurora lucescit!
Illa reluctatur manibus et multo ululatu,
Excutitur somnus, Scrogginsque effugit ad umbras."

.....

TRANSLATION FROM THE LUSUS POETICI OF DR. JORTIN, WHICH MAY BE FOUND IN THE ANTHOLOGY, VOL. II. PAGE 308.

As through the shadowy silence of the groves,
Through water'd meads and verdant brakes among,
Working its course unseen, a streamlet moves,
And with a languid murmur creeps along;

In many a circling maze meandering o'er,
It sports awhile across its native plain;
Yet winds its flight, till down its waters pour,
And mingle in the bosom of the main;

So may my peaceful life obscurely glide
Through some still path, without wealth's tiresome load,
Far from the giddy forum's troubled tide,
And crimson'd honours of the field of blood.

And when my little day shall set in shade,
Tir'd of life's trifling, weary for repose,
Sinking, as if in gentle slumber laid,
Let death's cold hand my prostrate limbs compose.

.....

HOR. LIB. I. ODE 31.

What shall I beg Apollo to bestow,
While full oblations from the goblet flow;
Not the rich crops, Sardinia yields,
Nor herds, that graze Calabria's fields.

Not India's stores of polish'd ivory,
Nor heaps of gold, nor verdant meads, that lie
Where gently winding smooth and slow,
Liris, thy silent waters flow.

Let fortune's fav'rites prune the branching vine,
From golden bowls the merchant quaff his wine,
Dear to the gods since safe he braves
So oft each year th' Atlantick waves.

To me, Apollo, higher boons afford,
While humble herbs and olives crown my board;
Grant me in competence to find
Health, and a clear, unclouded mind;

To spend old age, unsullied by disgrace,
When time his furrows on my brow shall trace,
While still the muses tune their lays,
To cheer the evening of my days.

.....

CAVERN OF SLEEP. METAM. 11. v. 592.

NEAR to Cimmeria, in a recess deep,
Secret and silent is the cave of Sleep:
Where Phoebus ne'er can come with brightning ray
At morn, or noon, or at the close of day;
Dark clouds of mist hang hovering o'er the ground,
And twilight spreads a doubtful glimmer round.
No crested chanticleer the morning wakes,
No watchful dog the slumbering silence breaks.
Hither no beasts or herds intrusive rove,
Or howling blasts the branches rudely move;
No human voice contentious strikes the ear,
But rest and stillness reign eternal here;
Yet down the rock a strickling streamlet flows,
Whose lulling murmurs soothe to sweet repose.
Poppies luxuriant round the entrance bloom,
And herbs unnumber'd, from whose rich perfume
The dewy night soft showers of sleep distills,
And all the air with drowsy fragrance fills.
Throughout no door on jarring hinges grates,
No noisy porter at the threshold waits.
Lo, in the centre, on an ebon throne,
Hung round with black, a couch of softest down:
There lies the god himself in shade involv'd,
His listless limbs in languor all dissolv'd.
Around him scatter'd airy dreams appear,
That semblance seem of various forms to wear,
Confus'd and numerous, as in harvest sheaves,
Sands on the shore, or in the forest leaves. C.

.....

TO HYGEIA.

NYMPH! of smiles and bloom the queen,
Hygeia! ever young and fair,

With beaming eyes, and joyous mien,
Oh! make Maria all thy care.

Breathe thy soft gales, so pure and bland,
That nicely tune the etherial strings
Of life, and wake with viewless hand
The cords whence health's sweet musick springs.

The lonely walk, the twilight hour,
And mingling murmurs still control,
Oh! bid her shun; where fancy's power,
So saddens all the soften'd soul.

But lead where every scene around,
In gayest smiles of beauty's drest,
And many a glad and merry sound
Shall fill with cheerfulness her breast.

The paleness of her cheek so white,
Soften with thine own mellow glow,
As if 'twere morn's first blushing light,
Reflected from a field of snow.

Oh! would'st thou thus Maria bless,
Naught for myself I'd crave of thee,
Her voice, her smile would then possess
More than Hygeia's power on me.

.....

A HYMN OF GRATITUDE TO HYGEIA.

NYMPH, of smiles and bloom the Queen,
Hygeia, ever young and fair,
Hast thou indeed propitious been,
And hast thou heard thy suppliant's prayer?

And does thy bloom with softest glow
Now mantle o'er Maria's cheek;
And does her smile thy presence show,
And in her eye thy lustre speak?

Oh then receive my grateful lay
To bless the goodness thou hast shewn;
But ah, I fear thou wilt not stay
Because thou canst not reign alone.

For feeling o'er her cheek will rise
And spread a warmer glow, than thine;
And soul will from her beaming eyes
Look with a lustre more divine.

And kindness on her lip will play
In sweeter smiles, than thou canst give;
Yet do not take thy smiles away,
But there united let them live.

And, oh, forgive the maid, though she
Seem now and then to slight thy power,
And stealing from thy gaiety,
To court alone a serious hour.

'Tis not her fault, her heart was warm'd
By nature, and her face must feel:
Her mind to thought 'twas nature form'd,
And bade her eye each thought reveal.

Then think it nobler far to share
With nature here divided sway,
Than reign alone, unrival'd where
Nor mind nor heart one charm display!

THE

BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

APRIL, 1811.

Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi quae commutanda, quae eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ARTICLE 25.

The Sequel to the Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World; being testimonies in behalf of Christian candour and unanimity, by divines of the church of England, the kirk of Scotland, and among the Protestant Dissenters. To which is prefixed an Essay on the right of private judgment in matters of religion. By John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited number of Pupils, Pullin's Row, Islington. "Is Christ divided?" Paul. First American edition. Boston, printed by John Eliot, jun. pp. 195. 12mo.

THIS is one of the most interesting publications which we have ever seen in favour of christian candour and unanimity. It proves that the greatest divines have been indeed the best, and that the most learned have been the most charitable. The mere perusal of the names, whose authority is here brought forward in favour of christian fellowship and love, would be enough, one would think, to awaken the curiosity, and then to abash the self-sufficiency of any one, who had unhappily fallen under the dominion of the spirit of exclusion, and Pharisaick self-conceit. The value of this book would have been increased, if a few testimonies had been admitted from distinguished divines out of Great Britain, and also of laymen; for in truth the testimonies of laymen on this subject are far more numerous than of ecclesiasticks; and this ought to be seriously pondered by contentious clergymen.

This collection of testimonies is introduced by an *Essay on the right of private judgment*, which appears rather to be a sensible sermon on this text; "*Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?*" But instead of a text, we have this motto prefixed, which is very expressive of the design of the book.

In necessariis—Unitas;
In non necessariis—Libertas;
In utrisque—Charitas.

The authors here quoted are divided into three classes, as they belong to the church of England, the church of Scotland, and the protestant dissenters. There are none quoted, more ancient than Chillingworth, who died 1644; "the first writer," says Mr. Evans, "who ably and completely vindicated the reformation against the papists, in his immortal work the *Religion of Protestants a safe way to Salvation.*" Let the following passage be read, and pondered, and remembered; it is the marrow of many a discourse on charity and peace, though in many a *professed* discourse on these subjects, the truth it contains has been strangely forgotten, or kept out of sight.

"This is most certain, that, to reduce christians to unity of communion, there are but two ways that may be conceived probable; the one by taking away diversity of opinions, touching matters of religion; the other by shewing, that the diversity of opinions, which is among the several sects of christians, ought to be no hinderance to their unity in communion. Now the *former* of these is not to be hoped for without a miracle. What then remains, but that the *other* way must be taken, and christians must be taught to set a higher value upon those high points of faith and obedience, wherein they agree, than upon those of less moment, wherein they differ; and understand, that agreement in those ought to be more effectual to join them in *one communion*, than their difference in other things of less moment to divide them.

"Let all men believe the scriptures, and them only, and endeavour to believe them in the true sense, and require no more of *others*, and they shall find this not only a better, but the *only* means to restore unity. And, if no more than this were required of any man to make him capable of *church communion*, then all men, so qualified, though they were different in opinion, yet, notwithstanding any such difference, must be, of necessity, one in communion.

"The presumptuous imposing of the senses of men upon the *general* words of God, and laying them upon men's consciences together; this vain conceit, that we can speak of the things of God better than in the words of God; this deifying our *own* interpretations, and enforcing them upon *others*; this *restraining* of the Word of God from that *latitude* and

generality, and the understandings of men from that *liberty* wherein Christ and his apostles left them, is, and hath been, the *only* fountain of all the *schisms* of the church, and that which makes them immortal. Take away these walls of separation, and all will quickly be *one*. Require of *christians* only to believe in Christ, and to call no man master but him only; let those leave claiming infallibility that have no title to it; and let them, that in their *words* disclaim it, (as protestants do) disclaim it likewise in their *actions*. In a word, restore christians to their just and full *liberty* of captivating their understanding to *scripture* only; and then, as rivers when they have a free passage run all to the ocean, so it may well be hoped, by God's blessing, that universal liberty, thus *moderated*, may quickly reduce Christendom to TRUTH and UNITY."

Very fine is the extract (p. 26.) from the *ever memorable* John Hales, of Eaton, who was "tired of this *uncharitable* world!" Not less worthy of attention is the extract from bishop Jeremy Taylor; and though it is by no means the most eloquent and powerful testimony which might have been selected from his works, in favour of christian liberty, yet it is worthy of notice, as containing the eastern fable from which Dr. Franklin took his famous chapter of Genesis, or parable on persecution.

The great English divines of the 17th century, who lived during the troublesome times of the commonwealth, and who felt, as well as saw completely exemplified the evils of religious dissension, bigotry, and fanaticism, were happy in being born when religious liberty was rather better understood than by the first reformers. The escutcheons of Luther, Calvin, and Socinus, are blotted with stains of persecution; and the treatment of Carlostadt, of Servetus, and of F. Davides will not be forgotten, as long as there are Lutherans, Calvinists and Socinians in christendom to reproach one another; while the names contained in this list are all pure from the suspicion of intolerance.

The compiler of this book does not appear to have been very familiar with the writings of all those whom he quotes, or he would have inserted many passages much more striking from the works of Sykes, Hoadly, Jortin, Baxter, Evans, and others, who were professed advocates for the cause which he has at heart. Jortin's inimitable preface to the first volume of his remarks on Ecclesiastical History, might have been published almost entire in this connexion; it is impossible to read it without rapture. There are several passages in Baxter, which

as we think, deserve insertion more than any that we find here; particularly a famous one in the preface to the second part of the Saints Everlasting Rest; and very many from that admirable "Treatise," one of the last he ever wrote, "of knowledge and love compared, by Richard Baxter; who by God's blessing on long and hard studies, hath learned to know that he knoweth but little, and to suspend his judgment of uncertainties, and to take great, necessary, certain things for the food of his faith, and comforts, and the measure of his church communion." The 6th chapter of this treatise, entitled, "What are the unknown things or uncertainties, which we must not pretend a certain knowledge of, even scripture truths?" is extremely worthy of attention, and gives us an exalted opinion of the comprehensive and liberal views of this wonderfully learned and pious man.

There are a few things in the extracts from Hervey which are not entirely in harmony with the rest of the book. The following from a Scotch clergyman, Andrew Gray, D.D. of Abernethy, is full of good sense.

"The noxious disease of indifference to religion in any society, is always greatly cherished and promoted by a factious and divisive spirit in others, by ill-placed and intemperate zeal about points of lesser importance, and of a doubtful nature. *Scepticism* and *bigotry*, how opposite soever to one another, yet are often similar in their influence, and productive of the same effects; they are both equally repugnant to the true spirit of religion. They agree in taking away all distinction between the primary and secondary truths of religion; the one by depressing the former into the obscurity of the latter; the other by exalting the latter to the dignity and importance of the former. The *sceptick* assaults the system of religion by undermining its foundation; the *bigot* by erecting an unwieldy superstructure of perishing materials."

A curious passage is given from Robert Robinson's Plea for the Divinity of Christ, which is a specimen of his truly original manner. This was written before his conversion to Unitarianism, and is found in one of the ablest defences of the Divinity of Christ, to which the Priestleyan controversy gave rise.

"Why do you not persecute, at least, with the tongue, those monstrous *Unitarians?* Because I have no warrant from Christ to do so; nor the least inclination to forge one. This is well enough: But why do you praise them in every company? Because a mistaking man may merit praise for that very industry which hath led him into an errour; and for that

integrity which makes him, against his interest, support it. But what occasion is there to keep company with them, and to maintain an intimacy with them? Because on every other article they edify me, and on this we *agree to differ*. In the possession of this truth, I think I have the advantage of them. In regard to many others, I am not worthy to speak to them; I glory in being their disciple. In what light then do you consider a sincere man, who denies our Lord's divinity? In the light of a mistaken brother; in every other attitude an object of esteem, and in that of denying the divinity of my Lord, an object of my tenderest compassion. All this argues great coldness to your Lord! I would rather be frozen into a formalist, than inflamed with the fire of hell; in the first case, I should be a harmless statue; in the last, a destroyer, like the devil.

"Which of the ten commandments does a man break by following his own convictions in religion? Suppose the worst, that he is in an errour; yet *his errour remaineth with himself*. Is any of us less wise, less just, or less safe, because another does that for himself which we every day do for ourselves? Our safety is not endangered by his taking the liberty to think for himself: It is we who endanger his safety by taking the liberty to think for him. In such a case, we should be less wise and less just than we ought to be; as he would be if he allowed us to run our liberty into such licentiousness. How is it that men, christian men too, can see one another's sicknesses, and hear of one another's misfortunes, without any emotions of anger, and with all the feelings of humanity and pity that christians ought to have for one another; and that they cannot bear to hear a conscientious man avow sentiments different from their own without a red resentment, that like a hot thunderbolt hisses, and wounds, and kills where it falls? No; it is not justice, it is not prudence, it is not humanity, it is not benevolence, it is not zeal for these dispositions; it seems as if it were the explosion of an infected heart, where the milk of human kindness never flowed. If such emotions can proceed from christians, we must suppose what we are loath to think; that is, that some christians are in some unhappy moments divested of all the principles of their holy religion, and actuated by the dispositions of the most ignorant and cruel of mankind. But, say they, though we receive no injury, yet God is dishonoured. Ah Is God dishonoured? imitate his conduct, then; does he thunder, does he lighten, does he afflict this poor man? Behold his sun enlightens his habitation, his rain refreshes his fields, his gentle breeze fans and animates him every day, his revelation lies always open before him, his throne of mercy is ever accessible to him; and will *you*, rash christian, will *you* mark him out for vengeace? I repeat it again, imitate your heavenly Father; and, at least, suspend your anger till that day, when *the Lord will make manifest the counsels of men's hearts, and then shall every man have praise of God.*

Plea for the Divinity of Christ, and Village Sermons."

In short, the conclusion of the whole matter seems to be well stated in this pointed sentence from Seed. (Page 64.)

"Whether a good man, who is a misbeliever in some points, without any faultiness or irregularity of will, will be damned for his *erroneous* way of thinking, may be a question with some people; but I think it admits of none, that a man will be damned for an uncharitable way of thinking and acting."

INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

CONTROVERSY RESPECTING THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

In the year 1808 was published at Florence, a book entitled "Della Patria di Christophoro Colombo," by a celebrated Italian writer named Napione. In this work were published two letters concerning the discovery of the new world; proving that Columbus, who in a preceding voyage had discovered the islands of Cuba and Hispaniola, in the year 1498 discovered and ascertained the continent of the new world, which he named the land of Paria, near the mouth of the Oroonoque river.

They further prove that Alberico, or Americo Vespucci, made his first voyage in 1499, or at the earliest in 1498, the date being uncertain: That he discovered, not the land of Paria, but land which he called Larias, which he says he took for a continent, but which he did not ascertain to be part of the new continent.

That in 1500 Vespucci ascertained the part of the continent now called Brazil, which had already been visited by Oieda in 1499, and by Cabral in 1500: That Vespucci never pretended to have discovered the new world; but he described it with maps upon which he put his name, as Grand Pilot of Spain, an office which he held until his death in 1512: And that Brazil was the only part of the new world for many years, which bore the name of America.

An anonymous writer soon after the appearance of these letters, published observations upon them, contesting the right of Columbus, and asserting that of Vespucci to the discovery of the American continent.

To these observations Mr. Napione has replied in a second pamphlet, published also at Florence, under the following title, "Del primo scopritore del continente del Nuovo Mondo, et de

i piu antichi storici che ne scrissero Ragionamento che serve di supplemento alle due lettere sulla scoperta del Nuovo Mondo publicata nel libro intitolato : della Patria di Christophoro Colombo, stampato in Firenze, noll" anno 1808.

From the result of this controversy it appears that Vespucci in his voyage of 1497, 1498, or 1499, saw land which he named *Laria*, and which Grinoeus and Bandini, editors of editions of his voyages published after his death, changed for Paria, the name first given to the land of the continent, found by Columbus.

That the first maps in which the name of *America* was introduced, were in an edition of Ptolemy, printed at Lyons in 1522, and reprinted in 1531 and 1534. The name of America is there confined to Brazil. From that time it gradually crept into the geographical compilations of Germany, of Spain, and finally of Italy, where it was not used until about 1570.

This work contains some very curious researches, concerning the book, entitled "Vita e lettere di Americo Vespucci, published at Florence in 1745, by the Abbé Bandini ; and concerning a collection of Voyages entitled "Itinerarium Portugallensium," published by a monk of Clervaux, named Archange Madrignan, at Milan in 1508, and which contains the voyage of Vespucci to Brazil.

Mr. Napione has in this supplement produced further proofs of what he had undertaken to shew in the former work—That Christopher Columbus was of the noble family of Colombo of Cuccaro in Montferrat ; and that the same Cuccaro was the place of his birth and education. He has also shewn that in the 15th century Montferrat formed a part of Piedmont.

[We introduce to our readers the following Report of the English African Society, to which we prefix, some remarks from an interesting notice of it in the Monthly Review for January last. ED. ANTH.]

AFRICA has long been a melancholy subject. The geographer contemplates its immense continent as a grand feature of the creation, but to the philosopher, who estimates the blessings of civilization and mental improvement, it presents a very insignificant figure. The inhabitants of no quarter of the globe

have been more unjustly vilified and ill-treated. In order to extenuate measures involving the blackest crimes, interested traders have first endeavoured to degrade the poor African below the rest of his species, and have then pleaded the demands of our sugar colonies* as a reason for forcibly dragging him from his native groves, to waste a wretched existence in galling bondage. How dishonourable to professing Christians has been this trade in human blood! Thanks to the humane and undaunted Clarkson, and to his noble coadjutors, the traffick is at last prohibited by the British legislature; and his name deserves to be deeply engraven on the great pyramid, that for ages to come the African race may read it, and do honour to the virtues of their great advocate and benefactor.—Without the abolition of the slave trade, the civilization and internal improvement of Africa could never proceed. If the enlightened inhabitants of Europe visited her shores only for the sake of fomenting wars among her tribes, and of thinning its population by the most nefarious of all traffick, Africans could never think of recognizing Europeans as friends, nor entertain any respect for the religion of men more savage in heart than themselves: but by the check which this trade has received, in consequence of the edicts of the British legislature, it may be hoped that the Negro race will regard the European in a more favourable light, and that the views of both will be directed to their mutual benefit, not to their mutual annoyance.

It is probable, however, that some time will elapse before this horrible trade is quite suppressed; for though the American government has followed us in the measure of abolition, it is confessed that 'America has few or no means of enforcing her own edicts;' so that while the cupidity of her merchants remains unrestrained by principles of humanity, slave ships will continue to blacken the Atlantick. Yet, notwithstanding the clouds which may occasionally darken the horizon, the African hemisphere seems to brighten; and it is some consolation to reflect that the nation, which participated most largely in this traffick of blood, has been the first to repent of her sins, stands foremost in redressing the injury which she has inflicted, and has the most powerful means of enforcing her

* Why not encourage the Africans to grow sugar in their own country, for which it is well adapted?

resolutions. Our colonies on the coast of Africa, and all our missions to that continent, wear a friendly aspect to the inhabitants; and if an agreement were made between Great Britain and the United States of America, that each power shall be allowed to enforce by means of naval capture the abolition-laws of the other, the navy of Great Britain on the African station would soon make the slave-traffick a hazardous adventure to the American. The Directors are inclined to count on the concurrence of the United States with us, provided that the two countries continue in a state of amity; and on the whole it may be presumed that the trade to Africa for slaves will, at no great distance of time, be in a great measure if not totally abolished.

Now this circumstance will open a new era for Africa. At present, our knowledge of that immense continent is confined to the coast, and even here we have hitherto effected little towards sowing the seeds of civilization and improvement. How much is to be done! What a vast task has the African Institution undertaken! Yet its members are full of hope; and if they proceed slowly and cautiously, much may be accomplished. When the African is delivered from the dread of being kidnapped and sold into slavery, when he feels his security, is taught the value of industry in improving his native soil, and is assisted in obtaining the necessaries and the comforts of life, civilization will make a rapid progress: then he will be prepared for the lessons of the Christian religion; then he will rise to the dignity of a rational being, and all the noblest physiognomies of man will be displayed. When the African knows and feels his obligations to Europeans, their travels into the interior will be encouraged and protected; trade and commerce will have an unlimited range; in future, the visits of British merchants to Tombuctoo and Kassina may be frequent; and the geography and natural history of the interior of Africa may be as well known as those of Hindoostan.

.....

Fourth Report of the Directors of the African Institution, read at the Annual General Meeting, on the 29th of March, 1810.

It has appeared to the directors, that without security of person and property, no adequate stimulus can be given to industry: and consequently no progress can fairly be expected

in the great work of civilization in Africa. It is therefore obvious, that while a considerable Slave Trade is suffered to exist, such security is unattainable. But no foreign states have hitherto followed the example set them by the legislatures of Great Britain and the United States of America; the flags of Spain and of Sweden (which, till within the last two years, had scarcely ever visited the African coast) have of late been extensively employed in covering and protecting a trade in slaves, in which, it is however believed, the subjects of those countries have little or no direct interest!

It has also been discovered, that, in defiance of all the penalties imposed by Act of Parliament, vessels, under foreign flags, have been fitted out in the ports of Liverpool and London, for the purpose of carrying slaves from the coast of Africa to the Spanish and Portuguese settlements in America; and several adventures of this description have actually been completed!!!

The persons, however, who are the most deeply engaged in this *nefarious* traffick, appear to be *citizens of the United States of America*. These shelter themselves from the penal consequences of their criminal conduct, by means of a nominal sale both of ship and cargo at some Spanish or Swedish port—(the Havannah, for example, or the island of St. Bartholomew). They are thus put in a capacity to use the flags of these states; and so disguised, have carried on their slave-trading speculations, during the last year, to an enormous extent!!!

The different communications received by the directors from the coast of Africa, concur in stating, that in the month of October last the coast was crowded with vessels, known to be American, trading for slaves under Spanish and Swedish flags. The slaves thus procured, it is understood, were afterwards to be carried for sale, either to South America, or to the Spanish West Indies. Some cargoes (there is reason to believe) were landed at St. Bartholomew's, and smuggled thence into English islands!!!

The extent to which this evil has unexpectedly and suddenly proceeded, and its obvious influence on all the plans for promoting the civilization of Africa, have induced the directors, since the last general meeting, to turn a large share of their attention to the best means of restraining or removing it. Be-

sides making the necessary representations, from time to time, to his Majesty's government, they have taken measures for communicating to the officers of the Royal Navy distinct information respecting the provisions of the legislature on this point, and the manner in which those provisions have been eluded; as well as to point out the pecuniary advantages which would accrue to them from a vigorous enforcement of the Abolition laws. The inducement to vigilance on the part of the navy is considerable; the captors being entitled to the forfeiture of both ship and cargo. And although all slaves found on board are liberated, yet there is a bounty allowed by government to the captors, amounting to 40*l.* for each man, 30*l.* for each woman, and 10*l.* for each child so liberated. Instances have already occurred in which this bounty has been claimed and received.

The directors feel it incumbent on them to state, that, in prosecuting their inquiries into this case, they uniformly experienced, on the part of his Majesty's government, a prompt attention to their representations, and a cordial disposition to aid their efforts in preventing the infraction of the laws for the abolition of the slave trade.

It is to be remembered, to the honour of the government of the United States of America, that it seized an early opportunity of effecting the abolition of this trade, as far as legislative enactments could effect it. America, however, has few or no means of enforcing her own commercial edicts. In despite of those edicts, therefore, her ships are now the great carriers of slaves, without any other defence against the penalties, to which as Americans they are liable, than is afforded by the flag, and simulated clearances, of some foreign state.

The directors will now proceed to notice what has been further done in the prosecution of the objects of the institution.

The capture of Senegal, which was effected in the month of July last, by Captain Columbine, of the navy, and Major Maxwell, the commandant of Goree, has considerably abridged the facilities enjoyed by the contraband slave traders on that part of the Slave Coast. It has also furnished an important inlet both for commerce and civilization; the river Senegal being navigable for several hundred miles, and some of its branches approaching within a short distance of the Niger.

Having received information that the plants of the mulberry-tree, which they had transmitted to Africa, had taken root, and were flourishing, not only at Sierra Leone, but at Goree and Senegal, the directors procured a considerable number of silk-worms' eggs, which were sent to those places, accompanied with particular directions respecting the proper mode of rearing and managing them.

They have also transmitted to Africa a farther supply of some useful seeds: and likewise the model of a mill for cleaning rice from its husk; an operation which, through the defect of proper machinery, is performed at present in a very laborious, rude, and imperfect manner. The directors apprehend, that the present infgriority of African rice is chiefly to be attributed to this defect: they will therefore be obliged to any of the friends of the institution who shall point out the best means of remedying it.

(To be continued.)

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Naples, Sept. 24.

THE recent eruption will make the year 1810 an epoch in the annals of Vesuvius, on account of the manner in which it began, and the disasters it has produced. It is considered as a very extraordinary circumstance that this eruption was not preceded by the usual indications; every convulsion of Vesuvius being previously announced by the drying up of the wells of Naples. This phenomenon did not take place on this occasion; and, to the great surprize of the inhabitants, Vesuvius began to emit flames on the night of the 10th of September. On the morning of the 11th, the flames became more intense, and the lava began to flow from the East and South-East sides of the mountain. Towards evening the conflagration increased, and about twilight two grand streams of fire were seen to flow down the ridge of the volcano: night produced no change in this state of things. On the morning of the 12th, a hollow sound was heard, and has always been increasing; the fire and smoke have equally augmented in intensity, and towards evening the horizon was obscured. The breeze, usual in these parts, having blown from the South East, dissipated the accu-

mulated clouds. The mountain continued to vomit lava and a dense smoke, which even at a distance was strongly sulphureous; the hollow noise in the sides of the mountain continued to increase. Curious to witness as near as possible one of the most astonishing phenomena of nature, and forgetting the misfortune of Pliny, I sat out from Naples, and at eight in the evening I reached Portici. From thence to the summit of the mountain, the road is long and difficult. About half way there is a hermitage, which has long served for refuge and shelter to the traveller; a good hermit has there fixed his residence, and takes care to furnish for a moderate sum, refreshments, which to the fatigued traveller are worth their weight in gold. The environs of this hermitage produce the famous wine called *Lachryma Christi*. From the hermitage to the foot of the cave, there is a long quarter of a league of road, tolerably good; but in order to reach from thence the *crater*, it is necessary to climb a mountain of cinders, where at every step you sink up to the mid-leg. It took my companions, myself, and our guides, two hours to make this ascent; and it was already midnight when we reached the crater. The fire of the Volcano served us for a torch; the noise had totally ceased for two hours; the flame had also considerably decreased: these circumstances augmented our security, and supplied us with the necessary confidence in traversing such dangerous ground. We approached as near as the heat would permit, and we set fire to the sticks of our guides in the lava, which slowly ran through the hollows of the crater. The surface of this inflamed matter nearly resembles metal in a state of fusion; but as it flows, it carries a kind of scum, which hardens as it cools, and then forms masses of scoria, which dash against each other, and roll all on fire, with noise, to the foot of the mountain. Strong fumes of sulphurick acid gas arise in abundance from these scoria, and by their caustick and penetrating qualities render respiration difficult. We seemed to be pretty secure in this situation, and were far from thinking of retiring, when a frightful explosion, which launched into the air fragments of burning rocks to the distance of more than 100 toises, reminded us of the danger to which we were exposed. None of us hesitated a moment in embracing a retreat, and in five minutes we cleared in our descent a space of ground which we had taken two hours to

climb.—We had not reached the hermitage before a noise more frightful than ever was heard ; and the volcano, in all its fury, began to launch a mass equal to some thousand cart-loads of stones, and fragments of burning rocks, with a projectile force which it would be difficult to calculate. As the projection was vertical, almost the whole of this burning mass fell back again into the mouth of the volcano, which vomited it forth anew to receive it again, with the exception of some fragments which flew off, to fall at a distance, and alarm the inquisitive spectator, who avoided them, as on publick fêtes we avoid the handle of the rockets, in our fire-works. The 13th commenced with nearly the same appearances as those of the preceding day. The volcano was tranquil, and the lava ran slowly in the channels which it had formed during the night ; but at four in the afternoon, a frightful and continued noise, accompanied with frequent explosions, announced a new eruption ; the shocks of the volcano were so violent, that at Fort de L'Oeuf, built upon a rock, where I then was, at the distance of near four leagues, I felt oscillations similar to those produced by an earthquake. At 5 o'clock the eruption commenced, and continued during greater part of the night. This time the burning matter flowed down all the sides of the mountain, with a force hitherto unprecedented ; all Vesuvius was on fire, and the lava has caused the greatest losses ; houses and whole estates have been overwhelmed, and at this day families in tears and reduced to despair search in vain for the inheritance of their ancestors, buried under the destroying lava. At 10 at night, the hermitage was no longer accessible ; a river of fire had obstructed the road. The districts situated on the south-east quarter of the mountain had still more to suffer. Mount Vesuvius was no longer any thing but one vast flame, and the seaman at a great distance might contemplate, at his leisure, this terrifick illumination of nature, &c."

The first class of the National Institute has nominated M. Von Humboldt to the place of Foreign Associate, vacant by the death of Mr. Cavendish.

From the London Philosophical Magazine.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 28, The President in the chair. The conclusion of M. De l'Isle's paper on the poison of the *bohan upas* and *antea* was read. The emetick power of this poison suggested to the author the propriety of making some experiments with other emeticks, by injecting them into wounds and blood-vessels in the same manner as he did the upas. Ipecacuanha and tartar emetick were injected, and both produced very violent effects, particularly the latter; but they were not so destructive to animal life as the upas. On dissecting the bodies of the animals killed by injecting this poison, and comparing them with the effects of common emeticks, he was led to conclude that the upas does not kill by any specific action on the nerves, but that, by acting on the blood only, it is so instantaneously destructive to animal life.

A paper from Mr. Good was read, describing the nature of the horny concretions which appeared all over the skin of a heifer exhibited in London last year. The head, neck, and shoulders of this animal were thickly covered with little horns of various length and thickness, some of them nearly three inches long. It appears that these horns were chiefly composed of calcareous matter, and that one-fourth of them was of an animal nature.

July 5, Dr. Wollaston read a paper on a peculiar species of urinary calculus, which he called cystick oxide, only two specimens of which he has been able to procure. The cystick oxide dissolves in solutions of all the alkalies, but not in saturated carbonate of ammonia. Dr. W. also took occasion to correct some essential errours in his paper on calculi, which appeared in the Philosophical Transactions for 1797; subsequent experience having convinced him that phosphate of lime and phosphate of magnesia rarely or never exist together in the same calculus.

A paper on muriatick acid, by Mr. Davy, was read. The object of Mr. Davy's paper was to detail some new facts respecting the muriatick acid. Finding that charcoal, though ignited to whiteness, will not burn or decompose oxymuriatick acid gas, he was led to institute experiments to determine whether oxygen could be procured from it by any means:

and the results of his inquiries are, that there is no proof whatever of its containing that substance. Muriatick acid gas may be decomposed into oxymuriatick acid and hydrogen; and recomposed from these bodies. In all cases in which oxygen gas is procured from oxymuriatick acid gas, water is present: and the oxygen is furnished by the water; and hydrogen is always combined with the oxymuriatick acid gas; so that, as inflammable bodies decompose water by attracting oxygen, so oxymuriatick acid decomposes it by attracting hydrogen. Mr. Davy has detailed some experiments which render it probable that the body called hyperoxymuriatick acid is in fact the simple basis of the muriatick compounds, and that it forms oxymuriatick acid by uniting to hydrogen, and common muriatick acid gas by uniting to more hydrogen.

In attempting to decompose oxymuriatick acid gas by the combustion of phosphorus and the action of ammonia, Mr. Davy discovered a very singular compound; which, though composed of oxymuriatick acid and ammonia with a little phosphorus, is neither fusible, volatile, nor decomposable at a white heat; neither soluble in acid nor alkaline menstrua; and possessed of no taste or smell.

Mr. Davy has detailed nine modes of decomposing common salt, founded upon these new facts, and has formed nine deductions from them respecting the composition of chemical agents in general.

A paper on pus, by Dr. Pearson, was read. Previously to the author's observations and experiments, a brief historical account was given of what has been already done on the subject. The conclusions among many others are: That the pus consists essentially of three different substances, viz. an opake animal oxide, seemingly already self-coagulated; matter analogous to the coagulable lymph of the blood, but in a different state of aggregation. 2. Innumerable spherical particles, seen with the microscope, separable by chemical agents from the other parts. 3. A limpid coagulable liquid, in many properties similar to the serum of blood. The saline impregnations are the same as those of serum of blood and expectorated matter, especially muriate of soda, neutralized potash, and the phosphates of lime. Various other substances are frequently found in pus, which are considered to be accidental, and depend upon different diseases.

The Society then adjourned till Thursday the 8th of November.

IMPERIAL SOCIETY OF NATURAL HISTORY OF MOSCOW.

M. Fischer, president of this society, has published the following short account of their labours for the last four years. This sketch is arranged under the following heads: I. Labours and Undertakings of the Society. II. Miscellanies. III. Promotions and Rewards. IV. Necrology. V. Literary Novelties. VI. Minutes of the Society, and Report of the Presents made to the Society and to the Museum of the Imperial University. The following are the contents of the first branch of their labours.

Journey to Siberia undertaken at the expense of the Society.—This expedition set out on the 9th of February, 1809, and is to last three years. It is composed of Professor Tauber, who is known from his description of the valley of Plauen in Saxony; M. James Mohr, known from his travels in Germany, France, England, and Sweden; and M. Helm, botanist and chemist, known by his description of several new plants, and by several analyses: this is his second visit to Siberia. These gentlemen are accompanied by two pupils, Messrs. Kotoroff and Leslivsky, and they are provided with every necessary, such as books, charts, instruments, and a chemical laboratory. They were to be occupied the first year with the Ouxal chain of mountains; the second, with that of the Altai; the third, with the mountains of the Daourie; and, if circumstances will permit them, they will also visit Kamschatka. The profound erudition and zeal of the above gentlemen afford reason to hope for some important discoveries. They are also accompanied by a draftsman, and by a person who is acquainted with the art of stuffing and preserving animals.

Description of the Government of Moscow.—His Imperial Majesty having given five thousand roubles to be expended in examining the immense district which goes by this name, the professors of Moscow have recently visited several parts of the country with this view. The following is an account of what has been already done: Some astronomical and trigonometrical observations have been repeated at Moscow, and in some districts of the government, such as Svenigorod berea, Moja-

isk, Riousa, by professors Goldbach and Panthner, attached to the repository for charts at St. Petersburgh. The latter has also established, at the expense of the society, barometers and thermometers at the above places, in order to obtain some useful observations.

M. Fischer undertook the natural history department: he was accompanied in his excursion by M. Drouginine, secretary to the society; and by M. Gorke, one of the pupils at the university of Moscow. From the lateness of the season they procured but few plants or insects, but they were more fortunate in their mineralogical pursuits. Petrifactions of all kinds, several mineral springs rich in iron and carbonick acid, a good clay for earthen ware, Labrador stone, garnets in granite and in gneus, granatite in gneus, and a new earthy substance, were procured by them. This new substance is of a very fine lavender blue, and is found in veins several lines thick between layers of cimolite, which in some places forms the transition to a true mountain cork. Sometimes it is found on round masses of flint, sometimes fossil shells are found in it, and pectinites which are wholly black and changed into flint. This substance contains, according to the analyses of Messrs. Helm and Muller, lime, alumine, and phosphorick acid. It forms, therefore, a new species adjoining the Apatite, and it has been designated by the name of Ratofkite, from the place where M. Fischer resides.

Mr. Davy's experiments.—M. Jacquin in a letter to M. Fischer informs him, that in concert with his friends the director Schreibers, colonel Tihursky, and M. Bremser, he repeated the recent experiments of Mr. Davy with success. They generally made use of a battery with vertical piles composed of 1300 pairs of disks, which where generally three inches in diameter, and formed together 70 square feet of surface in contact:—the experiment succeeded however with 300 pairs of disks, and it was even perceptible with 70 pairs. One of the processes adopted by the above gentlemen seems to be somewhat novel: they placed in a wine glass a small piece of alkali moistened in the air, on a small plate of platina which communicates with the hydrogen pole, and which was entirely covered with rectified petroleum. Finally, they placed on the alkali a thin plate of platina, and pressed it with a metallick rod com-

municating with the oxygen pole. The effects being remarked, bubbles of air were extricated as in the first experiment; sometimes there were trifling detonations; and some time afterwards they found the whole of the inferiour surface of the alkali strewed with small scales having a metallick appearance like those which are seen floating in the petroleum. This preparation is very beautiful, particularly when placed in the microscope. It is not combined easily with mercury; for a globule adhering to the point of the brass wire, when plunged in mercury, was not detached, and afterwards detonated in water as before.

In the experiment last described, the place of the platina may be supplied by a flat piece of charcoal. The diamond and sulphur are not conductors of the electrick fluid, and produce no effect. The experiment does not succeed better in vacuo than in the open air. "What is this substance (M. Fischer asks) which resembles a metal? Is it the alkali reduced, or one of its constituent parts, which being combined with oxygen represents it, as Mr. Davy seems to think? or, Is it hydruret of potash? But whence this metallick appearance?"

From the London Medical and Physical Journal.

During last winter, a phenomenon, which would appear incredible, were it not attested by a great number of persons of known veracity, occurred in the vicinity of Placentia. On the 17th of January, red snow fell upon the mountains in this department, and especially upon that known by the name of Cento-croci. A coat of white snow had covered the tops of these mountains, when several peals of thunder, accompanied with lightning, were heard. From this moment, the snow that fell was red; this continued for some time, after which white snow again fell, so that the red was inclosed between two strata of white. In some places, this snow was only of the colour of peach-blossom, but in others of deep red. Some of it was collected, and the water which it yielded, when melted, retained the same colour. The analysis of it by M. Guigotti, a chemist of Parma, promises interesting results. This phenomenon seems to furnish us with the means of explaining the showers of blood, which are mentioned by the ancients in their

histories. We have already ascertained the existence of *pesinites*, or stones fallen from the atmosphere, which the Greeks and Latins have spoken of ; and now it is impossible to deny the reality of showers of a blood-red colour, which are described by the same authors.

.....

MUTIS, THE BOTANIST.

Accounts from Santa Fé, in New Grenada, dated August 19, 1809, mention the death of the celebrated MUTIS, the friend of Linnaeus, and one of the greatest botanists of the age. This venerable and worthy man had devoted upwards of fifty years to the examination of the vegetable productions of America. Attached at first as physician to the viceroy, the count of Casa Flores, he began at his own expense to have drawings, made by native painters, formed by himself, for the *Flora of Bagota*. This grand work will be continued, and is greatly extended since he was appointed director of the botanical expedition of New Grenada. He had collected in his house considerable herbaries, more than 1500 coloured drawings of new plants, philosophical and astronomical instruments, and a collection of botanical works, inferiour only to that of the illustrious President of the Royal Society of London.

Mr. Rea, one of Mutis's pupils, is the present director of the botanical garden of Madrid. His nephew, Don Sinforosa Mutis, has been commissioned by the government to complete the *Flora of Bagota*, for which no more than 566 descriptions of new species have been found drawn up by the deceased. Messrs. Mutis and Rixa, two distinguished artists, natives of Santa Fé, are finishing the numerous drawings that were begun. M. Mutis, who in his old age had embraced the ecclesiastical profession, was equally distinguished for the variety and solidity of his attainments, and for the liberality and elevation of his sentiments. Previous to his death, he directed that his library, collections, and instruments, should be applied to the publick use of his fellow-citizens.—Europe is indebted to him for the important discovery of the quinquina of New Grenada. The orange-coloured quinquina, of Santa Fé *(cinchona lancifolia)* which is not inferiour in quality to the bark of Loxa, *(cinchona condaminea)* has become an important branch of commerce, at the ports of Carthagena, and Santa Martha.

CATALOGUE,

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR APRIL, 1811.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. *Mart.*

NEW WORKS.

* The resources of the British Empire, together with a view of the probable result of the present contest between Britain and France. By John Bristed. New-York; Ezra Sargent. 8vo.

* Memoirs of the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, D. D. Founder and President of Dartmouth College and More's Charity School; with a summary History of the College and School. To which are added, copious extracts from Dr. Wheelock's correspondence. By David M'Clure, D. D. S. H. S. pastor of a church in East Windsor, Con. and Elijah Parish, D. D. pastor of the church in Byfield, Mass. Newburyport; C. Norris. 8vo.

*An Enquiry concerning the intellectual and moral faculties, and literature of Negroes; followed with an account of the life and works of fifteen Negroes and Mulattoes, distinguished in science, literature and the arts. By H. Gregoire, formerly Bishop of Blois, member of the Conservative Senate, and of the National Institute, of the Royal Society of Gortinguen, &c. &c. translated by D. B. Warden, secretary to the American legation at Paris. Brooklyn; Thomas Kirk.

Beauties of Dr. Robertson, containing the most prominent and interesting passages in the works of that illustrious historian; being the lives and characters of the principal personages, together with the most memorable events, delineated by him in his histories of Scotland and Charles V. and of America. To which is prefixed, an account of the life and writings of the author. New York; Ezra Sargent. Price $1 25. 12mo.

* A Sermon preached before the Plymouth Association of Ministers, in the third congregational society in Middleborough, Sept. 26, 1810. By John Reed, D. D. pastor of the first church and congregational society in Bridgewater. Boston; Greenough and Stebbins.

* A Discourse, on Church Musick, delivered in Brighton, March 29th, 1811. By John Foster, A. M. Minister of the society in that town. Brighton; D. Bowen. pp. 18.

A Dissertation on the Prophecies relative to Antichrist and the Last Times; exhibiting the rise, character, and overthrow of that terrible Power: and a Treatise on the seven Apocalyptick Vials. By Ethan Smith, Pastor of the Church in Hopkinton, N. H. Charleston, S. C.; E. Morford, Willington and Co.

Hymns for Infant Minds; by the author of Original Poems for Infant Minds, Rhymes for the Memory, &c. Boston; Munroe and Frances.

NEW EDITIONS.

* Memoir on the expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India; both as the means of perpetuating the christian religion among our own countrymen; and as a foundation for the ultimate civilization of the natives. By Rev. Claudius Buchanan, M. D. First American edition. * Cambridge; Hilliard and Metcalf.

The third edition of the Practical Navigator, being an Epitome of Navigation: containing all the tables necessary to be used with the Nautical

* Such books, pamphlets, etc. as are designated by this mark (*) may be found at the Boston Athenæum.

Almanack in determining the Latitude and Longitude by lunar observations, and keeping complete reckoning at sea, illustrated by proper rules and examples, the whole examplified in a journal kept from Boston to Madeira, in which all the rules of Navigation are introduced. Also, the demonstration of the usual rules of Trigonometry, Problems in Mensuration, Surveying and Gauging: Dictionary of Sea Terms, and the manner of performing the most useful Evolutions at sea. With an Appendix, containing Methods of calculating Eclipses of the Sun and Moon, and Occultations of the Fixed Stars; and Rules for finding the Longitude of a place by observations of eclipses or occultations. Price $4.

Nuptial Dialogues and Debates, or an useful prospect of the felicities and discomfitures of a married life. By Edward Ward. The first American, from the fifth London edition, corrected. New York; Samuel Forster.

A Practical Inquiry into disordered Respiration; distinguishing the species of convulsive asthma, their causes and indications of cure. By Robert Bree, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. From the fourth London edition, with additional practical observations. New York; E. Sargent. Price $2.

Anne of Brittany; an historical Romance. 3 vols. in one. Price $1. New York; Butler and White.

* The Sequel to the Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World; being testimonies in behalf of Christian candour and unanimity, by Divines of the Church of England, the Kirk of Scotland, and among the Protestant Dissenters. To which is prefixed, an Essay on the right of private judgment in matters of Religion. By John Evans, A. M. master of a Seminary for a limited number of Pupils, Pulling's Row, Islington. First American edition. Boston; John Eliot, jr.

The Four Gospels, translated from the Greek, with Preliminary Dissertations, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. By George Campbell, D. D. F. R. S. Edinburgh. Four volumes, with the author's last corrections. Boston; W. Wells and T. B. Wait and Co. The first and second vols. are completed, and the third and fourth vols. will be published in a few weeks.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

Edward Parker and Joseph Delaplaine, booksellers, Philadelphia, propose publishing by subscription, an American edition of the Edinburgh Encyclopaedia, now printing in Edinburgh; conducted by David Brewster, L. L. D. Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, with assistance of nearly one hundred gentlemen of the first eminence in science and literature in Europe.

T. B. Wait and Co. propose publishing by subscription, A Geographical and Historical View of the World: exhibiting a complete delineation of the natural and artificial features of each country; and a succinct narrative of the origin of the different nations, their political revolutions, and progress in arts, sciences, literature, commerce, &c. The whole comprising all that is important in the geography of the globe and the history of mankind. By John Bigland, author of Letters on Ancient and Modern History, Essays on various subjects, &c. &c. in five volumes.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

MAY, 1811.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Continued from page 228.)

THE principal object of our jaunt was to visit the celebrated convent of Arrabida, on the mountain of that name. We sat out on this expedition at an early hour, *while dewy drops hung trembling on the tree.* We embarked on board a boat in the river, down which we proceeded. About a league below the town we passed *Atun Castle* which commands the entrance of the *Sado.* Our boatmen rowed through a narrow pass between the shore and two huge insulated rocks, whose overhanging craggy cliffs seemed every instant ready to precipitate themselves upon us. Their summits were covered with shrubs. On one of them was erected a monumental cross in memory of a man who was dashed to pieces as he was climbing in pursuit of birds. In the other we saw the mouth of a vast and hideous cavern. We landed not far from this and began to ascend the mountain. As we drew near the summit the extraordinary and singular beauties of this romantick spot increased at every step. Nothing could surpass in sublimity and wildness the scenery around. Below was the Atlantick ocean. At the foot of the mountain lay St. Ubes with its harbour and fertile plain. Before us rose a high, naked and stony ridge of mountains, apparently inaccessible to human footsteps. To

the right the prospect stretched across the black desert waste of Alemtejo, beyond which we distinguished in the distance the spires of Lisbon and the crowd of shipping at anchor in the Tagus. Close to the sea, in a hollow surrounded by steep and naked rocks appeared the small town of Cezimbra. About six miles from St. Ubes the range terminates in the promontory of Espichel. We saw lapwings, storks, and wild ducks in great numbers, and many eagles *flaning* over head. Our guides led us down a flight of steps into an obscure and gloomy cavern consecrated to St. Catharine. It is illuminated only by the light which ascends through an aperture in the rock below, where the sea enters. As we descended, we saw nothing but the sea and rocks over which the waves broke with tremendous violence. The gloom and solitude of the place, and the unceasing roar of the waters, imposed a sort of feeling not unmixed with awe. I was not surprized to see Balthazar and the boatmen on their knees before the image of St. Catherine. The ascent to the mountain was very steep, and grew more laborious as we approached the summit. Rude crosses were erected on almost every crag. We were often obliged to stop and rest. As we ascended,

> "Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
> Of parted fragments tumbling from on high,
> And from the summit of the craggy mound
> The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
> Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky."

Several little chapels were built on the top of the mountain. A few pines and cypresses grew at intervals. Among the crevices of the rocks the laurestinus, gum cystus, and other shrubs flourished luxuriantly. As we climbed up, the air seemed impregnated with the fragrance which they threw around.

> "E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
> And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume."

The convent stands nearly at the summit. It is a singular, irregular pile, inhabited by the bearded Franciscans. The walls of the great chapel were covered with votive offerings to our lady of Arrabida, whose miracles are without number. We saw waxen ears, eyes, arms, legs, noses, fingers, toes, and almost every part of the human body suspended in token of the

cures which she had wrought; for wherever the disease is situated, a representation of that part is hung up in gratitude by the patient on recovery.

It was late in the afternoon when we got back to St. Ubes. We ordered Balthazar to get his mules ready, and set out immediately. We returned by the way of *Aldea Gallega*. We arrived in the midst of a fete which the negroes have here in this month. It lasts several days. The weather was boisterous, and we were obliged much to our sorrow to delay crossing the river till morning, as no boatmen would venture with us at so late an hour. They spread beds for us on the floor, without sheets or blankets. I laid down in my clothes. A huge lamp hung over the door, and skins of wine were placed against the wall, like those attacked by Don Quixotte. Very early in the morning we crossed the river to Lisbon.

October 15.

The most magnificent structure erected since the earthquake, and the most conspicuous in Lisbon, is the *Convento Novo*, or new church of Franciscan nuns. This splendid monument of royal bigotry was built by the present Queen (*she who is mad and gone to* Brazil) and is dedicated to the *corazon de Jesus* (the Heart of Jesus). It stands at *Ajuda* near Buenos Ayres on a commanding eminence. From its situation, and the white limestone of which it is built, it has a very airy and noble appearance. It is in the form of a cross, and at first seems to bear considerable resemblance to St. Paul's, its centre being crowned with a most beautiful and magnificent dome. The front is decorated with some good statues, and a noble colonade. Criticks censure this last, which they say contains a palpable errour in architecture. The massy columns are under a light entablature, and have nothing apparently to support. There is seemingly much justice in the remark. What however chiefly struck me when I first saw the church was a miserable and mean little hovel adjoining the front, and so placed as totally to destroy the symmetry and uniformity of the edifice. I could not for a long while conceive why they should allow the building to be so disgraced, until a Portuguese informed me that St. Antonio was born there. I stood corrected, and my wonder ceased. In a conspicuous part of the church is a most execrable daub by the Queen's sister, in-

tended at once as an ornament to the building, and as a monument of her piety and talents in painting. It representeth St. Michael discomfiting the prince of darkness; and in merit both of execution and design, nearly rivals the pictures I have often beheld over alehouses in Wales, of Owen Glendower *calling spirits from the vasty deep*, or that which still more frequently salutes your eye in England, of

> "St. George that swing'd the Dragon, who e'er since
> Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door."

The other pictures which adorn the convent were painted by Pompeio Battoni; and perhaps had the painter been allowed to follow the bent of his own genius, the designs would have equalled the execution. But he was not permitted to select his own subjects. The monks, who are usually men of great taste, particularly in the fine arts, sent him the dimensions of the altar-piece, and gave him for a subject *the Heart of Christ*, to which the convent is dedicated. This they wished the painter to exemplify. Of this edifying subject he was obliged to make what he could, and probably endeavoured to render his work as conformable as possible to the taste of his employers. The Heart which is seen in the heavens sending forth radiance, is surrounded by the cardinal virtues, and his holiness the Pope.

In the church at Belem, which was erected on the spot where the king was shot at, and which his majesty built in commemoration of his escape, the altar piece is highly admired by the people here. The work was executed by a native artist, and the subject is taken from the circumstance which gave occasion to the building of the church. His majesty is represented as wounded in his coach, and St. Antonio is laying hold of the reins in the act of turning the horses' heads. This I think is an unfair attempt to defraud *coachey* of the credit which he deserves.

The patriarchal church is situated on another eminence at *Ajuda*, not far from the *Convento Novo*. It is the most ancient in Lisbon. This church once contained immense treasures of gold and silver. Its images and altars were decked with innumerable diamonds and jewels. The celebrated nine candelabri, and the golden cross, twelve feet in height, which was inlaid with a profusion of gems, were here, but have now disap-

peared, together with every thing of value. Junot has laid his claw upon all. The revenues of this church were a hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling per annum. The dignity of Patriarch is next in rank to the Papal. His dress is similar to that which is worn by the Pope, and like his holiness he rides on a white mule. The patriarchal dignity is now vacant. The last patriarch died shortly previous to the emigration of the court, and the office has not since been filled.

The churches of Lisbon contain few pictures of merit. Most of those which were in them were destroyed by the earthquake, and the few that remained have been seized by the French, who let none escape that were worth taking away. The celebrated mosaick paintings in the church of *St. Rocco* have been preserved from pillage only by the difficulty of an immediate removal. Otherwise it is probable that they would before this have found their way to Paris. They are more excellent than I could have believed. The chapel where they are is very rich in marble, jasper, verd antique, Egyptian granite, lapis lazuli, &c. the pavement being entirely of mosaick. The pictures were brought from Rome. They are copies from Raphael and Guido Rheni, and are three in number. The altar-piece represents Jesus baptised by John, in which are seven figures as large as life. The subjects of the two others are, the annunciation, and descent from the cross. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than the variety and brilliancy of this constellation of gems. One of the pictures is spoiled. The reflexion of the sun from its surface dazzled the eyes of the queen's sister, who once honoured the chapel by her presence, and that her royal sight might never again suffer the like inconvenience, she issued orders to have the polish removed. This barbarous edict was obeyed, and the painting is completely destroyed. The altar of the chapel *was* of silver, with figures in alto relievo. How it has been disposed of I need not mention.

I frequently walk in the cemetery of the English factory in the vicinity of the new church. It is enclosed with high walls. At the entrance is a deposit room for bodies which are placed there previous to sepulture, in order to prevent the horrours of a premature interment, which might be possible from the laws of Lisbon. Bodies for fear of infection are not allowed to re-

main more than twenty-four hours in the house. The Portuguese are interred in churches, and their bodies covered with lime. There is no other open burial place in the city. All the protestants who die in Lisbon are buried here, hereticks being excluded from holy ground. The walks of the burying ground are planted with judah trees and cypresses which shade it at all times from the sun, and impose a sombre and melancholy aspect suited to the solemnity of the place. Seats are placed in them, and they are gravelled like the alleys of a garden. In reading the names and dates over the graves, you are struck with the number of early victims. Of those who are sent hither for their health from England, but few ever return. It is not a little mortifying to see here a crowd of splendid monuments with long, pompous, flattering, and, no doubt, lying inscriptions, erected to the memory of merchants and obscure individuals, of whom it is only known that they were born and died, while not a stone exists to point out to the traveller the grave of FIELDING. He has however left behind him a name *aere perennius*, and while our language lives his works will be the record of his fame: a record less frail than monumental marble.

The monks are proud of shewing the relicks which they possess, and in proportion to the number of which their convent can boast, they suppose the sanctity of its inhabitants to be increased. A monk of Lisbon was once displaying to a number of visitors a great collection of them. That which he called the most curious, and which had performed by its sacred qualities the most extraordinary miracles, was a hair of the blessed virgin. This invaluable treasure the holy father seemed to present to his attentive and believing auditors, drawing it apparently between his fingers and thumb. Among the rest was a peasant, whose eyes almost started from his head in his eager endeavours to catch a glimpse of the sacred deposit. After straining vainly for some time, "reverend father," he exclaimed, "I can see nothing." "Verily, my son," said the monk, "I do believe thee. These five and twenty years have I shewn it, and yet I have not seen it myself." I have been more fortunate than this countryman, for in a Carmelite convent I have actually seen with my own eyes a verita-

ble and *bona fide* hair of the virgin, so that I am inclined to suspect this other pretended hair was a gross imposition.

In passing through this last mentioned convent, which I very often do in order to walk on the roof, where there is a very extensive terrace commanding a most delightful view, I have frequently seen letters hanging by strings to the walls directed to *the most glorious St. Francis*. Some of them on inspection (for I have been guilty of a breach of good breeding in looking over the epistles from several of his saintship's numerous correspondents) have proved to be letters of thanks for kindness received, many merely cards of compliment, but the majority solicitations for farther favours. St. Antonio's interest is also supposed to be very strong at court. I am unable always to preserve my gravity at sight of the virgin, *Maria purissima*. I met her this morning decorated with a stomacher, red shoes with gold buckles, and a hoop-petticoat, like the old pictures of Queen Elizabeth. In my visit a short time since to a convent, the monks, who had displayed all their curiosities, took out from a cabinet a waxen image designed for the Saviour of the world, which they exhibited to me with the greatest marks of delight and complacency. A Portuguese who was with me, crossed himself at seeing it. The figure was thus accoutred. It was seated in an arm chair. In an upright position it would have been about two feet high. It had on a sky blue velvet coat, cut in the fashion of Charles II. with buckram skirts and edges of gold lace. Its waistcoat was embroidered, of yellow silk with flaps to the pockets. The breeches were black satin, and the stockings of blue French silk gartered on the outside. The shoes were adorned with little round buckles, about the size of a half-dollar. *On the top of his head was a wig*, that flowed in three tails like the periwig which erst covered the skull of Prince Eugene, and on the top of this was a cocked hat. This is an exact description of his apparel, except that there were ruffles to the shirt sleeves, and paste kneebuckles to the breeches. As to the face, it had not much more expression than one which I have seen school-boys cut upon a turnip. From the admiration with which the holy fathers beheld this exquisite piece of art, the care with which they preserved it, and the exultation so manifest in their looks on shewing it, I have no doubt that

they considered it as a *chef d'oeuvre*. Before they recommitted it to the cabinet, they all knelt and crossed themselves before it.

When the Virgin Mary passes, many of the pious often imagine that they catch her eyes, and shout out in rapture—"Oh, she looked at me. She looked at me, The holy virgin looked at me!" In any other part of the world such numerous processions, through streets like those of Lisbon, would be exceedingly beneficial to the dealers in soap and water; for whenever they pass, the conscience of a Portuguese will not allow him to stand on his legs, or even to select a clean place in which to kneel. He drops down immediately on his marrow bones, without looking to see what kind of a cushion there is to receive him, though he usually finds it a soft one. But, alas, in this city the profession of a washerwoman is a most unprofitable one: were it not for the English residents, I am apprehensive that the few of the sisterhood that there are would be in great danger of starving. The trade of a hatter must certainly I think be a good one here. The people, from their extreme civility to each other, and from their piety, pull off their hats so many times a day, in all weathers, that they soon get the worse for wear. You cannot go fifty yards in any part of the town without seeing the image of some saint stuck up against the wall in a glass box. If a stranger in passing by one of these scarecrows neglects to uncover his head, he is thought to be on the high road to Pandemonium. For my own part I make it a rule never to pass the most ridiculous without making a profound salutation. A sculptor in Lisbon who had borne the character of a freethinker, was dying. A monk came to confess him, and exclaimed, as he held a crucifix before his eyes. "*See here is God, whom you have so often offended! Do you know him?*" "*Oh yes,*" replied the unfortunate sculptor, "*for I made him myself.*" I do not however think that the Portuguese are in any danger of sinning against the command, "*thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image;* for those which they worship bear but a very faint resemblance to *any thing in heaven above or in the earth beneath.* Before most of these personages a dim taper glimmers at night, which is the only illumination afforded to the streets, and the only beacon which there is to guide the steps of the unwary

wanderer amid the perils which abound. Mr. P. an English merchant here a few years since, put up a lamp at his gate, which was broken on the first night it was lighted. He no sooner had it mended than it was again broken. This was several times repeated with the same success. The gentleman was about to abandon his attempt in despair, when at last he determined to try the experiment of putting up a saint behind it. He accordingly had St. Antonio mounted at his door, under whose protection his lanthorn has since remained unmolested and whole.

The obscure entrances to the houses afford a great facility to the perpetration of murder. Many families often reside in one house with a publick staircase, which not being lighted, gives opportunity to the assassin to post himself undiscovered behind the door, and to aim his weapon with certainty. Murder is always perpetrated with knives, which, notwithstanding there is a law against the use of them, are worn universally by the common people, who draw them on the slightest provocation. The temper of the knives which they wear is so excellent, that I have seen many that would strike through a dollar.

Close to the north side of the town over the deep valley of Alcantara, is situated the famous aqueduct of Lisbon. Much as I had heard of this grand and magnificent work, when I saw it I was struck with astonishment at its stupendous height. It is indeed a monument of which a nation may be justly proud. In magnitude and grandeur it is unequalled by any work of modern times, and excelled by none which antiquity has left. That part which crosses the valley is called by the Portuguese *os Arcos*. It rests on thirty-five arches, and extends from mountain to mountain two thousand four hundred feet. In the middle there is a covered arch-way of seven or eight feet, where the water flows on each side through a tunnel of stone. Without there is on each side a gallery or path defended by a stone parapet, over which you may look down to the bottom of the valley. The centre arch is three hundred and thirty-two feet high, being nearly as lofty as the cross of St. Paul's. Its breadth is of a capacity sufficiently ample to admit the passage of a first rate man of war *under spread ensigns*.

When the spectator is placed beneath, its pointed arches seem changed into a majestick vault that reechoes every sound.

In looking down from the parapet above, your head grows giddy ; *fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low.* The men beneath seem diminished to pigmies. The echo here is most extraordinary and distinct. I was lately present at a review of dragoons in the valley. Three regiments charged down the hills at once, and not a horse stumbled. The effect, as I beheld the spectacle from the parapet above, which was produced from the sound of arms reverberated, was inconceivably grand. *All the while sonorous metal blowing martial sounds.* The aqueduct is built of white marble. Such is the goodness of the architecture and the stability of the fabrick, that it received not the slightest injury from the great earthquake. John V. has the honour of being the founder of this noble structure. It was begun in 1713, and the whole pile was completed in 1738. On an arch in town which was erected by the inhabitants to the memory of the founder, is the following inscription :

Joannes . V.
Lusitanorum . Rex.
Justus . pius . Aug . felix . P. P.
Lusitania . In . pace . stabilita.
Viribus . gloria . opibus . firmata.
Profligatis . Difficultatibus.
Imo . prope . victa . natura
Perennes . aquas . in . urbem . invexit.
et
Brevi . undivigenti . annorum . spatio.
Minimo . publico.
Immensum . opus . confecit.
Gratitudinis . ergo.
Optimo . principi.
et
Publicae . utilitatis . auctori.
Hoc monumentum . Pos. S. P. Q. O.
Anno . DMDCCXXXVIII.

The water is brought from several springs situated near the village of Bellas, at a distance of three leagues. Near the town there are ten smaller arches, and many still smaller in the neighbourhood of its source. In some parts it is conducted under ground. The water enters Lisbon at a place called *da Amoreira*, where it branches into several other aqueducts, supplies the *chafarizes*, or fountains, and is emptied into a great

reservoir at the opposite extremity of the town. These fountains are very numerous, and might easily be rendered ornamental. Instead of which they are all in a bad taste, and many rather objects of deformity. Some are decorated with a villainous figure of Neptune, in others you see the water running out of a lion's mouth. The greater part are beautified with some squab-faced saint or pudding-cheeked cherubim. Here the water-carriers draw water in small wooden barrels, and carry it to the various families in the city, or cry it about the streets. There is a good regulation by which each of these men is compelled, under heavy penalties, to carry home with him at night a barrel of water, and to hasten with it in case of an alarm of fire. These carriers are all *Gallegos*. In the publick squares and promenades, water is sold by the glass, and they have an excellent method to keep it cool in the heat of summer. They put it in earthen vessels called *bucarros*, or *alcarrazas* of clay, which being without glazing, and but little baked, a moisture pervades them like a fine dew, which continually evaporates and produces a most refreshing coldness. At first they give the water an earthy taste, but this it soon loses by use.

There is but one publick walk in Lisbon, and this by the Portuguese ladies is but little frequented. It is quite paltry. In shape it is an oblong square planted with shrubs and trees, and divided into straight and serpentine alleys. In order to get to it you are obliged to pass through a sort of market place where there is weekly a horse-fair. This space is unpaved, and of course very dusty and dirty. The stalls of the venders of old clothes are stationed here, so that it is a kind of medium between Monmouth-Street and rag-fair. When walking here I have seldom had my solitude disturbed except by two or three monks, whom I have seen extended asleep on the benches. The walk is inclosed by a low wall, on each side of which is a dirty street. A person while in it need never be at a loss for an agreeable object of contemplation, particularly if he is out of spirits, or in any degree afflicted with the disorder usually ycleped the blue devils: for at one extremity is a prospect of the Inquisition, and at the other a perspective of the gallows.

The markets in Lisbon are well supplied, except in boisterous weather, when the passage of boats from the opposite side

of the river is obstructed. The fruits are most delicious, and they have the greatest profusion of every kind. Beef here is very good, if they knew how to dress it. "God sends victuals, but the devil sends cooks." Veal is rarely to be seen. Calves are not permitted to be killed on account of preserving the breed of cattle. They kill cattle here by piercing the spinal marrow. This mode is much less cruel than ours. There is no fresh butter made in the kingdom, though there is usually an abundant supply of this article from England and Ireland. Corn is brought from the coast of Barbary, and at so low a rate that farmers do not raise more than is requisite for themselves, as it is not an object to bring it to market. In the corn-market the price of all sorts of grain is regulated to prevent imposition, and fixed up at each stand. Pork is very good, and the Portuguese hams are in much estimation. The most inferiour kind of meat is mutton. Fish constitutes the principal nourishment of the common people. Of salt fish or *bacalhao* the consumption is immense. On fast days all classes eat it: but what forms the chief food and comfort of the poor is the *Sardinha*, a small kind of herring or sprat which comes annually to the coast of Portugal. They are taken frequently in such vast quantities, that they are given as food to swine, or thrown about the streets to rot. At other times they often do not approach the coast. When there is a want of them, the misery of the poor classes is very great. Bread, wine, and *sardinhas* constitute the subsistence of labourers and all the lower orders. Beggars will rub a *sardinha* on their children's bread to give it a taste. At the corners of the streets, and in all parts of the town, are stalls where women called *Frigideiras* are continually engaged in frying these fish.

"Every twentieth pace
Salutes th' unguarded nose with such a whiff"

of stinking oil *as makes temperance reel.* The smell can be only equalled by the agreeable perfumes exhaled by these ladies themselves.

October 20.

While I was sitting at breakfast this morning, my landlady came into the room, and asked if either of us were desirous of having a tooth extracted, or any *dentistical* operation performed, as an acquaintance of hers was in the house who would be

exceedingly happy to serve us. My two friends who were at table said it was a God-send to me, for ever since I left London I had been annoyed by the remnant of a tooth which Ruspini undertook to extract, and which he told me was entirely out. I have been afraid to trust my jaws to the mercy of one of these Portuguese operators, for the signs over their doors are almost enough to create a tooth-ache, independent of the formidable appearance of the professors themselves. Their shops are designated by the figure of a bloody tooth of gigantick dimensions, and the professional dress of the fraternity consists of a chain of brass across the shoulders, ornamented at equal distances with rotten teeth. Such *pomp and circumstance* made so strong an impression that I have not felt at all inclined to let them try experiments on me. I accordingly, by the persuasion of my companions, desired our good hostess to introduce her acquaintance, though I was very far from entertaining an extraordinary degree of confidence in such an applicant, or meaning to make trial of the operator's skill. If such were my sentiments before I beheld her (for we were told the dentist was a lady) they were by no means rendered more favorable when my landlady returned, and ushered in an old German woman on the verge of seventy. I have hitherto thought that the climax of ugliness was attained by the old women of Lisbon; but whatever may be the cause, they certainly have a rival in this female professor. Never did I see a more horrible aspect. Her complexion from a long residence here had acquired a mahogany cast. Her skin was puckered into a thousand wrinkles, like a piece of shrivelled parchment, and every feature settled into a symmetry of ugliness. Her eyes were like two red peppers, or rather live coals. In her hand she held a huge parchment scroll, so that altogether she looked like an ambassadress from the infernal regions. This contained the signatures of a great number of persons, giving assurance of her skill, and testifying that she practised with reputation in divers places. The scroll was sealed, as she informed us, with the arms of the Lord Mayor of London; for this, however, we were under the necessity of taking her word. It might for aught I know, have been the state seal of Kien-long, for not any part of the impression could be traced on the wax. In despite of the unpromising appearance of this extraordinary prac-

titioner I allowed the old lady, after a good deal of solicitation on her part, to look into my mouth. Having inspected the premises by means of her spectacles, she persuaded me, much against my inclination, and not well knowing else how to rid myself of her importunity, to suffer her to give me a proof of her dexterity, on which she passed not a few encomiums. She produced her apparatus, which seemed to me instruments of torture, and I put myself in an arm-chair fully prepared to undergo torments, at least equal to any ever invented by the most ingenious inquisitor in Portugal. I had made it one of the conditions on which she was to commence her proceedings, that all spectators were to withdraw. This treaty, notwithstanding, was not observed with fidelity; for in the midst of the operation I discovered two faces peeping through the door, almost convulsed with laughter at the scene. My merriment was by no means so excessive, for however ludicrous might have been the exhibition to one less interested in the catastrophe than myself, my feelings were very tragick on the occasion. She did finally accomplish her object, not indeed without much violent tugging, on which occasion she thus triumphantly and expressively apostrophized the tooth, "Here I hab him de dam rascal." The extraction of the root of my tooth was effected with but little less difficulty than I have found in days of yore in performing the operation of extracting a certain root yclep'd the cube. This latter was usually accompanied by convulsive shakings and cold sweats.

Lisbon is now completely evacuated by the French. In celebration of this event there is every night a grand illumination of the city, which is to continue a fortnight. The effect of this from the unequal ground on which the city stands, and the height of the houses, is extremely splendid. From our windows, which command nearly the whole extent of Lisbon, the streets seem in a blaze. Rockets and fireworks are displayed on the most elevated points. The theatres and publick buildings also exhibit transparencies emblematical of the passing events. The embarkation of the French army took up more time than was at first supposed. The greater part of the British army are encamped on the hills between *Queluz* and Lisbon, from whence a number sufficient to garrison the city had gradually been removed into quarters here as the

French have embarked. The rest will speedily march, under the command of Sir John Moore, into Spain, which they are to enter by three different routes. It was at first intended that the Portuguese troops should occupy Lisbon. Had it been so, the streets would have been deluged with blood. The scenes of horrour which have attended the last days of the embarkation, notwithstanding the utmost exertions used by the English to preserve tranquillity and prevent bloodshed, were such as make me shudder at the recollection. The cruelties committed by these barbarians on the defenceless soldiers who have been walking singly and unarmed, and which I have often reluctantly been compelled to witness, make me blush to think that I belong to the same species. As soon as the inhabitants were assured that the French had so far evacuated the town as to leave them nothing farther to apprehend from their presence, their demeanour became as bold and insolent as it had previously been pusillanimous. The moment that they became convinced of their own security, the fury of the rabble broke out in acts of the most dastardly revenge. Wherever a French soldier appeared, he was hunted by these blood hounds through the streets and torn to pieces. If he sought refuge by flying to a house, the door was shut against him, and he was again driven back among his merciless assailants. Such is the gallantry of this noble race. A hundred knives now pursued a defenceless straggler, whose very aspect but a few days before would have inspired the multitude with dismay and terrour: whose frown alone would have put a regiment to flight. The conduct of these noble-minded patriots on this occasion is worthy of their behaviour in the field. At the sight of their enemy they threw away their arms and ran in every direction. When the battle was decided, they bravely cut to pieces and mangled the wounded and the dying! How deserving are these gallant Portuguese of assistance! In the midst of this scene of blood and horrour, the conduct of the English has afforded a noble spectacle. Both officers and soldiers have ever eagerly come forward and most nobly defended the unfortunate Frenchmen against the assaults of their base pursuers. Though overwhelmed by numbers, was an Englishman by, the poor wretch felt assured of protection. To Englishmen you would see them every where running and

clinging for safety. The lives of many, very many, were preserved by the exertions of their generous foe, and numbers of the cowardly assailants fell sacrifices to their temerity. It was an interesting and singular sight to behold British soldiers fighting with those whom they came to protect, and protecting those with whom they came to fight. Some of the transports with French troops on board soon after sailing were obliged by stress of weather to put back into the Tagus. Kellerman was in one of them, and had the imprudence to venture on shore, where he remained and dined with one of the English generals. At his return to reimbark in the evening, the moon shining bright, his person, although disguised in plain clothes, was recognized by the rabble; and but for the spirited exertions of some English officers on the quay, his life would have been inevitably sacrificed to the rage of the populace. After he had got into the boat, the rascally centinel *on duty* levelled his piece at him. However, being a Portuguese gun, it missed fire.

How shall I describe the Portuguese troops that have now come into Lisbon! These conquerors of the French! Falstaff was ashamed of his soldiers. He certainly never was in Portugal. Had he beheld these, his own would have been exalted into heroes. *No eye hath seen such scare-crows.* They indeed look like *the cankers of a calm world and long peace*, and verily resemble *tattered prodigals lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks. I did never see such pitiful rascals.* They may be *good enough to toss*, and answer as *food for powder*, but I am sure they are good for nothing else. They are paired like the trained bands in Hogarth's picture of my lord mayor's day.

St. Antonio was formerly generalissimo of the Portuguese forces. His present successor is Don Bernardin Friere de Conrada, the gentleman who behaved so discreetly at Vimeira—A general well worthy to command such an army. The good breeding of this warriour is equal to his bravery, and of this I was fortunate enough the other evening at the theatre to see a specimen. The boxes here are private, that is, they are hired by the season; but the proprietors have recently relinquished their claims to such a monopoly, and very properly thrown them open for the accommodation of British officers,

who would otherwise for want of seats be unable to participate in the publick amusements. I went on this occasion in company with some officers of the staff, among whom was Col. D. and by chance we seated ourselves in the box of this Portuguese general, supposing it publick like the rest. When the play was about half over the said gentleman arrived, and finding the box already occupied, began to dispute our right to its possession. He observed that the box belonged to him, and very rudely insisted that we should immediately go out of it. A nobleman in a neighbouring seat who heard the demand, interfered, and expressed his astonishment at such extraordinary conduct. Col. D. was at last so irritated at his brutal behaviour, that he approached this vociferous claimant for the purpose of wringing his nose, of which design he no sooner got intimation than the gallant commander prudently desisted, and slunk out of the box amid the hisses of his countrymen.*

The Portuguese rarely go out of their own country, and their ideas are exceedingly narrow and contracted. It is not among the lower class alone that education is neglected. The nobility and clergy are universally on all subjects most grossly ignorant. The minds of women even of the highest rank are, if possible, still more uncultivated. This cannot be wondered at, from the secluded state in which they are kept, as well as from the neglect and inattention with which they are treated by the men on all occasions. In company the sexes always set apart, and rarely converse together. For this reason the women are much more partial to the company of strangers than to that of their own countrymen. But so uninstructed are their minds, that no man of enlightened understanding can receive either pleasure or amusement from their society. This defect is however felt only by strangers, as the men here are fortunately so ignorant themselves, that they are unable to discover in the other sex any want of intellect or education. When walking together through the streets, the two sexes never go arm in arm, nor even walk side by side. If a whole family happen to be together, they all follow each other in a sort of *Indian file*. The ladies ride on jack-asses, which is a very fashionable animal here. They sit in a pack saddle, with

* He has since been cut to pieces for treachery by his own soldiers.

their left-side towards the ass's head. A footman attends them, armed with a sharp stick, with which he goads the animal as often as it is necessary to quicken his pace. If the beast happens to go a little too fast, he stops him by *putting his tail*. The equipages in use here are unique in their kind. The few coaches in the city are made in the ugly Spanish model, and drawn by mules, not seldom harnessed with ropes. Calesas, withtwo mules, are the most common vehicles. The postillion rides on the left mule. He is usually equipped with a pair of jack-boots, like fire-buckets, huge mustachios, a cocked hat, and a queue. Perched up behind, you see two footmen rigged out in a similar costume. I saw a couple this morning behind a calesa in green liveries. One was about four feet high, and the other six feet by two. They put me in mind of the alehouse sign of Robin Hood and Little John. No people in the world affect such dignity as the Portuguese gentry, and never before was dignity so caricatured. When they ride it is the custom to sit uncovered. But a servant returning in his master's coach or calesa is obliged to keep his hat on his head, so that gentlefolks in other carriages may not accidentally be betrayed into any improper salutation, which would be a most shocking occurrence. The nobility vie with each other in the number of their servants. They are luxurious in nothing else. The servants are poorly clad and worse fed, seldom getting any thing else than rice and sadinhas.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly than the immense number of people that he meets in the streets decorated with stars and insignia of knighthood. Persons in the lowest occupations are often seen with these ensigns. There are three orders in the kingdom, of which the chief is that of Christ. The emblems of this order are a star at the left breast, and a small enamelled red cross, suspended by a riband from the button-hole. I have seen a coffee-house keeper, a fiddler, a billiard marker, and a dancing master, with the insignia of the order. I have heard that it has been given to valets. A doorkeeper and several of the tide-waiters at the custom-house are knights of Christ. The "insolence of office" was never better personified than by these last mentioned gentlemen. The lowest and most menial understrappers of the revenue not only wear the

emblems of knighthood, but appear on all occasions in a full dress suit of black, with a chapeau-bras, sword and bag-wig. The *administrador*, alias collector of the customs, wears a robe like that of my Lord Chief Justice, and a periwig with three tails.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF REISKE,

(Continued from page 261.)

REISKE then mentions the several papers written by him in literary journals, the account of which is too long for insertion here.

He then gives an account of his correcting a translation of a life of Christina from the French,—and of his making an index to the translation of the history of the academy of inscriptions, at the end of which, he has added some thoughts on the decline of eloquence in our days.

These, says he, were the works I undertook, *invita Minerva*. I come now to speak of those, in which the heart had its share.

The first were published in the Leipsick acts, as a reward for the other drudgery my neck was bowed to in that work.—They consist of the remonstrance to the younger Burman on the Petronius business, some remarks on Herodotus, and the third book of the Greek Anthologia.

In 1750, the first volume of Reimarrus's Dio Cassius came out, I sent him my observations, which he inserted, praising some, and finding fault with others. The next thing was remarks on *Cerem Byzant Constantini Porphyr*, in German, one part only of which is printed.

I carried my Anthologia Graeca to Ernesti, and desired him to procure me a bookseller to print it; but, though he was a very worthy man, yet as I was not of his school, did not swear by him, and often differed from him, he returned it me at the end of the twelvemonth, without doing any thing in it; so I threw my bread on the waters, and printed the book at my own expense; undeterred, as I have ever been, by the machinations of men, from going forward on my way, and secure,

that there is a time, in which God rewards the good, and punishes the bad.

In 1754, I published the first part of my *Annales Moslemici*, and dedicated them to the curators of the university of Leyden.—The curators did not thank me, and I sold only thirty copies.

After a little Arabick *effusion*, called *Risalet Abit Waticit*, I began my *animadversiones ad autores Graecos*, I printed five volumes of them, which cost me 1000 *thalers*, of which I have never seen more than 100 again.—I have, however, enough for five volumes more, and should go quietly out of the world, if I could once see them printed, for they are *flos ingenii mei* (that is supposing it to be allowed that my genius has any flowers); and sure I am, that little as their worth is now known, and much as they have been despised, the time will come, when party and jealousy shall be no more, and justice will be done them.—Should they come out in my life-time, it will pay me for all my trouble; if they should not, an ever-waking God will take care, that no impious hand seizes on my work, and makes it his own. Possibly there may arise some honourable God-fearing man, who may hereafter publish them unadulterated to my posthumous fame, and for the good of literature: such is my wish, such are my prayers to God—and he will hear those prayers.

In 1755, Mr. Probst and I were chosen fellows of *Gotscheds* society of the fine arts. This produced two small papers, which are in the transactions of that society; and it produced my acquaintance with my present wife, the sister of Probst, who came with him to Leipsick. Her modesty, goodness of heart, and love of learned men, caught my heart, and we soon entered into a correspondence—but the war broke out, and we did not marry till nine years after.

In 1756, I made a catalogue of the Arabick coins in the library at Dresden, and translated Thograi in a couple of days. It came out with a preface and notes, containing accounts of the Arabick poets. There were only two hundred copies printed.

The war now raged very fiercely all over Saxony, and poor Reiske was obliged to avail himself of Ernesti's generosity,

who very generously gave him his table for two years; but in 1758, his fortunes took a surprizing and most unexpected turn, and he was made independent, by being appointed rector of the school of St. Nicholas.—This he tells us he had had an omen of at the beginning of the year, for rising on new year's day, at three o'clock in the morning, as was his constant custom, to pursue his translation of Libanius's letters, he found that he had come to a letter written to Anatolius, and the first word he read was Anatolius; Now, (says he) thought I, the year is come in which God will let the light of his countenance shine upon thee,—and in five weeks after Haltaus died.

About 1763, he translated Demosthenes and Thucydides into German—and married. On this occasion he speaks very affectionately and feelingly of Mrs. Reiske; and there is a note of hers, worthy of the good old times, in which she speaks of her mother in the most feeling manner. Often, in short, concludes she, did she bring to my mind, in her most advanced age, these lines of Pope,

> What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
> The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
> Is virtue's prize.

In 1768, continues Reiske, I published my proposals for the edition of Demosthenes, in the full confidence, that the learned, in and out of Germany, would do justice to my efforts to serve them; but I found that mankind were like the reed of Egypt, which pierces, and goes through the hand of those who lean upon it. I must therefore trust the work to God, whose council is above the council of man; and who can make a way in the wilderness, when the thirsting eye pants in vain for deliverance. The work is begun in the name of God,* whether it will see an end, rests with him. Did it depend on man alone,

* Here we meet with the following interesting note, by Mrs. Reiske.—"When the work went to press, only twenty thalers of the subscription money had come in. The good man was quite struck down with this, and seemed to have thrown away all hope. His grief went to my soul, and I comforted him as well as I could, and persuaded him to sell my jewels, which he at length came into, after I had convinced him that a few shining stones were not necessary to my happiness."—*Hancine non inter heroinas!* Ought we not to buy every thing such a woman shall henceforth publish?

I should have been the martyr of my good will. A farther account of this whole transaction will be given in the preface to the first part, which will appear, if it please God, next Easter.* I am writing this in the evening of the first of January, 1770; and here close the short and fleeting account of my life.

Being Omnipotent, in whose hand our breath is, when I meditate on the ways through which thy providence has hitherto conducted me, my spirit sinks into a sea of wonder, gratitude, joy, trust, hope, fear, and shame; I become speechless, and lose myself in my gratitude. The feelings of my heart subdue my thanks, and get the better of them. How shall the weak, and hasty, and blunted pen, express all the various emotions of my wandering mind? God gave me talents, not indeed, the very best, but not the weakest neither, and with the talents, he gave me the desire to make use of them to his glory, and for the common good of mankind. *I should certainly have* done more, had my cotemporaries been more partial to the studies I was engaged in; and had I found more encouragement and assistance from them, but as it is, I have done more than thousands of others would have done in my circumstances.—At least, supposing me to make a proper use of my hardly got together, dearly earned abilities, during the short remnant of life which is left me, I may appear before my judge, in the humble confidence of not having made a bad use of my *talent*—and before my judge, I soon shall appear, and give an account of the whole course of my life. Not only the daily decrease of my strength, but a certain omen sounding in my ears, admonishes me that this will probably be the last year of my pilgrimage. That, however, is in the hand of God. I am ready at all hours to leave my frail hut, and to commit all, all, even my manuscripts, which of all earthly things are the nearest my heart, to the hands of my good God. Children I have none, but my children, my fatherless *blue coats*, are my manuscripts, which I have brought up with great care and at-

* The melancholy (says Mrs. Reiske) which he had been subject to from a child, and which shortened his days, here breaks out again. As the work sold very ill, particularly towards the end of his life, the disorder went on increasing, and in the end did its work.

tention, till the time for them to go forth to the world. Who will educate them after my death? Who will take care of them? Will there be so affectionate and honest a heart found?* Yet the father cares for them. I have done all that I could for them, and would not cease doing to help them forward as long as I live. God will also take care of my wife. She will take care of herself; her good qualities and attainments are sufficient securities to me that she will. And I have taken all the care of her well being, that it was possible for me to do.†

Here would I lay down the pen, but that I have forgotten to speak of my Theocritus, and some other things that befel me.

Reiske then proceeds to give an account of his Theocritus; and his notes on an Arabick history, which were booksellers' jobs; and he laments very feelingly the fate of authors, who are the slaves of booksellers, who are the slaves of their customers, who are the slaves of their trifling habits and passions, and like nothing but French translations, novels, &c. &c.—He then mentions several works undertaken, or begun by him: but as there is a list of these in the *Acta Eruditorum*, it is needless to repeat the names of them here.

We have then the alphabetical list of his correspondents, with some account of their characters. I shall translate the account of such of these as are persons of eminence, and known to the learned world.

Abresch is a German from Hanau—He studied at Utrecht, where he corrected an edition of Mill's Greek testament. He was *Rector* at Middleburg in Zealand, and afterwards at Zwoll. His son is *Minister* at Utrecht, and means to publish Reinesius's Eponymologicum. The letters of the father to me relate to his writings, or contain literary news. One of them concerning the inedited scholia of Aristides is remarkable. They are most of them in Dutch.‡

* See, says Mrs. Reiske, the dedication to Mr. Trescow, who has done all this.

† In 1767, says Mrs. R. he subscribed to the widows fund. I shall be forgiven for letting all remain, that the good man has written to my praise.—The testimonies of his kindness towards me, were too dear for it to be in my power to strike them out.

‡ Mrs. Reiske has given us eleven in Latin. The most remarkable are those which contain observations on Reiske's notes on Sophocles, and the account of the Aristides.

Alberti—I had only one letter from Alberti relating to Hesychius; soon after which we met at Leyden. Soon after my return to Germany he had a disorder, which took away the use of his hands, till his death. In other respects he was very healthy—An open-hearted honest man, without any pride.

Albinus was my master—the picture of happiness to judge of him by looks. All was neat and spruce about him. He knew how to conceal even defects of his gait, only he was a little lazy, and seldom came to read his philosophical lecture, which was from ten to eleven, till within a quarter of twelve. He was commonly surrounded by engravers and printers of his anatomical tables.

Askew wrote to me only once. He would have taken me with him on his journey to Greece, and have allowed me one hundred ducats a year. We were to have met at Leipsick in 1746, but I staid at Zorbig, and he went on, leaving me a present of twelve ducats behind him.*

Bandini—The correspondence with Bandini relates to the Florentine MSS. of Demosthenes.

Bartholomei—The most remarkable part of the correspondence with Bartholomei relates to a Greek MS. written by Arsenius, Archbishop of Athens, not long since dead. This remarkable MS. contains the history of the Greek church to the year 1720. The former part has nothing curious in it; but the latter may be interesting, as it contains the state of the Greek and particularly the Athenian church under the Turks, which is little known. Eugenius bishop of Cherson in Russia, has since turned it into modern Greek, and means to publish it.

Bernard—The correspondence with Bernard contains literary news.

Bianconi—Bianconi I discouraged from publishing Aelius Promotus; but he remained my very good friend, and contributed to place me in my present situation. Good God, how

* There is nothing remarkable in Askew's letters except it be his mentioning his intention of sending his sons to Leipsick, and his offering to get any thing which Reiske should think proper to publish against Toup, without a name, printed at London.

wonderful are thy ways! My pretended friends were here working under-hand to prevent my having bread to eat, and God called an *Italian* and a *Catholick* from Bologna to procure it me.

Bilder—My connection with Bilder began and broke off pleasantly enough. After a good deal of other strange thread, which he sent me to untwist, at length, he sent proofs of two little works he was going to publish. The first was a dialogue in *vulgar* Arabick—Of this I could be no judge, as I had never been in Arabia.—The second a sermon of Count Zinzendorff, which he had likewise translated into Arabick, and intended to follow up with many others. I wrote him my mind—he made me a sharp answer, and that connexion was over.

Bondam—There is one letter from Bondam, which contains an account of a new edition of the Grammaticorum Latinorum of Elius Putchius, which he was employed about.

Findley—Findley kept up the friendship we had contracted at Leyden; but Askew and he are the only ones amongst the Scotch and English from whom I heard after we had parted. I lament much that the good Pollock was so soon taken from the world. The parting with him cost me many a tear, for I saw in him the blossom of a learned and worthy divine.

Gesner—Gesner's letters are short, and contain nothing very important. We were very good friends till 1746, when I visited him at Gottingen; but since that time his heart was estranged by something I chanced to let drop in a review about persons who read the Latin classicks not with the intention to understand their meaning and feel their beauties, but with a view of crowding phrases from them into the margins of their Faber. Gesner was then about to publish his Thesaurus; but God is my witness, I never thought of him whilst I was writing. The man I had in my eye was Burman, whose remarks extend only to a miserable phraseology for which nothing more is required than to have two eyes and five fingers. Gesner, however, never could be convinced, owing, I believe, to the good offices of a certain common friend.

Gronovius—I was intimately acquainted with Gronovius at Leyden, and the intimacy did me no great good. He is not a man of any great abilities. One would have thought, however,

that the name of his father and grandfather would have given him a lift; but Burman, the (I know not why or wherefore) popular and almighty Burman oppressed and did not suffer him to come forward. Indeed he contributed something to it himself, and made himself odious by his idleness, his imprudent speeches, his contempt for the government of his country, his partiality to the English, with whom he would spend whole nights, and his want of abilities to shew himself with advantage to the learned world.

Havercamp—Havercamp's writings pass in general for shallow, but he had one merit with the learned world, that of printing scarce and inedited tracts; this he could easily do, as he was more of a bookseller than an author. He was a better man to deal with than Burman, whose clownish manners, though they did not disgust his countrymen, were very odious to strangers, amongst whom he passed for the enemy of mankind, as, indeed, his haughty and forbidding look attested he was of all but his own set. Havercamp and he could not bear each other, and when it was their lot to meet on publick occasions, which they often did, they never spoke, but turned away from one another. The cause of quarrel was the edition of the *Poetae Latini Minores*. This Burman had promised, but lingered so long about it, that Havercamp forestalled him, and published one, not indeed under his own name, but that of an obscure man called Kemper, whom nobody knew.

Hemsterhuys—Hemsterhuys was certainly a great man, but how he came to be the God of idolatry at Leyden I never could divine. However he was a *Galand-homme*, after the Dutch fashion—that is wise, circumspect, cunning, and deep-headed. All he said too in conversation smacked of learning; but his acquaintance was not much coveted, and men liked him better at a distance. He was certainly a very good Greek scholar, and made some very good conjectures; but neither is this to be wondered at, as he lived long, enjoyed a good constitution, and was blessed with a competency that allowed him to give his time to the studies he liked. He spent his life in reading Greek authors with a view to mend the text, and thus far he did well; but his system of Greek etymology was as silly as Schulten's Arabick one. The aim of both was to collect a great number of words of various meanings under

one primitive; but this in my opinion leads to metaphysical conundrums and impertinencies.

Michaelis—Michaelis's correspondence profited me little. Had it not been so, Arabick literature would have gained more by me, but he would let me do nothing, and did very little himself. In 1754, I sent him my *Annales Moslemicos*, and desired him to review them in the Gottingen review, but he not only refused to grant my request, but . . . . .

Ofel—Ofel's letters are sprinkled with the best sort of Roman salt.

Cardinal Quirini—I had several letters from Cardinal Quirini; the vanity and rhodomontade of the man were insufferable —However he would have done me good if he had lived longer, or if he could have made me useful to him, for he once gave me twelve ducats without my having done any thing for him—He wrote in Italian, and a deadly bad scribble it was.

Reimarus was a wonderful man indeed (vortrefliche), and my true friend. Ever shall his memory be sacred to me.

Sebusch—The good old Sebusch—God bless him—I have two letters from him, and very useful he was to me.

Wolfe—Pastor and Professor Wolfe were not as like as two peas. The Pastor communicated to me his best MSS. though I had never done any thing for him; but though the Professor was always plaguing me with commissions, I never could get the *Demosthenes Linaebrogianus* from him.

Wittenback—Wittenback is a young man from whom Greek literature has much to expect.

Mrs. R. here takes up the pen, and after giving an account of her husband's last years: Hard and cruel task, says she, to describe the pains of a friend, and to speak of his last hours.

A few days before he died, he recommended to me the care of his MSS. and exacted an oath from me that I would not suffer them to go into the hands of those who had acted ill by him.

Lessing had always been his friend, and to him I entrusted the papers, as I thought myself near my end. I had hardly parted with them when Ernesti desired to have the keeping of them, and expressed himself as being very solicitous to find a good purchaser. When I told what I had done with them, it

deprived me at once of the fatherly care he had hitherto expressed towards me.

My friend ended his tedious pains the 14th of August 1774, and my nephew, whose death he had foretold, followed him the 27th of March 1775.

———When such friends part
'Tis the survivor dies.———

Those who have read my friend's life with attention, will easily be able to make an estimate of his character.*

The highest degree of rectitude, which laid open every fold of his own heart—which never excused in himself what he would not have excused in his greatest enemy—which satisfied of the wickedness of mankind, avoided their falsehood, shunned them; but yet wished them every good, and did them every good in his power—such was the character of my friend.

He used often to blame himself in cases where he deserved no blame, and always thought that he ought to be better than he was.

Ill as he thought of mankind, he was totally incapable of dissimulation.

* *The following is the character, as given by Professor Morus, in the Leipsick Transactions.*

Omnis fere vitae Reiskianae summa fuit non cedere malis, sed contra audentiorem ire. Quantacunque intelligi potest paupertatis foeditas eam omnem Reiskius expertus est. Quidquid cruciatus habet ille morbus sedentariae vitae proprius, id diu noctuque animum et corpus ejus laceravit, cum post vicesimum fere aetatis annum saepenumero omnis cogitandi acies hebetaretur, et post diurnas jactationes, aut insomnes essent noctes, aut tumultuosis somniis anxiae, unde malum ad eam saevitiem processit, ut interdum se plane destitutum existimaret, ut nullum senectutis diem doloris sensu vacuum ageret, ut summa tristitia eum ad literas, amicos, munera, res domesticas comitaretur, ut anxietas et metus adstantibus lacrimas extorquerent. Adde his jacturam parentum, incepta centies irrita, multa multorum odia, aliosque per omnem vitam gravissimos casus. Poteritne major haec calamitas fingi, aut literarum studio tristius impedimentum objici? Etiamsi vero tanta sunt haec mala ut singula singulorum vitam satis reddere possint aerumnosam: tamen Reiskius, his omnibus unus obrutus, multarum literarum scientiam perfecit, multos libros scripsit, multis hominibus inserviit, muneribus cum fide functus est, et omnibus suis copiolis in librorum editiones impensis novo plane modo erga viros doctos liberalis fuit.

His unexampled love of letters produced not only all the works he has published, and all the MSS. he has left behind him; but every man who had any thing to publish might depend upon his countenance, and protection. He gave books, advice, subscription, even all that he had. Nay, he made up to several people who had treated him ill, only in order that he might make their works better.

What charity to persons in distress!—What care when he relieved any man, to relieve him in the best manner in his power! He gave not in a cold manner, as so many rich persons do, but his heart felt the distress of those he assisted; he inquired into their circumstances; he gave them his advice, and often when the unhappy persons relieved by him went away, used to say, with tears in his eyes—Good God, how small a time will this trifle last him!

He had read all the Greek and Latin authors, and all the Arabick ones, more than once; he was likewise acquainted with the best Italian, French, English, and German writers. He read Tillotson's, and Barrow's sermons constantly, and used to translate them for me into French.

His memory was so wonderful, that he fastened on all he heard. He could repeat a sermon he had heard almost verbatim.

He was a pious man in the truest sense of the word, and would not have parted with his religion for any thing this world could have afforded, but never troubled himself whether the Lutherans or Reformed were in the right. He only wished that all men were as honest and well meaning as his minister Zollicoffre. Good he wished to all mankind, let them have what names they would; nor did he ever pray to his Creator for himself without praying at the same time for the whole race of mankind. If he doubted about some of the particular doctrines, this was no fault of his will, he had no doubt about any of those which condemn a bad life. The tenets which God has thought proper that men should be divided about he hoped to know there where all knowledge is.

In the last days of his life he called all his learned works trifles. All these troublesome labours, said he, cannot preserve me from the judgment seat, at which I must soon ap-

pear.—My only confidence proceeds from the thoughts of having lived uprightly before God.

His sufferings, which were severe, could not draw the least groan from him, and a few minutes before his dissolution I heard him call on his Redeemer.

So far Mrs. Reiske.—I had once thought of adding Professor Morus's critique of our author's works, which is excellent, but as it is printed in the *Nova Acta Eruditorum*, for the year 1774, I conceive that the generality of my readers would rather choose to be referred to a book (which is in the British Museum, and every publick library, and which, those who are not upon the spot may easily procure a copy from) than have this Review filled up with matter that is to be found elsewhere.

The result of it is that the *Oratores Graeci* was a work of choice, but all the rest, such as the Plutarch, the Dionysius Halicarnessensis, and the Theocritus, editions for the booksellers.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE ROMAN POETS.

No. 14.

JUVENAL.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

Juv. Sat. I. 85.

COMMENTATORS, close interpreters, translators, paraphrasts, imitators, and plagiarists have done much to render us familiar with Juvenal. He has been expounded in Latin and English; he has been metamorphosed into a kind of Anglo-Roman poet; he has been translated by some with tolerable success; and has been as often imitated and plundered, as any writer of antiquity.

Barten Holyday and Sir Robert Stapylton were the two earliest translators of Juvenal into English verse. Their works were published before the middle of the seventeenth century. Whether one was excited to the undertaking by discovering the design of the other, or whether both proceeded in the work unknown to each other is uncertain; but it happened, that

their versions were published nearly at the same time. Stapylton's issued from the press first, but Holyday's is said to have been first finished.

We have not been able to procure a copy of Holyday's version. The following passage, selected from a number of quotations which we have accidentally found, is probably a favourable specimen of his manner.*

Sat. X. 1. &c.

"Omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multimùm diversa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ; quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non poeniteat, votique peracti?
Evertêre domos totas optantibus ipsis
Dii faciles."

"In all the world, which between Cadiz lies
And eastern Ganges, few there are so wise
To know true good from feign'd, *without all mist*
Of error. For by reason's rule what is't
We fear or wish? What is't we e'er begun
With foot so right, but we disliked it done?
Whole houses *th' easie gods* have overthrown
At their fond prayers, that did the houses own."

It would be unpardonable to waste time in criticising such versification as this. But the reader will indulge us in a few remarks on the passage, which will evince the futility of an attempt to make a translation from a poet in a dead language at once literal, and pleasing, and intelligible.

"Without all mist of errour" is an unfortunate translation of *remota erroris nebula*, and its meaning, if it have any, is very indeterminate. The figure might be retained with propriety by a translator, who would allow himself proper compass of expression. The next figure, "quid *tam dextro pede* concipis," rendered "what is't we e'er begun *with foot so right*," is barbarous. To do or wish a thing *pede dextro* or *pede sinistro* is a

* With respect to Holyday's merit as a translator, the writer gave his opinion in the last number of his Remarks, &c. Considering him merely as a poet, it cannot but excite a smile when he says; "as for publishing poetry, it needs no defence, there being, if my Lord Verulam's judgment shall be admitted, a divine rapture in it!"

common metonymy to express the prosperity of an action, or the happy accomplishment of a desire, and the contrary. As Mr. Holyday would aim at such a literal sort of translation, it is pity he had not written *with so right foot*. To finish the puerile strictness of this passage, Holyday renders "*Dii faciles*" —*th' easie gods*. Such a translation in the odes of Anacreon would at once remind us of the jolly revels of the powers above. But meeting it in the grave satires of Juvenal it cannot but excite surprise.

Stapylton has been acknowledged to have surpassed Holyday in the versification of his work, and Holyday to have excelled Stapylton in judgment, and accuracy, and critical acumen.* The vanity of Stapylton in estimating the value of his annotations, which are not above the capacity of the meanest bookmaker or compiler, is truly amusing. In his preface to the reader he says, "if (with Plato) you confess Juvenal to be a philosopher, I hope I shall prevail with you to allow him to be a little obscure, at least in terms of art; yet indeed, if he be not clear even in the most difficultest places, you shall blame yourself for not perusing my annotations, to which you are directed."

If we deduct from Stapylton a sufficient, though sometimes a very unjustifiable fidelity to Juvenal, we leave little to commend. He has here and there a tolerable couplet,—and then he stumbles, and falls, and with difficulty recovers.

The following extract will exhibit his version much above its usual merit. It is a passage which immediately succeeds the description of a school, in which was taught the art of carving meat.

Sat. XI. 142.

Nec frustum capreae subducere nec latus Afrae
Novit avis noster tirunculus, ac rudis omni
Tempore, et exiguae frustis imbutus ofellae.
Plebeios calices, et paucis assibus emptos
Porriget incultus puer, atque a frigore tutus;
Non Phryx, aut Lycius non a mangone petitus
Quisquam erit, et magno. Cum posces, posce Latine.

"To carve a goat, a capon's wing to cut,
My novice boy to school was never put;

* Gifford's essay on the Roman satirists, p. 25.

But always rudely bred, his carving work
Was but to give his fellows bits of pork.
Plebeian glasses for small prices sold
Brings my rude boy, whose clothes defie the cold.
On me no Phrygian youth, no Lycian waits,
Bought of the *Mango* at excessive rates.
All Romans mine; when any thing you would,
Pray call, but call for't as a Roman should."

For a passage rendered so nearly literal, this is as good as could be expected from Stapylton. But as a translation into a vernacular language should be accommodated to the mere reader of that language, it is certainly improper to retain a word of the original, which is not naturalized in the language of the translation. The only definition of the English word *mango* is a species of fruit after it is pickled; but in the above passage of Juvenal, it means a person, who sold slaves in the market, particularly of the description which he mentions. There are other exceptionable things in this passage, which we pass over.

The translation of Stapylton is not calculated to gain Juvenal any admirers; nor does it exhibit his true features.

We are told by Horace, that Alexander forbad by an edict that any painter should paint his likeness except Apelles, or any statuary, except Lysippus. But if Juvenal had foreseen Stapylton's metamorphosis of his true person, he would have considered it a harmless kind of effigy, which could not disgrace him among connoisseurs, while it was scarcely ludicrous enough to please the mob.

Dryden was an artist of a higher rank, and readily complied with the wish of the London booksellers to deliver Juvenal from the frigid literality, the obsolete phraseology, and the lame versification of his former English translators. Dryden engaged in this work the most distinguished poets of his time; for, says Johnson, his "reputation was such, that no man was unwilling to serve the muses under him." The "general character of this translation," he adds, "will be given, when it is said to preserve the wit but to want the dignity of the original." It is certainly difficult to decide the general character of this work, for it is as various as the number of translators.

The first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires were translated by Mr. Dryden. They are stamped with the same

peculiarities, which mark his translation of Persius. We are sometimes doubtful whether to be pleased with the genius of the man, or offended at the licentiousness of the translator. We are occasionally compelled to sneer as criticks, and to laugh as good humoured men.

The following are a few out of numerous examples of his freedom with Juvenal.

In describing Codrus' bed, which was to be sure somewhat *outré*, Juvenal says,

"Lectus erat Codro Procula minor,"

Codrus had a bed shorter than (his wife) Procula. But Dryden finding so good an opportunity for ridiculing poor Codrus, and his wife, and his bed, thus translates these five Latin words;

"Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out."

Juvenal delivers the following aphorism;

"Intolerabilius nihil est quam foemina dives. *Sat. VI.* 459.

But Dryden, that a wife at any rate was somewhat difficult to be tolerated, renders the line;

"When poor she's scarce a tolerable evil,
But rich and fine a wife's a very devil."

One example more we select from the tenth satire. Juvenal, after describing the ambition and the misfortunes of Xerxes, adds;

"Has toties optata exegit gloria poenas. *Sat. X.* 87."

The meaning of which is, *so often did the glory which he earnestly desired terminate in pain.* But Dryden renders it,

"For fame he prayed, but let the event declare,
He had no mighty *penn'worth* of his prayer."

Thus prayer is the price of a favour, and if a petition is answered, and terminates unhappily, the bargain is a bad one.

We observe the same general defects in Dryden's Juvenal, which are noticed in his Persius. He is often diffuse, where Juvenal is compressed, and merry, when *he* is grave. False rhymes and false measure occur in every page. But, notwithstanding he is so often found tripping, and trifling with his

author, we are compelled, on comparing him with his associates in the same task, to regret that he did not perform the whole.

In his introduction to the sixth satire of Juvenal, Dryden apologises for translating it. The apology is more than we had a right to expect. He seems to have thought it a favorable opportunity to say some flattering things of the fair sex, and to exculpate himself from the charge of coinciding with Juvenal in his indiscriminate attack on the morals of the defenceless. But having overcome his *diffidence*, and begun the enterprize, he was harassed by no fears and checked by no obstacles. He seldom suffered his author to outstrip him in the hideousness of his scenes, and sometimes pressed him to the utmost excess of indelicacy and sarcasm.

There are passages however in the translation of this satire, which indicate a wonderful talent. The following is an example of sprightliness, together with a tolerable transfusion of the sense.

Sat. VI 433.

Illa tamen gravior quae cum discumbere coepit,
Laudat Virgilium, periturae ignoscit Elisae:
Committit vates, et comparat inde Maronem,
Atque alia parte in trutina suspendit Homerum:
Cedunt Grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet, nec causidicus nec praeco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier: verborum tanta cadit vis.
Tot pariter pelves, et tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari.

"But of all plagues, the greatest is untold,
The booklearn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold;
The critick dame who at her table sits,
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits,
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far the ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word.
The man of law is nonplust in his sute,
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers and beating anvils you would swear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there."

Dryden has not been remarkably fortunate in his version of the tenth, which he calls a "divine satire." He is sometimes found dozing:

"Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum."

In the translation of the second satire, Mr. Tate does not refine on his author, but leaves the grosser parts of the poem in their full deformity. In the fifteenth, he is more polished, and has given an interest to what has sometimes been deemed one of the more dull parts of Juvenal.

The following lines bear a good degree of resemblance to Juvenal, in the description of the gods of Egypt.

Sat. XV. 7.

——— Hic piscem fluminis, illic
Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.
Porrum et cepe nefas violare, ac frangere morsu.
O sanctas gentes, quibus haec nascuntur in hortis
Numina! Lanatis animalibus abstinet omnis
Mensa. Nefas illic foetum jugulare capellae;
Carnibus humanis vesci licet.

"Fish-gods you'l meet, with fins and scales o'ergrown,
Diana's dogs ador'd in every town;
Her dogs have temples, but the goddess none!
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour,
Each clove of garlick is a sacred power!
Religious nations sure, and blest abodes,
Where every orchard is o'errun with gods!
To kill is murder, sacrilege to eat
A kid or lamb; man's flesh is lawful meat!"

Duke, in his translation of the fourth satire, has manifested little of the spirit or the wit of Dryden.

The version of the fifth satire by Rev. William Bowles is distinguished by no peculiarity. It does not disgrace the work; but is very much wanting in the spice of satire.

The seventh, by Charles Dryden, is one of the best pieces in the work. It is sufficiently dissimilar in its manner to the productions of the father to prove it genuine. And, while it is not destitute of wit and vigour, it contains fewer liberties and a greater regard to the manner of Juvenal.

The following lines, which demand that the poet should be free from care and want, have considerable merit.

Sat. VII. 58.

Cupidus silvarum, aptusque bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum. Neque enim cantare sub antro

Pictio, thyrsumve potest contingere sana
Paupertas atque aeris inops, quo nocte, dieque
Corpus eget. Satur est, cum dicit Horatius, Euhoë.
Quis locus ingenio ; nisi cum se carmine solo
Vexant, et dominis Cirrhae Nisaeque feruntur
Pectora nostra duas non admittentia curas ?
Magnae mentis opus, nec de lodice paranda
Attonitae, currus et equos, faciesque deorum
Aspicere.

"He must have groves, and lonely mountains choose,
And easie solitudes to bait his muse ;
Unvexed with thought of wants, which may betide,
Or for tomorrow's dinner to provide.
Horace ne'er wrote but with a rosy cheek,
His belly pamper'd, and his sides were sleek,
A wit should have no care, or this alone,
To make his rising numbers justly run.
Phoebus and Bacchus, those two jolly gods,
Bear no starv'd poets to their bless'd abodes.
'Tis not for hungry wit, with want control'd,
The face of Jove in council to behold."

The translator might have touched more delicately upon Horace; for, though *satur est, cum dicit Horatius, euhoë* implies that he was well fed, and joined in the exclamation of the disciples of Bacchus, the translation ought to have risen above vulgarity.

Stepney's version of the eighth satire retains little of the spirit or sentiment of Juvenal, and might be read without leaving much anxiety to know the author.

The ninth by Stephen Harvey is worthy a place among the translations of Dryden. It has much of his poetick fire ; the version is less exceptionable, and the diction more polished.

The eleventh satire fell to Congreve. In his manner he is sprightly, and he wields with dexterity the weapon of satire. But he has manifested a carelessness throughout, and his rhymes are intolerable.

Of Mr. Power's lifeless translation of the twelfth satire we have little to say. It is a rule given by Roscommon and others, that there should be some kindred qualities between an author and his translator. But Mr. P. gives no proof of such kindred with Juvenal. If he sometimes rises a *little* above the low level of his verse, it is only to sink again : *Vergit ad imum.*

The thirteenth satire was translated by Mr. Creech. Johnson gives him the solitary praise of having imitated the grandeur of Juvenal. It must be allowed, that he has succeeded better in this attempt, than in any similar one. We are *happy* to allow it; but it is a small return for the injury he has done Theocritus, and Lucretius, and Horace.

It is with pleasure, that the name of Dryden is recognized, as the translator of the fourteenth satire. Expectation more than ordinary is associated with the name of Dryden; and it is not in this instance disappointed. John Dryden, jun. inherited no small portion of his father's poetick gifts; and this production is witness, that, had he turned his attention to poetry, he would certainly have excelled.

It must be seen that this translation, thus consisting of patchwork, is far from conveying Juvenal fairly to the English reader. From the diversity of genius in the translators, it fails in that uniformity, which is necessary to please. Many of the translations are careless, and probably hurried performances. They afford bad grammar, bad logick, and bad rhymes most abundantly. But, as criticism in these respects might render the examination too minute, it must be reserved for the more modern translations of Juvenal.

SILVA, No. 75.

Accipe felices Atlantica munera sylvas.

MARTIAL.

WINES OF THE ANCIENTS.

The juice of the grape from time immemorial has held on the human palate the claims of a favourite. The Greeks and Romans were by no means incurious in the selection and preparation of their wines. Among the latter, the Falernian wine was probably the strongest and most austere. The Caecubum was more celebrated for its pleasantness and salubrity, according to the testimony of Galen and of Pliny. Horace mentions these two together with the Calenum and Formianum, as the generous liquors which graced the table of opulent Macaenas. The "vile Sabinum," the common *vin du pays*, was among the poorer kinds, yet its quality was much improved by age.

The length of time necessary to bring to perfection different wines is doubtful. Something has been gathered relative to this subject from Horace, ode 8. lib. 3.

Hic dies anno redeunte festus
Corticem astrictum pice demovebit
Amphorae fumum bibere institutae
Consule Tullo.

Madame Dacier supposes with Le Fevre that Horace alludes to the first consulship of L. Volcatius Tullus in the year of Rome 687; in which case the wine would have been forty-three years old, allowing that the Ode was written, as its contents indicate, after the conquest of the Cantabrians by Agrippa. This wine would not suffer by comparison with the best O P. of the moderns, provided its quality was uniformly improved by age. Pliny however states that wines deteriorated after a certain period, or rather that they became insalubrious after fifteen or twenty years. Whether he spoke in the character of an epicure or physician, however, admits of doubt.

A wit of my acquaintance proposes an emendation in v. 12, ode 29, lib. 3.

Fumum et O. P.'s strepitumque Romae.

VOLTAIRE.

At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, M. Cramer, a bookseller at Geneva, and Voltaire's own immediate publisher, was finishing a part which he had undertaken in the performance, and which ended with some dying sentences. Voltaire, who was present at the representation, being displeased with one or two faux pas, exclaimed with much warmth, "Mons. Cramer, you have lived like a prince, but, faith, you die like a bookseller."

OVID'S IBIS.

This poem, written in imitation of Callimachus, constitutes a specimen of the most poignant invective and bitter imprecation perhaps extant. The poet during his adversity had suffered much from the malignant efforts of an enemy, who by the basest calumnies had endeavoured to prevent his reinstatement in fortune and reputation. The wife of Ovid had been persecuted by his addresses, and the fragments of a ruined

estate were attempted with unrelenting rapacity. This enemy, under the fictitious name of Ibis, the poet has denounced in a strain of execration, which for boldness and asperity has scarcely a parallel. The anathemas of papal vengeance, the curses of Baldwin and of Kehama are not more terribly severe. The object of so much malediction is uncertain. Hyginus, a grammarian and mythologician of the time has been suspected as the real Ibis, but no testimony respecting him is certain.— The spirit of the writer may be collected from the following extracts.

Terra tibi fruges, amnis tibi deneget undas,
Deneget afflatus ventus et aura suos;
Nec tibi sol clarus, nec sit tibi lucida Phoebe;
Destituant oculos sidera cuncta tuos.
Nec se Vulcanus, ne se tibi praebeat ae*,
Nec tibi det tellus, nec tibi pontus iter.
Exul, inops erres, alienaque limina lustres,
Exiguumque petas ore tremente cibum.
Nec corpus querulo nec mens vacet aegra dolore,
Noxque die gravior sit tibi, nocte dies.
Sisque miser semper, nec sis miserabilis ulli;
Gaudeat adversis foemina virque tuis.
Accedat lachrymis odium, dignusque putere
Qui mala cum tuleris plurima, plura feras.

* * * *

His vivus furiis agitabere; mortuus isdem
Et brevior poena vita futura tua est.
Nec tibi contingent funus lachrymaeque tuorum;
Indeploratum projiciere caput.
Carnificis manu populo plaudente traheris,
Infixusquae tuis ossibus uncus erit;
Ipsae te fugient quae carpunt omnia flammae,
Respuet injustum justa cadaver humus.
Unguibus et rostro tardus trahet ilia vultur,
Et scindent avidae perfida corda canes:
Deque tuo fiet, licet hac sis laude superbus,
Insatiabilibus corpore rixa lupis,
In loca ab Elysiis diversa fugabere campis, &c.

NIAGARA FALLS

HAVE been materially changed during a century, if we may judge from the following description by Father Louis Hennipin, who published a book of travels in the reign of king Wil-

liam, 1698. "Betwixt the lake Ontario and Erie there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water, which falls down after a surprizing and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not affords its parallel. 'Tis true Italy and Suedeland boast of some such things, but we may well say they are but sorry patterns, when compar'd to this of which we now speak. At the foot of this horrible precipice we meet with the river Niagara, which is not above a quarter of a league broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above this descent, that it violently hurries down the wild beasts, while endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its current, *which inevitably casts them headlong above six hundred foot high !*

"This wonderful downfal is compounded of two great cross streams of water and two falls with an isle sloping along the middle of IT. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boyl after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder ; for when the wind blows out of the south their dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen leagues off."

COSMETICKS

ARE demanded in proportion to the deficiency of real charms. Witness the following epigram of Rolli :

Non posson mille e mille
Poetiche parole
Descriver l'altre belle,
Ma per descriver Fille
Ne bastano tre sole,—
Ossa, rosetto e pelle.

While scarce a thousand poets' lies
The charms of other belles make known,
For gentle Phyllis quite suffice
Three simple words—rouge, skin and bone.

TO THE JEWS

JUSTIN MARTYR says, "God promised that you should be *as the sand on the sea-shore ;* and so you are indeed, in more senses than one. You are as numerous, and you are as barren, and incapable of producing any thing good."

VARIETY OF SKIES.

AMBROSE PHILIPS, the *Pastoral* writer, says Jortin, was solemn and pompous in conversation. At a coffee-house he was discoursing upon pictures, and pitying the painters, who in their historical pieces always draw the same sort of sky. "They should travel," said he, "and then they would see, that there is a different sky in every country, in England, France, Italy, and so forth."—"Your remark is just," said a grave gentleman, who sat by, "I have been a traveller, and can testify that what you observe is true: But the greatest variety of skies that I found was in Poland."—"In *Poland*, Sir?" said Philips.—"Yes, in Poland: for there is Sobiesky, and Sarbieusky, and Jablousky, and Podebrasky, and many more *Skies*, Sir."

THE

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FOR

MAY, 1811.

Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi quae commutanda, quae eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. Plin.

ARTICLE 26.

A Statement of Facts relative to the establishment and progress of the Elgin Botanick Garden, and the subsequent disposal of the same to the state of New York. By David Hosack, M. D. Professor of Botany and Materia Medica in Columbia College. New York; Van Winkle. 1811.

Hortus Elginensis; or a Catalogue of Plants indigenous and exotick, cultivated in the Elgin Botanick Garden in the vicinity of New York; by the same. Second edition enlarged. J. & T. Swords.

The branches of natural science cannot in general be pursued with advantage, except as they are connected with actual exemplification from specimens or experiments. The departments of natural history in particular are so intimately dependant on this kind of illustration, that they can neither be taught nor studied to any effect where facilities for the demonstration of their subjects are wanting. In botany this requisite is supplied from plates, from preserved specimens, and lastly from plants themselves in their natural state of growth and perfection. The collection of living specimens from a kingdom whose subjects are so numerous and so extensively diffused, is an undertaking of such magnitude and difficulty, that hitherto it has been accomplished in any considerable degree only by legislative patronage, or by a more than ordinary degree of individual enthusiasm and perseverance. In

the United States a number of botanick establishments both of a publick and private kind are at present supported in various degrees of amplitude and maturity. No one has yet attained that eminence which the extent of our country and the variety of its products seems to require, as a repository of its treasures; yet from several, promises of future importance are sufficient to justify the hopes of their founders.

The garden at Kingsess, four miles from Philadelphia, founded in 1727, by John Bartram, botanist to the king of Great Britain, is the oldest institution of note in the United States. This delightful spot, comprizing about eight acres of ground, is situated on a gradual declivity descending from the mansion house of the owner to the western bank of the Schuylkill. It is copiously stored with the indigenous productions of the country, judiciously and tastefully arranged. The length of time since its establishment has enabled the trees to attain their growth, an advantage not experienced by institutions of recent date. The garden is chiefly under the management of Mr. William Bartram, son of the founder, who, assisted by others of his family, continues at an advanced age to cultivate with his own hands the field of his father's industry. There is something peculiarly interesting in the appearance of this venerable man, solacing the feebleness of age by the same pursuits which have constituted the pastime of his youth, and the rational exercise of his manhood.

The green house and pleasure grounds of William Hamilton, Esq. near Philadelphia, merit notice among the botanick collections of the country. The assemblage of exoticks in the green and hot houses is stated to be the richest and most valuable on the continent. These buildings measure 140 feet in front, and contain, it is said,* upwards of five thousand species of plants. The elegance of surrounding objects, and the liberal hospitality of the owner has rendered a visit to the "Woodlands" a highly desirable object to the stranger.

The garden of the Botanick Society of South Carolina, established by private subscription and patronized by legislative liberality, possesses local advantages much superiour to more northern institutions of the kind. Though at present it

* See Port Folio, Vol. II. New Series.

is not in a state of great advancement, yet it is not to be supposed that an establishment of this kind will be suffered to languish in the midst of a climate whose temperature renders practicable and easy the cultivation of many vegetables, which bear the rigours of a northern winter only under the expensive protection of the green and hot house.

The botanick garden at Elgin, three miles from New York, is now among the most considerable of the United States. The establishment, progress and present condition of this garden constitute the subject of the two pamphlets before us.

From the fist of these it appears, that soon after the appointment of Dr. Hosack to the joint professorship of botany and materia medica in Columbia college, he made application in 1797 to the board of trustees of that institution for the endowment of the professorship with a certain annual salary sufficient to defray the expenses of a small garden, for the purpose of cultivating such plants as furnish medicines, or are otherwise necessary for medical instruction. But though a committee from the trustees reported in favour of the appropriation of the sum of three hundred pounds per annum for five years, yet from a deficiency in the funds of the college, the endowments could not take place.

In 1800 a memorial to the same purpose was presented to the legislature of New York; but the subject being postponed, Dr. Hosack resolved to devote his own private funds to the prosecution of an object, the utility of which appeared so obvious. He accordingly purchased a lot of ground, situated at Elgin, three and an half miles from the city of New York. This was cleared, enclosed with a well constructed stone wall, and put in order for the reception of plants, the collection of which was prosecuted with considerable industry. Finding these improvements to be attended with very considerable and increasing expense, more than prudence would justify on the part of an individual, Dr. Hosack was induced to repeat his application for legislative aid, and finally to offer the whole establishment to the state for sale at a fair and equitable valuation. After many vexatious failures and delays, an act passed the legislature in March, 1810, directing the commissioners of the land office to treat with Dr. Hosack for the purchase of the garden and its appurtenances at a fair and equitable valuation.

In consequence of this act, the sum of seventy four thousand, two hundred and sixty eight dollars and seventy five cents was offered and accepted, this sum being the appraisement by a committee appointed for the purpose, of the garden, its walls and appurtenances, exclusive of the plants, shrubs, and trees contained in it.

Dr. H. was induced to make this publication with a view to correct a number of prevalent errours on the subject, originating partly in ignorance and partly in misrepresentation.

The second pamphlet contains an account of the present condition of the Elgin botanick garden, and a catalogue of its plants. The ground of this establishment, comprizing twenty acres, is now enclosed with a durable stone wall seven feet in height; which is lined with a belt of shrubs and forest trees of different kinds. An extensive green house and two spacious hot houses, forming a front of 180 feet, are erected. The catalogue of plants comprizes about three thousand different species, among which are many rare and curious exoticks from various remote parts of the globe.

Much praise is due to Dr. Hosack for the persevering attachment to science which has induced him to prosecute with so much zeal a pursuit which involved the partial sacrifice and more extensive hazard of his individual fortune. This gentleman ranks among his correspondents a number of naturalists of the first eminence in Europe and elsewhere, whose liberality has contributed not a little to the advancement of his institution. He announces an intention shortly to commence the publication of "American Botany, or a Flora of the United States," containing a description of the plants, their essential characters, &c. &c. to be illustrated with coloured engravings, after the manner of the English Botany of Dr. Smith. A work of this kind, if properly executed, in addition to the proposed works of the very accurate and indefatigable Dr. Barton, of Philadelphia, will place the natural history of this country on a footing not less respectable than that of many countries much longer known.

It is impossible to quit this interesting subject without adverting to the establishment in the vicinity of this metropolis,*

* For an account of the establishment for natural history in Cambridge, Massachusetts, see Anthology for 1808, page 595.

commenced under happy auspices, but progressing slowly for want of the fostering support which is indispensably necessary to every institution in its infant state. Few objects have greater claims on the munificence of the wealthy, than one which unites the elegance of art with the utility of science. From the remotest antiquity a garden or similar situation has been considered the most appropriate seat of refined and rational enjoyment. Witness the Eden of the sacred, and the Elysium of profane writers. In every age of the world a predilection for the pursuits, uses, and amusements of horticulture has prevailed; from the splendid extravagance, which erected the hanging gardens of Babylon, to the laborious economy, which framed and furnished the floating gardens of Mexico. With regard to the study of botany, although the same mental improvement may not arise from a science exercising the memory chiefly, which is to be expected from more abstruse investigations; yet the very obvious utility of a knowledge of the productions of the soil, to agriculture, the arts, and to medicine, is too great not to command cultivation and patronage. The identification of a single species may be of incalculable consequence in preventing the effect of ignorance or imposture on the lives and health of society.

Patriotism and local attachment should direct the liberality of patrons of science here, toward an object, which alone can place the state of natural history in Massachusetts on a par with its standing in sister states. The severity of our climate renders necessary expenses, which are not incurred under a milder sun, yet this cannot operate as any objection to our botanical progress when it is recollected, that scarce any country has gone beyond *Sweden* in the successful cultivation of a knowledge of the earth's productions; and that the greatest naturalist the world ever saw, received his existence on the confines of the Baltick.

ARTICLE 27.

Memoirs of the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, D. D. Founder and President of Dartmouth College, and Moor's Charity School; with a Summary History of the College and School. To which are added, copious Extracts from Dr. Wheelock's Correspondence. By David M'Clure, D. D. S. H. S. Pastor of a Church in East Windsor, Connecticut; and Elijah Parish, D. D. Pastor of the Church in Byfield, Massachusetts. Newburyport; published by Edward Little and Co. C. Norris and Co. printers. 1811. 8vo. pp. 336.

THIS volume contains an account of the life, character, and labours of Dr. Eleazar Wheelock—of the great movement made under his auspices for converting the Indians to Christianity—and of the history and state of Dartmouth College, or University. It is interspersed with remarks, opinions, comments, and effusions of one or both of the authors; and supplied with a copious appendix of original letters and documents of different sorts.

Dr. Eleazar Wheelock was of puritan and levitical descent. His great grandfather, a minister in Shropshire, suffering for nonconformity, emigrated to Massachusetts, and lived at Dedham—afterwards at Medfield, of which he was one of the principal proprietors, and where he died, aet. 83, in 1683. The grandfather settled in Mendon, and as a commander of a corps of cavalry, maintained the warfare against the Indians with distinguished courage and perseverance; qualities, which have continued in the family. His father lived a respectable farmer in Windham, Connecticut. Eleazar, his only son, a lively youth, of good talents and disposition, was destined for a liberal education; the more as a legacy of his grandfather, for whom he was named, was designed to provide for the expense. Whilst preparing for college at about sixteen years of age, Mr. Wheelock was so happy as to have a course of religious experience, that gave him an undoubting confidence in his good spiritual estate; and enabled him to hear the shouts of promise during the rest of his pilgrimage. So much, under grace, for an orthodox education. A person of one description of Christians has learned to believe that conversion must be preached to some, and improvement to others—that every one arrived to

years of discretion has at all times a measure of moral agency, which he may use or abuse, and on which his final destination is suspended; that he is always performing something right or something wrong; and that the work of religion is done and doing to the end of life. Such an one will naturally judge of his moral condition rather by his general tenor of disposition and behaviour, than by single religious acts or peculiar exercises at a given time. Another has been taught unconditional election, and supernatural grace, an influence in which there is nothing between it and the mind, infusing a new principle, and producing specifick operations and feelings, that constitute the evidence of election, and insure the name of the favoured vessel of mercy in indelible characters on the book of life. With what interest must such a man look for the decisive process—for the critical moment? With what eagerness welcome the new light, by which he sees himself among those who are sealed for redemption? This is the holding turn in his spiritual concerns; which neither men, nor devils, nor his own remaining corruptions, can make him lose. Till this has been accomplished, no care to keep a good conscience has any effect to allay his fears of being lost; for the best acts of the unregenerate are but specious forms of sin; and when it is accomplished, his deviations and declensions may fix distrust upon his evidences, but cannot impair his title. His frames will not be always alike satisfactory—standing at various points between trembling solicitude and rapturous elevation; but so long as he can recur to his first experiences with a belief that they were genuine, though he may be cast down, he will never be in despair.

The early conversion of Mr. Wheelock is by no means the general privilege of the disciples of his school, however exemplary and regular their lives. The change, which they deem saving, is most commonly, in the case of those intended for the ministry, delayed till near the time when they must begin or relinquish their chosen calling. At that period they often find themselves pursued as a "murderer by the avenger of blood, to the very gates of the city of refuge"—and they must enter or perish. If their reason survives the dismay or despondence of the law-work, the dreadful spasm in most instances passes off; and the agitation subsides into a calm, which enables

them first to hear the whispers of hope, and then proceed to the exultation of joy. The hope which Mr. W. now obtained, observe his biographers, afterwards proved the animating spring of his exertions to qualify himself for usefulness, and of his abundant labours to promote the best interest of mankind. It was a buoyant spirit, that prevented his sinking under the discouragements and pressures that his sanguine temperament and his peculiar views prompted him to encounter. It gave him a manifest advantage as a preacher in the times of extraordinary religious excitation which followed. Having no fears for himself, he was the more competent to the task of rousing and directing the fears of others.

Being graduated at Yale College in 1733, with the additional honour of the Berkeley prize assigned to him as one of the two best scholars in Greek, he soon commenced preacher, and was settled in Lebanon, Connecticut. The revival above mentioned soon after took place, which gave ample scope to his zeal and exertions, and gained him a name among the Whitefields and Tennants of the day. He was indefatigable in his exertions. In one year he preached four hundred and sixty-five times. But this high effervescence of the popular mind could not last many years, and the ardent preacher found himself confined to the ordinary duties of his profession in a small parish; the attention of his people as he considered declining; and their support of their minister not satisfactory. As may be supposed, this was a scene far too tame for a spirit so keen and active. It was plain food to a man whose appetite demanded stimulants. He meditated some enterprize of pith and moment, some field of labour affording a wider range, and promising a richer harvest of usefulness, than could be found in his little vineyard of Lebanon. The exigences of the aboriginals of the country seized upon his mind. He resolved for himself to attempt making Christians of the American savages. He thought it a reproach upon our character, and a gross neglect of obvious duty, that more was not done to bring these pagan outcasts within the Christian fold. He believed that heaven had warned us of our guilt, by the frequent and deadly wars, which at various times had broken out between them and the whites. He was moved by a desire to give them the true religion for a barbarous superstition; to improve their state of

society, and to fulfil the injunctions lying upon the professors of the gospel universally to endeavour to spread its light. The biographers do not mention what he thought of the salvability of the heathen. The doctrines he patronised, and which he encouraged his missionaries to deliver, sufficiently show, that the uncovenanted mercies of the Creator were not in his creed, and that he considered every Indian convert as a brand plucked from the burning. This undertaking had enough of difficulty to inflame his ardor; and if successful, enough of distinction to gratify his ambition; for he would accomplish what his predecessors had attempted in vain. The means not less than the end wore some attraction in his eye; for they offered scope to his address and management in wringing contributions from the good people who were to be solicited for the requisite funds. He relied with no small confidence, and with much reason, as the event proved, on his talents in this way. It would both evince and strengthen his faith in a particular providence; which he did not doubt would appear for him in ways which he could not exactly foresee. His idea of personal religion as an arbitrary, immediate, and supernatural infusion of the Deity, must unquestionably have sublimated his zeal and animated his exertions. He believed that in concurrence with faithful labours, such an interposition had been granted to the people of New England; why might not an out-pouring of the spirit be expected in favour of the Indian in his wigwam as well as of the villager in his humble dwelling, and the times of refreshing come upon the wilderness not less than the fruitful field?

Before he seriously began his work, he settled the question of his duty to his particular charge. One circumstance he considered decisive. They gave him but half a support—therefore had a right to but half his time and labour.* It is admitted that he was not in want, having a patrimony to draw

* It was probably about this time that he had the "charity to address the body of his people as Christians." The doctor was telling with much satisfaction of the great number who had been subjects of grace in his parish; at the same time he complained of their injustice in not paying him an adequate salary. "How is it," said the gentleman with whom he was conversing, "that your people are religious and not just?" "O," said the doctor, "their religion does not work out that way."

upon—and his projected design did not promise any accession to his income. But the services which the people did not compensate, they had no claim to receive. We admit that in this instance, where a greater good was to be attempted or done, the principle might apply; yet we do not allow, nor do we suppose that the biographers intended to insinuate, that the amount of service in an office having a definite object and duty, may be rated by the amount of pay. One of the biographers in making this statement subjoins a solemn appeal to the congregations that stint their pastors.

"From the same cause [says he] other ministers of the gospel have found themselves in the same unpleasant discouraging dilemma. The want of honesty and fidelity on the part of the people, has induced them to exchange their study for the field, to hear the mirth of their reapers instead of the songs of Zion, where Christians meet to praise and pray; to toil with oxen instead of listening with delight to the sublime strains of Isaiah, or the wonderful visions of St. John, revealed in the caverns of Patmos. Others engage in those philosophick and literary pursuits, which materially interfere with their labours for their people, which abate their ministerial zeal, and weaken the force of labours, which are performed," &c.

"You are not merely abusing your minister, dissolving the bonds of his obligations to you, and justifying him in deserting your service, and neglecting your immortal interests; but you are bringing a spiritual famine upon your church, upon your dear children, and your own souls. You are extinguishing the light, ready to shine upon you, and freezing the heart glowing with zeal for your salvation; you are striking with a fatal palsy the hand, which would be exerted for your endless felicity; you are sealing the lips which would proclaim pardon and eternal life."

Dr. Wheelock's plan was to have a school at Lebanon, which should contain English youth designed to be missionaries, and Indian youth, who should be supported with a view to be qualified for missionaries and schoolmasters, or taught arts and agriculture, with common English education. He had already tried his skill upon Sampson Occum, who gave promise of talents and accomplishments, such as we look for in an educated white man. The precise method of improving the Indian character, adopted by Dr. W. it is said had never before been attempted. In the early times of the country, however, and long after, the boys and girls of the natives were frequently taken into reputable families and sent to school in our towns.

Dr. W. proceeded to organize his school, and in 1754 obtained some children from the Delaware Indians, and afterwards from the Six Nations, to be the subjects of his instruction. Whilst this school continued at Lebanon, about fifteen years, one hundred and fifty young natives were at different times members of the school. Several female children were put in families, to be taught domestick management. A number of English young men, supported by the funds, passed through the school to college to be missionaries. The expenses of the establishment were defrayed by monies subscribed at different times, by contributions, which the doctor travelled through the country to solicit; giving to the cause the expense of his journeys, besides all the chagrin and vexation awaiting this species of employment. It was patronised by the commissioners of the society in Scotland, and of the society in London, who held their meetings in Boston. The General Court of Massachusetts applied the legacy of Sir Peter Warren to the support of six Indian boys; and the New Hampshire Legislature did something in the cause. After 1762, it found patrons in several individuals in England and Scotland, who sent liberal donations. It was named for a Mr. Moor, who was one of the earliest benefactors, giving a tenement for a school-house, and some land. For many years it was under the sole direction of Dr. Wheelock, and some gentlemen whom he associated with himself. In 1764, a board of correspondents appointed by the society in Scotland had the superintendance of the institution and its funds. The doctor gave it much of his time and service. At different periods, he sent from it into the interiour to the Oneidas, Mohawks, Delawares and others, several missionaries, one or two of them represented as eminently qualified for the business, and a number of Indian schoolmasters.—The pecuniary resources, however, were not sufficient; the doctor adopted the wise expedient of sending the Rev. Sampson Occum, accompanied by the Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker, to England and Scotland. There the tawny preacher was followed by crowded audiences, and obtained a solid relief to the sinking school—

> "Who like a trembling child, which fears appal,
> For help on Albion's isle presumes to call;

Albion, the boast of fame, Europa's pride,
Which more outshines all other lands beside,
Than noon-day Phoebus, in his blazing car,
Exceeds the twinkling lustre of a star;
An isle renowned for riches, arms and arts,
For heroes, noble souls, and liberal hearts."

[A poem by an undergraduate in the first class, p. 194.]

The king gave two hundred pounds—the Earl of Dartmouth was munificent—Mr. Thornton and others opened their hands wide—Seven thousand pounds were collected in England, and between two and three thousand in Scotland. The former sum was committed to a trust in London, to be drawn for as wanted by the doctor or board here—the latter was placed with the society in Scotland. Thus reinforced, the doctor proceeded to add a college to his school, that he might complete the education of his missionaries and his sable pupils in one establishment. It was to be situated in the interiour to facilitate intercourse with the tribes, yet not beyond the region of settlement and civilization, that it might be supplied with English pupils, and have the example of civilized life to exhibit to the savages. By the advice of Earl Dartmouth and other English patrons, and in consequence of donations of land from Gov. Wentworth and the state, it was placed at Hanover, in New Hampshire. The governour gave a charter with ample privileges, making Dr. Wheelock first president, with power to appoint a successor by will. The school followed the college, and with its funds, excepting eleven thousand dollars in Scotland, is solely under the superintendance of the President. In August, 1770, the doctor with his family and school, in all about seventy, removed and settled on the plain of Hanover. A few acres of pines had been felled before their arrival. They proceeded to build log-houses, a small framed house for the President, and a college edifice. But the autumnal storms set in very early and stopped the builders, and the little colony had some taste of hardship before the winter was over.

"Upon a circular area of about six acres, the pines were soon felled, and in all directions covered the ground to the height of about five feet. Paths of communication were cut through them. The lofty tops of the surrounding forests were often seen bending before the northern tempest, while the air below was still and piercing. The snow lay four feet in

depth, between four and five months. The sun was invisible by reason of the trees, until risen many degrees above the horizon. In this secluded retreat, and in these humble dwellings, this enterprizing colony passed a long and dreary winter. The students pursued their studies with diligence; contentment and peace were not interrupted, even by murmurs."

In the succeeding summer some progress was made in providing accommodations, and in clearing and cultivating the land. Numerous hands were employed in cutting and piling the timber with a view to burn it, but the fire would not consume it until the second year, when it was more thoroughly dried. The first commencement was in 1771, when four young gentlemen received the honours of the university. From 1771 to 1774 there were in the school and college about twelve English youths dependent on the funds, and six Indian lads in the school. Bonds were required of the English scholars, who were upon charity to refund the expense of their education in case they should decline going as missionaries among the Indians, unless providentially prevented. Within the above period, fifteen English youths, who had finished their education, and were either licensed preachers or ordained ministers, were ready to go forth as missionaries; and six Indians were also qualified as schoolmasters. But those who went were obliged to return by the hostilities which soon commenced. For more than ten years they were shut out from the scenes of their mission, after which they did not attempt to return; and thus appears to have terminated all the Indian missions originating under the auspices of Dr. Wheelock's school and college; unless we except that of the Oneidas and Moheaconnuck tribe in the state of New York. A few of the natives, who had been educated, were reputable and useful preachers among their countrymen, and hopeful subjects of grace, but all died early except Mr. Occum. Mr. Occum, as we believe, was a very indifferent Christian, without the virtues of a savage during the last ten years of his life.

Dr. Wheelock died April, 1779, and was succeeded by the Hon. John Wheelock, the present President. His character, virtues, doctrine, and his talents as a man and preacher, are described at length with much affectionate and deserved panegyrick. There is a profusion of remarks and inculcations moral, evangelical, and literary; some of them very remotely

connected with the object of the work, and written in Dr. Parish's best manner. Compression is not an attribute of this book—several things are repeated—and order is sometimes set at defiance, and the style is not always obedient to the laws of taste, yet very figurative and animated. Besides relating the facts, of which we have made an imperfect abstract, the book proceeds to finish the history of the college, giving an account of the studies, &c. and concluding with a eulogy of the two deceased professors Smith and Hubbard. There is in various parts of the work an ample commemoration of the principal benefactors of the school and the college.

The pious zeal and the invincible constancy of Dr. Wheelock; the liberality of his patrons, especially of some in the mother country; the patient and active labours of his coadjutors, are very evident. Whether it was judicious to expend such an amount of the disposable funds in clearing wild land admits a question. The primary design of the establishment has been but partially effected; indeed has failed. The large sums collected in this country, and the larger contributions raised in Great Britain, with the fond expectation of converting the Indians, have been expended upon that object, yet what fruit remains? But though the natives have not obtained the gospel, the state of New Hampshire has obtained a flourishing university. In spite of the reluctant and stinted patronage of the state, and its neglect to make good to the institution the loss of the township which was conveyed by a bad title, as the condition of fixing it with all its considerable funds in that state, Dartmouth university has lived and grown, and will no doubt acquire continually more strength.

The book, in consequence probably of having two authors, differs from itself in estimating the effects of Dr. Wheelock's labours.

"The school and the college have happily answered the hopes of their founder and benefactors; the state of society among the six nations has been essentially improved," &c. p. 139. "The labour of Dr. W. was immense; his scheme in theory was most flattering, but in a great degree it disappointed his hopes." p. 141.

The success of the attempts to evangelize the natives has not been equal among the sects of Christians. The savages of this country have no great objections to changing the object of

their worship and their rites. It is not very difficult for a missionary of talents to persuade them to take his word for the facts in the sacred history, to believe in the account of the creation, the fall, the deluge, the miracles in the Old Testament, and the history of the New Testament, to believe in the trinity in unity, in the influence of an evil spirit, and in the doctrine of heaven and hell. They can easily be made to come to church, to pray and sing, and especially to have their children baptized. An able, exemplary, and pious missionary, with an interesting manner, will have some influence in restraining their passions, in checking drunkenness, quarrelling and murder; and he will find a number of women, and here and there a man, as pious and sober as common good Christians among the whites. So much may ordinarily be done among them by a competent missionary of either the protestant or popish communions, living statedly among them. But arts and industry, and civilized manners, and a taste for the comforts of an improved style of living, and a capacity of the moral influence of laws, are not to be produced by the sermons or prayers, nor by the good example of one or two individuals ever so much respected in their sacerdotal character, nor by two or three years schooling among the English. More powerful causes must be brought into operation, and then it will be with partial effect. The Roman Catholicks make the most converts. In South America it is well known the Jesuits not only made the Indians papists, but did much to change their habits of living. The Moravians keeping several missionaries together, and some of them with families, have had no contemptible success. Considering their zeal and exertion, perhaps those of the puritan cast, we mean the congregational and presbyterian sects, and of the Calvinistick or Hopkinsian orthodoxy, have reaped the most slender harvest. Men of abilities can serve their generation and promote religion in situations more inviting; so that the chance is against finding an able man to take the office. When such an one is found, he is probably an enthusiast for some particular modification of Christianity; perhaps a bigot to the tenets and phraseology of a sect. His first object is to indoctrinate his pagan pupil in what he calls the peculiar doctrines of Christianity; and he thinks he does nothing unless he makes him orthodox. He

aims the five points naked at the heart. The effect is generally disgust, perplexity, or terrour—sometimes conversion—of which, however, the savage has often the most vague and imperfect, perhaps pernicious sentiments. He worships the God of Christians as only more powerful and tremendous than any other; and very probably separates religion in some degree at least from morality, and experiences from goodness. In the mean time the service of the presbyterian offers few rites to strike the senses and to exercise obedience; those it does contain are, excepting the common worship, confined to the serious and exemplary few. We give a specimen of some *talks* which we have seen of the six nations to one of the mildest and most considerate of the missionaries of this school.—They show how the faith of these sons of nature is endangered by the different sorts of doctrine and discipline which they had learned.

"Father attend. Hear how the minds of your children are disposed. We have considered our present circumstances, with a review of our past conduct; and have many days sat in council upon the work of reformation. In order to which, we have recollected our first engagements to you, when we began in earnest about the things of religion. We then resolved by the help of God to cast away and banish from the town all wickedness and witchcraft, the works of the devil; in a word, all such things as God our Maker disapproves and abhors.

"We are now resolved to abide by and hold fast to our first engagements, and whenever we are attacked and overcome by the deceitfulness of sin and power of the devil, we shall renew the work of repentance, and make all new, that we may get forwards towards a new life.

"This is what each one has said speaking for himself. The consideration of our warriours leaving us soon to hunt a while in the woods; and the uncertainty of life, has quickened us to this resolution. And, if through the mercy and protection of our heavenly Father, these warriours shall be preserved in their spring hunt, and we who continue at home experience the same mercy, when we shall meet again in safety, we purpose to renew this covenant, and press forward after a greater reformation.——

—"We cannot consent to part with, much less to reject the word of God—Jesus' good news—no, no; although we be daily attacked and sometimes even worsted by the devil, as soon as we come to ourselves, we shall seek for repentance and reformation.——

"Father, possess your mind in peace, and don't let us grieve you; as you have become our spiritual teacher. Your children labour under great difficulty in discoursing upon spiritual subjects; being ignorant of the word of God, we cannot speak wisely. You white people know God's

word, nature, and perfections; but we Indians do not understand it; it is darkness to us.

"Our minds are filled with anxiety and concern; the reason is this, you white people publish to us two different commands of God, as though God had two minds. Jesus' good news has become two. The one we formerly heard by our first teachers---their voices all agreed as *one*; although some of them came from another quarter, viz. Canada, who were of a different language, yet taught the same thing---At least they were so near alike that in our opinion they were one." "Romish priests and ministers of the church of England had been missionaries among us. But you New England ministers (or Presbyterians) have come to us with a new command of God—altogether new; or another gospel. This is the reason why the minds of some of our children are, and have been for a long time filled with anxiety and perplexity, not knowing which way to turn; each path bearing marks of uncertainty. And you have become more rigid and severe with us than at your first settling amongst us; whether you know more of the word of God, or find us worse, or both, we don't determine." "Father, hear how things were with us once. Our former instructers, our first ministers, were very fond of baptizing our children. Instantly upon being desired—they taught us that children should be baptized as soon as they made their appearance in our world; and that delays were dangerous. No matter what character the parents sustained—if they were fools, and under the power of Satan and dominion of sin, let them look out for a good and wise man to stand in their stead, and the child be given to him, and then the water was sprinkled without any further ado—likewise adults—if any adult person was desirous to become a Christian and be made holy, he must look out for a man from among the people to give him a name, learn the Lord's prayer, creed, and ten commandments, and confess his sins; and then he was baptized without any objections or any further questioning. What they taught was not very hard or difficult. They required nothing in the case of baptisms, but what might be easily complied with. But you, Father, are not so fond of baptizing either children or adults. We have now many children among us yet unbaptized, and some have gone out of the world unbaptized. This we view by the light of our former instructions as confining the word of God, and shutting up the way to heaven, or making it very narrow.

"Some among us have been resolved on baptism; but reflecting on the long and severe examinations you oblige them to pass through, and that they were more likely to be denied than accepted, have been frightened back, and turned to their old practices; and many fear that they shall die unbaptized, and so consequently perish and be miserable forever.

"Father, we apprehend God is not well pleased with this; however, we do not determine one way or the other, being ignorant of the word of God —we pray you to tell us just what God has commanded and revealed in his very mind. As for our part, we rather choose the *old* way, agreeable

to our first instructers—persons or, doctrines don't appear to change in that, nor any thing very hard—things continue with them, just as they were, when they first set out." "We dare not require our father to embrace the old way, lest we should break some divine injunction, not knowing the holy book; we rather say, Father, consider the matter, and what we have said. We don't think your presbyterian way is wrong, nor do we say the old way is wrong, but both right; however, we choose the *old way, being most easy*. We salute you, and close our speech."

It is apparent how naturally a rude people convert religion to superstition, and substitute the form for the substance of piety. The following extract proposes another method.

"Perhaps we shall yet discover that *the best method to make savages christians, is for christians first to make them comfortable and happy*. Instead of employing their young men in our seminaries in reading the Latin and Greek poets, which has a tendency to make pagans of christians, let them be taught the useful arts, and the first rudiments of religion. Let them return to their tribes, and erect more commodious dwellings than their neighbours and brethren: let them better cultivate their gardens, and provoke emulation around them. Let our missionaries be men of business; let them be farmers, mechanicks, and physicians. The people of Otaheite say to their missionaries, "you tell us of our salvation, and behold we are dying." They point to their sick, and ask their preachers whether they can heal them. Were they physicians they would rise superiour to the conjurers, who are always hostile to the gospel, and who alone pretend to the healing art. Let the missionaries show them how to build and plant. Thus, by relieving the distresses of the sick, and increasing the comforts of all, they may win their hearts and command their confidence. Let them begin their instructions with the evident first principles of natural religion; "tell them what they themselves do know," before they exhibit orthodox creeds or abstruse catechisms. In these ways perhaps a new era may mark the history of missionary societies, and new success encourage and reward their benevolent sacrifices."

INTELLIGENCE.

Fourth Report of the Directors of the African Institution, read at the Annual General Meeting, on the 29th of March, 1810.

(Continued from page 279.)

THE directors having applied to Dr. Roxburgh, of Calcutta, for his assistance in obtaining seeds and plants from India, have the satisfaction to state, that they have received the most libe-

ral assurances of his best exertions in favour of the institution. He has already transmitted to this country, with a view to their propagation in Africa, several valuable seeds, with the requisite instructions for their management. The directors are happy in this opportunity of expressing their high sense of the obligations conferred on the institution by Dr. Roxburgh.

The directors have drawn the attention of their correspondents in Africa to a discovery (communicated to them by R. H. Marten, Esq. and said to have been lately made in the West Indies) of the practicability of producing excellent rope from the fibres of the plantane tree. They have as yet received no report on this subject from Africa.

Referring the meeting to what was communicated in the last annual report, on the subject of a species of hemp, manufactured from the leaves of a particular kind of palm which abounds in Sierra Leone and its neighbourhood, the directors have now to add, that one of their board, Mr. Allen, has lately subjected a small quantity of cord, manufactured from this substance, to experiments calculated to ascertain its strength, as compared with the same length and weight of common hempen cord. The result has been very satisfactory. In five trials, the hempen cord broke with the following weights, viz. in the 1st, with 44 lbs. avoirdupois ; in the second, with 41 lbs. ; in the third, with 51lbs. ; in the fourth, with 41lbs. ; and in the fifth, with 41lbs. : while African cord, of the same length and weight, required to break it, in the first trial, 54lbs. ; in the second, 55lbs. ; in the third, 52 lbs. ; in the fourth, 59lbs. ; and in the fifth, 47lbs. The average is as follows : hempen cord, 43lbs. 3 fifths ; African cord, 53lbs. 2 fifths ; being a difference in favour of the African cord, of 10lbs. in 43lbs.

The directors noticed in their last report, the disadvantages under which the trade of Africa laboured, in consequence of the high duties imposed on the different articles of its produce. A representation to this effect having been made to his Majesty's government, the matter was taken into their consideration, and a modification of some of those duties has been obtained. The duties on cotton wool, ginger, and coffee, the produce of his Majesty's dominions in Africa, are now the same as those payable on the like articles when imported from the West Indies ; and on palm oil, the duty has been reduced

from about 12s. 3d. to 4s. per hundred weight. On one article, Guinea grains, or Malaguetta pepper, the duty has been doubled; not with a view of increasing the revenue, but of operating as a prohibition of the use of it, as it is supposed to have been extensively employed in the brewing of malt liquor. The directors, however, have great reason to doubt the existence of the deleterious qualities ascribed to this drug; as they find it to be universally esteemed in Africa one of the most wholesome of spices, and generally used by the natives to season their food.

The directors have not as yet engaged in any direct attempt to explore the continent of Africa, principally because no proper means have offered themselves to their notice. It has, however, been communicated to them, that it is the intention of the African Association to send, at an early opportunity, one or more persons from this country, charged with the important object of farther discovery. The directors have signified their readiness to concur in any eligible measure of this description.

Before the directors quit this subject, they think it right to advert to a communication which has been made to them by lieut. col. Maxwell, the commandant of Senegal, respecting the celebrated traveller Mungo Park, in a letter dated on the 28th of January last, which contains the following passage:

"I avail myself of an opportunity, by way of Guernsey, to communicate to you the intelligence of the arrival in this colony of the black man named Isaacs, who was the guide who conducted Mr. Mungo Park to Sansanding, and whose schoolmaster, who resides there, furnished Mr. Park with a guide to take him to Kassina. This person appears convinced that Mr. Mungo Park is not dead: he says, if it was the case, he certainly should have heard of it: not having heard of him, he supposed he had returned to England.

"To ascertain the certainty of the fate of our intrepid countryman, I have engaged Isaacs to go in search of him, and have furnished him with a present for Mansong, the king of Bambarra, and also with means to defray his travelling expenses; and have promised him a thousand dollars if he finds Mr. Park. He has instructions to proceed without delay to Sego; to present to Mansong the present he has for him;

and to beg of him to aid him in his researches. 'If he cannot procure any certain intelligence of him at Sego, he is to continue his journey to Sansanding, to find out the guide who conducted Mr. Park to Kassina. If there he cannot gain satisfactory information, he is to endeavour to proceed to Tombuctoo and Kassina.

"Isaacs has promised to make every exertion to fulfil the object of his mission, and to use his utmost ability to gain correct information of the celebrated traveller."

It has been already mentioned, that commissioners have been appointed by government to inquire into the state of the African coast, with a view to the adoption of such measures as may most effectually promote the civilization and improvement of Africa. Their mission was delayed, in consequence of the loss of the Solebay frigate, which was to have attended them on the survey: and it was only in January last that another frigate was despatched to supply the place of the Solebay. It may be presumed that they have by this time entered on their important labours, as the frigate had reached Goree about the 1st of February.

The information which has been received from Africa, since the last meeting of the institution, has been less abundant than usual; but the directors will now state such particulars of it as are likely to prove most interesting to the subscribers.

Their first extract will be from a letter of Lord Caledon, the governour of the Cape of Good Hope, dated the 29th of May, 1809. His lordship, who is a life governour of the institution, and warmly interested in its success, writes as follows:

"From the vague reports of the colonists, as well as from other causes sufficiently obvious, I conceived it would be highly desirable, if a person were found qualified and willing, to explore the colonial boundary in the north-east direction; and as a medical gentleman of the name of Cowan, proposed himself to me for this purpose, I gave him my sanction, and what assistance I considered necessary, for enabling him to execute the design. He left the Cape in September 1808, and, crossing the Orange River, found himself on the 24th of December, in latitude 24°. 30 min. long. 28°. He was at this period resting on the bank of a river called the Moloffo, and had the intention of proceeding on the following day in a course more

northerly; but his ultimate object is to gain Mosambique, or one of the Portuguese settlements on the eastern coast.

"Dr. Cowan describes the country to the northward of Leetakoo as being for the most part fertile; and observes, that all the rivers he has hitherto passed run to the west. The reception he met with was invariably hospitable; and in scarcely any instance did the natives appear to mark a suspicion. As he advanced, he found an increased degree of civilization; and represents the wealthy people of one tribe of Barolloos as being possessed of servants, as well as slaves. The opthalmia was prevalent among these people.

"From all that I have been able to collect, from a worthy missionary of the name of Anderson, I am sanguine in believing that Dr. Cowan will succeed in reaching Mosambique, where I have already paved the way for procuring him a favourable reception."

"I regret very much," his lordship adds, "that I omitted to make myself acquainted with those points upon which the Institution might wish for particular information; but as it is not improbable that other adventurers may arise, I shall be obliged to you to procure for me the directions, if such there are, which the Institution furnishes to those in its employment."

His lordship's request has been complied with; and he has been furnished with copies of the queries drawn up for the purpose of guiding the inquiries of African travellers.

In a letter, dated March the 6th, 1809, the governour of Sierra Leone informs the directors, that

"Measures have heen taken for exciting the attention of the Coast to the cotton seed sent out by the Institution, and a portion of it will be propagated in this colony at the proper season.

"An experiment has been made of the mangrove bark in the colony, in consequence of the information received from the Institution, in the hands of one of the Nova-Scotians. He reports, that he never saw bark like it [meaning, so good] in America.

"Oxen have been employed in the service of government with great success, and may probably be applied in many ways which have not hitherto been thought of."

"The plants which arrived from the Institution, are, with the exception of a very few, in the most flourishing condition. The only plants which it appears of sonsiderable importance to replace, are the two tea-trees, neither of which have succeeded. The mulberry-trees have succeeded without exception.

"In the situation where the plants sent last from England are placed, we have a small crop of red and white clover, and another of wheat, which appears to promise well.

"It has occurred to me," adds the governor, "that Sierra Leone would be a very advantageous temporary residence for any person intending to dedicate himself to the advancement of the knowledge of Africa, both on account of the salubrity of the climate, and the acquaintance to be gained with the manners and customs of the country. There are, perhaps, few things that would be more beneficial to this colony than the introduction of a scientifick man, who could describe the animal and vegetable productions of this part of the globe with accuracy. There can be no doubt that there is in this country a mass of unknown treasures, which want only scientifick examination to be discovered."

The directors have also received a letter, containing much important information respecting a district of the Gold Coast, from Mr. Meredith—the same gentleman who has furnished an article in the Appendix to their last Report. Mr. Meredith states, that the beneficial effects which might be expected to follow the abolition of the slave trade by Great Britain, have been greatly impeded by the continuance of it, though on a reduced scale, by other nations. Accusations, predatory wars, &c. are not so frequent as formerly; but kidnapping, he adds, is still practised. That the inhabitants are more industrious, and that they have more confidence in their personal safety, he thinks is clearly observable. In short, the effects which have flowed from even a partial abolition of the slave trade, seem to him to prove that a total abolition would be attended with many more beneficial consequences; for though the export of slaves from Africa be now comparatively trifling, yet it keeps alive on the Coast many of the mal-practices which would otherwise cease. The total abolition, he observes, is therefore necessary.

With the exception of the letters already referred to, the directors have had little information from Africa, excepting what relates to the painful subject of the slave trade, to which they have already adverted; and they are under considerable apprehensions lest much of what they attempted to do for Africa should be counteracted by the influence of that pernicious traffick. In the mean time, enough at least has been done to prove the practicability of success, in case fair scope should be afforded to their efforts, by the removal of this grand barrier to all improvement and to all happiness. In particular, the directors have continued to receive the most satisfactory proofs that Africans are as susceptible of intellectual and moral culture as the natives of any other quarter of the globe: but they feel persuaded that the members of this Institution require no fresh facts or illustrations to convince them of this truth.

The directors are unwilling to omit, in their report, the relation of an interesting circumstance which occurred a few months ago at Liverpool.

Some time in the month of September last, Mr. Roscoe was informed that nine black men were confined in the borough gaol of Liverpool for debt; and on further inquiry he learned that they had been arrested by the master of a Portuguese vessel from the Brazils, then in the port, for the purpose, as was supposed, of keeping them in safe custody until his ship should be ready for sea. As it appeared clearly that in such a case no debt could exist, Mr. Roscoe engaged two friends to put in bail for the defendants; but before an order was obtained for their discharge, the master and his agents, being aware of these proceedings, surrounded the gaol with a great number of Portuguese seamen and other persons, armed, for the purpose of seizing the prisoners; and the attorney for the master sent an order to the gaoler to discharge them.

The black men, however, were apprised of their danger; their fellow prisoners declared they should not be taken away by force; and the keeper of the gaol, with a spirit of humanity which does him the highest credit, informed them, that, although they were at liberty to leave the prison, they might stay as long as they pleased. The ruffians were therefore obliged to depart without their prey, and the next day Mr. Roscoe attended a meeting of the magistrates and recorder, when an inquiry took

place into these proceedings; and the agents and the master having undertaken, on his not being prosecuted, that the men should be set at liberty, and that he should pay all the costs, and relinquish further proceedings, they were immediately released from their confinement. The magistrates shewed a proper indignation at this abuse of the process of their court: but it appearing that the Portuguese captain could not speak English, and that he had been induced to adopt these measures by the advice of others; and it also appearing that these negroes were considered of great value, having been bred to the sea, and one of them being the boatswain of the ship, so that the master would sustain a loss, which he calculated at not less than one thousand pounds, the intention of prosecuting him was relinquished. Eight of these men immediately afterwards entered, most cheerfully, into his Majesty's service; and the ninth, being more infirm, was taken by a friend of Mr. Roscoe's on board one of his own vessels.

In the course of these proceedings, Mr. Roscoe was most ably assisted by Mr. Stanistreet and Mr. Avison, two very respectable solicitors; who most strenuously advocated the cause of the prisoners at several hearings on the subject, and generously declined any recompense for their services.

So convinced were the magistrates and recorder of Liverpool of the iniquitous nature of this transaction, that they soon after passed an order, that no process of arrest should hereafter issue, except in case where an affidavit is made that the cause of action actually arose within the borough; a resolution which will effectually prevent such abuses in future.

The directors felt that it was incumbent on them, in the name of the Institution, to convey their thanks to Mr. Roscoe, and to the gentlemen who had assisted him on this occasion, for their humane and successful interposition in behalf of these men.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

With pleasure we lay before our readers a brief outline of Mr. Davy's first lecture of the present season, delivered at the

Royal Institution, Saturday, December 17th. Imperfect as this sketch must necessarily be, yet it cannot fail of interesting such of our readers as are watchful over the progress of chemical science, and who, from their local situation, are unable to derive more full and more accurate information on the subject.

The professor opened his course with an intimation of those important discoveries which he should have to communicate, and illustrate during the ensuing winter. In that place he always delivered himself with pleasure, because he was sure to experience candour; at present, however, he had not only to ask their confidence, but solicit their indulgence. He felt himself in the situation of the architect, who, in changing the foundation of a building, must necessarily create much inconvenience to the inhabitants, while the new edifice was rearing. He gave a sketch of chemical history, and speaking of the alchemists and their mode of operating, he said, with regard to the masters all was mystery; to the pupil, surprize and astonishment. Chemistry, he said, might be considered and treated either as an art or a science, and its investigation might be after the order of analysis or synthesis: in the course now entered upon, he should adopt the synthetical mode, and he thought it necessary to apprize the audience, that his lectures would be chiefly adapted to the practical student, and that they would have no particular connection with, or reference to the arts and necessities of life. The application of chemistry to these would be reserved for another season; it was a source of much satisfaction to know, that philosophical discovery, and practical utility, would advance with equal pace.

Solar heat was the great principle by which chemical changes were perpetually taking place in the natural world, and the chemist imitating this principle by means of artificial heat, had been aptly called the philosopher by fire. Hence, Mr. Davy was led to consider the laws of attraction and repulsion, observing, that the term attraction had been first applied to chemical phenomena; and since, according to the principle laid down by the illustrious Newton, no more causes are to be introduced in philosophy than are necessary to explain the effect, he was willing to refer the whole system of chemical agency to the different electrical states in which bodies are

found. The professor, in this instance, as on former occasions, was unwilling that he should be supposed capable of stopping at any cause, less than the energy of the divinity. "Attraction, (said he) so capable of elucidating the phenomena of nature, was but the agent of the supreme intelligence, who, whether the dust was scattered in the wind, or the planets carried round the sun, was still the governour, whose wisdom preserved, in their harmonious order, the vast system of the world." He next explained the theories of Stahl and Lavoisier, particularly with regard to combustion, and shewed in what their difficulties consisted, all of which he thought might be obviated by introducing the positive and negative principle, the former ever attaching itself to inflammable matter, and the negative to oxygen. Sulphur, and phosphorus, which till within a few months had been regarded as simple bodies, he had decomposed, and should be able to shew, by decisive experiments, that they consisted of oxygen, hydrogen, and a certain basis. Charcoal had yielded to analysis, and proved to be composed of the carbonaceous principle and hydrogen: the diamond likewise was now found not to be pure carbon, but consisted of the carbonaceous principle and oxygen; aud plumbago also he thought must be referred to the carbonaceous principle with a small portion of iron. Hence he was led to speak of the importance of the discovery of the new metals, Potasium and Sodaum, and of the still more important results to chemistry, which these bodies were likely to produce He had in the last course only exhibited these metals in very small portions; hereafter he should be able to gratify the audience with specimens in large quantities: As soon as he had made known his discoveries, the chemists in France and Sweden immediately repeated his experiments, and hit upon a different method of decomposing the alkalies by which the new metals were obtained more abundantly, than by means of the voltaick battery.

Mr. Davy next referred to the decomposition of ammonia, the base of which, if we did not misunderstand him, would combine with mercury, and in the proportion of only the one-twelve thousandth part would render that metal solid, and by this operation reduce the specifick gravity from thirteen, (that of mercury) to three, the specifick gravity of the compound. The boracick and fluorick acids, have been decomposed by Mr.

Davy, but at present, the muriatick acid has not yielded to the powers of his apparatus, though he fully expected it shortly would. That the bowels of the earth contained various ores of metals, had been long ascertained, but it was reserved for the discoveries of the present year to prove, that the different earths on which we daily walk, are also the repository of metallick bodies; of these he had decomposed four, namely, lime, magnesia, strontites, and barytes, all of which had produced metallick bases. From these circumstances he was led to conclude, that the two grand principles ever operating in nature, are the inflammable and the oxygenous. These he said, will account for all the phenomena of volcanoes, and other subterraneous fires.

In adverting to the results which he had anticipated from the voltaick battery, and which had more than answered his expectations, he was proud to state that it had originated in the private munificence of a few enlightened men, and liberal patrons of science. The sum of 20,000 francs had been devoted by the court of France for a similar purpose: but the idea of a subscription in this country was no sooner started, than it was cordially embraced; and in a short time, the liberality of individuals had raised a larger sum, than, in France, was furnished from the National Treasury, and by Imperial command. Hence he must notice the utility of publick institutions to the progress of science. The promotion of philosophical discovery was attended with much labour, and no profit to the student. It demanded, not only his time and attention, but an expense which was not often within his reach. The man of letters required no such apparatus to pursue his inquiries: his instrument was his mind: the whole moral world was its subject. In the fine arts, whoever had attained fame, was sure of obtaining fortune also. To the experimental philosopher no such objects were presented, fortune could not be his aim. His reputation might be established after his death, but till then his authority must be questionable. He had, however, a consolation of a nobler kind; the conviction that he was devoted to the cause of truth; that he had enlarged the human intellect, and in developing the laws of nature, he demonstrated the wisdom and benevolence by which it was governed.

CATALOGUE,

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR MAY, 1811.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura. *Mart.*

NEW WORKS.

* A Sermon, preached in Cambridge and Brighton, April 11, 1811, the Anniversary Fast in Massachusetts. By John Foster, A. M. Minister of Brighton. Cambridge; Hilliard and Metcalf.

* The Patriot: A Sermon delivered on the Annual Fast in Massachusetts, April 11, 1811. By Eliphalet Gillet, congregational minister at Hallowell. N. Cheever,

* A Sermon preached at Byfield, on the Annual Fast, April 11, 1811. By Elijah Parish, D. D. Newburyport; Thomas and Whipple.

A Contrast between Calvinism and Hopkinsianism. By Ezra Stiles Elly, A. M. stated preacher to the hospital and almshouse in the city of New York. I. Whiting and Co.

A Treatise on a malignant Epidemick, commonly called Spotted Fever, interspersed with Remarks on the nature of Fevers in general, and with an Appendix, in which is republished a number of Essays written by different authors on this Epidemick, with the addition of original notes, containing also a few original and selected cases, with clinical remarks. By Elisha North. Boston; Edward Cotton.

NEW EDITIONS.

Vol. I. of Dr. Gill's Commentary on the New Testament, &c. 4to. Boston; D. Mallory and Co.

Syllabaire Francais; or, a French Spelling Book; containing the names and use of the French letters, with their various combinations, exemplified in a large and select variety of words, digested into classes, according to the number of syllables each word contains: to which are respectfully annexed, short and pleasing Essays on reading, calculated chiefly to lead young beginners, with ease, from the knowledge of single letters, to the reading of the longest and most difficult polysyllables. Also, an Introduction to French Grammar, by way of question and answer, illustrated by examples, a vocabulary, familiar phrases, &c. By M. Porney, French Master at Eton College. Boston; West and Blake.

* Vol. III. Dr. Paley's Works. Boston: Joshua Belcher.

Sermons on important subjects. By the late reverend and pious Samuel Davies, A. M. some time President of the College in New Jersey. In 3 vols. Price $7.

A Hint to the Publick; or Thoughts on the Fulfilment of Prophecy. By Lorenzo Dow. Boston; No. 78 State Street.

The Messiah, from the Sermon of Klopstock. By Joseph Collyer. 2 vols. in one. Neat edition. Boston; J West and Co.

An Essay on Maritime Loans, from the French of M. Balthazard Marie Emerigon; with notes; to which is added an appendix, containing the Titles De Evercitiora Actione, de Lege Rhodia de Jacktaw, and de Nautico Foenore, translated from the Digest and Code of Justinian. And the Title des Contracts a la Grone Aventure ou a retour de voyage, from the marine ordonance of Louis XIV. By John E. Hall, Esq. Boston; D. Mallory.

* Such books, pamphlets, etc. as are designated by this mark (*) may be found at the Boston Athenæum.

The History of the Church of Christ. By the Rev. Isaac Milner, D. D. F. R. S. Dean of Carlisle, and President of Queen's College, Cambridge. Vol. V. Boston; D. Mallory and Co.

A Solemn Appeal to the Church; being a plain statement of fact in the matters pending between the Rev. Dr. Hobart with others, and the author. By the Rev. Cave Jones, A. M. one of the assistant ministers of Trinity Church, New York; together with an Appendix, containing a statement of the case of the Rev. Mr. Feltus, under his own hand. New York; Ezra Sargent.

The Remains of Henry Kirk White, of Nottingham, and late of St. John's College, Cambridge; with an account of his Life. In 2 vols. embellished with an elegant vignette title page, and a likeness of the author. First American from the fourth London edition. New York; T. and J. Swords.

The Christian Observer, Nos. 109 and 110, for January and February, 1811. Boston; W. Wells and T. B. Wait & Co.

One God in One Person only; and Jesus Christ a being distinct from God, dependent upon him for his existence, and his various powers; maintained and defended. By John Sherman. Boston; No. 6 Marlborough Street.

The Four Gospels, translated from the Greek, with Preliminary Dissertations, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. By George Campbell, D. D. F. R. S. Edinburgh. Four volumes, with the author's last corrections.—Vol. III. Boston; W. Wells and T. B. Wait & Co.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

T. B. Wait and Co. have in press, A Geographical and Historical View of the World: exhibiting a complete delineation of the natural and artificial features of each country; and a succinct narrative of the origin of the different nations, their political revolutions, and progress in arts, sciences, literature, commerce, &c. The whole comprising all that is important in the geography of the globe and the history of mankind. By John Bigland, author of Letters on Ancient and Modern History, Essays on various subjects, &c. &c. in five volumes.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JUNE, 1811.

ADDRESS OF THE EDITORS.

As we have never laid claim to any extraordinary measure of sensibility, it may be supposed that they who have so long wielded the scourge of criticism, and bathed their hands in the blood of so many ill-fated candidates for fame, must have extinguished the usual feelings and weakness of our nature. Yet, incredible as it may seem, we do confess, with all our obduracy, that we cannot remain wholly unaffected, when we announce, that with the present number, our labours in the Anthology are to be brought to a close. After having for so many years found, in preparing materials for this work, the amusement and solace of our leisure hours, and in the little circle, which interest in its welfare has weekly brought together, an innocent and cheerful, if not always very philosophick relaxation, we feel, in finally dismissing it from our hands, something of that sadness steal over us, which is experienced in losing a good-natured and long-tried, though not perhaps very valuable friend.

Farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
O! I shall have a heavy miss of thee.

We do not suppose that the intention we have thus announced will spread much consternation, or that the absence of the Anthology will create any very alarming vacuum in the literary world. There may be some who will remember us with kindness, and a few with regret; but on the whole we are in-

clined to think that the waves will roll as peacefully, and the skies appear as blue, and the sun shine as gaily, on the day of our departure, as though we still existed. Such is the fate which, from the nature of our work, we have always expected to be heirs to. He who writes for a journal, must not be disappointed, though his fame should moulder a good deal sooner than the pyramids of Egypt.

In arriving at the termination of labours, which, if not very important, have at least been long continued, it is natural to inquire to what purpose we have toiled. In looking back on our pages we find, as in every fair review of human life, some things to regret; some things of no very positive character; and some, pacê omnium bonorum, be it said, which we are disposed to regard as not wholly vain and unprofitable. We do confess, for in our last moments it becomes us to be honest, that in reviewing our labours, we find some criticisms on our conscience, in which a juvenile love of point and smartness may have betrayed us into asperity and want of candour, and in which we may seem to have thought too much of the reputation of the reviewer, and too little of the rights and feelings of the author. We must in fairness also own, that it has been incident to our lucubrations to be sometimes crude and indigested, and sometimes meagre and weak; and our remarks have been usually delivered in quite as oracular a tone as was justified either by the authority of the criticks, or the intrinsick weight of their judgments. We make these frank acknowledgments of our faults, because we would willingly go out of the world in charity with all mankind. They are the faults of youth; and young men, we know, are always dogmatical and usually vain.

But we will not affect more humility than we feel. The Anthology, though never what we or its friends could have wished to see it, has yet some claims on the regard of the publick. The leading objects to which it has been devoted are such as we can never be ashamed to have pursued, however we may regret the imperfection of our approaches to them. To cultivate and gratify the taste of the lovers of polite letters, has been the principal design of our Miscellany, though we have rejected nothing which might appear to aid the general cause of sound science. In pursuing this design we have endeavour-

ed always to feel and to recognize the obligation which is laid on every writer to regulate and sanctify all his speculations by a supreme regard to the interests of virtue and religion. In conducting our critical department we have had a task of more delicacy, in executing which from its very nature we could not hope for universal approbation. With whatever faults, however, it may have been chargeable, of this at least we are sure; that we have never knowingly suffered any sentiment of *personal* hostility to mingle with any of our criticisms; nor have we ever used the immunities of invisibility to shelter us in launching the "firebrands, arrows and death" of slander and malignity.—We claim also this merit, that we have never lent ourselves to the service of any party, political or theological; we have never courted the suffrages of the great vulgar, nor attempted to enlist the prejudices of the small; have never felt, in any discussion in which we have been engaged, that we have had any other cause to serve than that of truth and good learning. On this subject we speak confidently. Of the soundness of the great principles in politicks and religion, which we have advanced, we can deliberately re-affirm our honest conviction. We claim the praise of having been uniformly true to them; and on this ground it is, that in going off the scene, we do not fear to say to the spectators: Plaudite, omnes.

There may be some who, in taking their last leave of the Anthology, may be prompted by kindness, or curiosity, or both, to inquire why we are now induced to discontinue it. We answer, that we are influenced not by one, but many reasons; the weight of which we have long felt, though we have hesitated to obey them. At the commencement of the year we hinted at some of the inconveniences which arise from the manner in which the Anthology has been conducted, and suggested our hopes that we should be relieved from them by giving the principal care of the publication to a permanent editor. In this we have been disappointed, from the inadequacy of the receipts of the Anthology to repay the labour of any gentleman to whom we should be willing to confide it. Our auxiliaries also, at no time numerous, though always valuable, have lately been diminished. Our own ranks too have been thinned by desertion and death, and many of us feel the claims of pro-

fessional duties to all the time we can command. Upon the whole, too, the Anthology has perhaps lived long enough, and its future existence, at least for the present, would be forced and unnatural. It may be, however, that at some future day we shall attempt to revive it, and possibly in a new form and under brighter auspices. With this mysterious and prophetick intimation any of our readers, who may find themselves disconsolate at its loss, may endeavour to comfort themselves.

It now only remains that we should offer our thanks to the friends who have aided us by their contributions, and rewarded us by their approbation. The assistance we have received, though not frequent nor great, has been from sources to which any one might be proud to owe an obligation. If we felt at liberty, we might flatter ourselves very agreeably by enumerating the names of those who have occasionally condescended to grace the pages of the Anthology with their writings. We regret that we have not been able to secure to them a less perishable existence. In returning our thanks for the patronage we have received, our gratitude may be the more valuable as it is not to be very widely distributed. Yet though we have never been in danger of being intoxicated by universal applause, we have been animated by the praises and support of those from whom they are most grateful. We must content ourselves with a general acknowledgment of our obligation. We cannot however, refuse ourselves the gratification of an expression of our thanks to our friend Dennie of the Port Folio, who has so often cheered us by his kind and generous encouragement. We offer him our cordial wishes for the success of his labours, and hope they may receive a more solid compensation than the feeble whispers of our praise.

In taking our final leave of the public, we yet linger awhile. It is because we have a mournful duty to perform. It would be unjust that the pages of the Anthology should be closed without at least a passing tribute to the memory of a man to whose zeal and activity we owe it, that our work did not perish at its birth. Though the pressure of other cares had prevented him from giving much direct assistance to us during the last years of his life; yet we were always sure of his smiles and good wishes. His short and active course is now ended;

but his bright example still remains, and "marshals us on" in the path of virtue and piety.

Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters and of manners too.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Concluded from page 307)

THE nobility in this country are as poor as they are proud. Two or three have fortunes of five or six thousand pounds sterling a year. The rest dwindle into insignificant incomes. Titles are not hereditary. A duke or marquis enjoys his title by creation only. The honour is conferred in the same manner as that of knighthood in England. The servility of the Portuguese to their superiours is exceeded only by their fulsome politeness towards their equals. If they confined their civility to bows and scrapes, it would be well enough. I should have no manner of objection. But when they meet in the streets they embrace with the utmost ardour, and *kiss each other.* It is extremely pleasant to see two of these cleanly gentlemen hugging one another on a hot day, and it must, I conceive, be still more agreeable to the parties concerned. Peasants, ass-drivers, muleteers, and beggars, manifest in their rencounters a politeness as polished, and an affection equally ardent. They take off their hats, bow down to the ground, embrace, hold each other a long while by the hand, inquire after the healths of themselves and of all their respective families, adding invariably, "Estou a seus ordens, estou seu criado."

There are in Lisbon no literary journals of any kind. One miserable newspaper only called *Diario de Lisboa* is published weekly, which usually contains news six months old. All English newspapers are prohibited. The Madrid Gazette, which is but one degree better, is the only foreign paper taken at the coffee houses. There are in various parts of the town bookstalls and booksellers' shops. But they seldom contain any books worth buying, unless you are partial to the biography of

saints, and literature of this kind. I purchased the other day a history of the eleven thousand virgins, in the study of which I am now deeply engaged. The pictures and prints exposed at the shop windows for sale, proclaim the arts of painting and engraving to be at an equally low ebb. Those intended for the most serious subjects resemble caricatures, and those designed for caricatures are without the least shadow of humour, and remarkable only for the most gross and disgusting indecency. The most popular prints at present are the Prince Regent's portrait, and his departure for the Brazils. A description of the latter could not be read without laughter, and such a face as the former I never saw before. It has considerably more resemblance to a baboon than to a man, and not to the most comely of the species either. Yet Bartolozzi has long been here, and languishing in neglect. A Portuguese artist has painted a picture of the battle of Vimeira, in which the English troops are not visible.

The most common sign at a tavern door in this country is a wine bush. "Good wine needs no bush." The old alliance between the two respectable professions of surgeon and barber, which seems in England to have expired with Patridge, still continues here unimpaired. A hair-dresser, or periwig-maker is in quite a distinct vocation, and is looked upon by a professor of the art of shaving and bleeding with sovereign disdain. A taylor with us sits cross-legged on a board. Here he sits at work on a stool like a shoemaker.——The "insolence of office" is not more conspicuous than "the law's delay." There is no country where the laws are so iniquitous, and so badly administered. Prisoners often remain many years without trial in dungeons, and perhaps are at last capriciously discharged without knowing for what they were confined. The clergy are not amenable, let them commit what crimes they may, to the civil law. Common criminals are hung; but the *Fidalgos*, whose blood is uncontaminated with base plebeian mixture, have an enviable privilege. They are *permitted to have their throats cut*. A surgeon marks a line with a piece of chalk across the wind-pipe of nobility, which is followed by the hangman with a long sharp sort of a carving-knife. I remember reading when I was a youth, in that philosophical work, the Newgate Calendar, that my lord Ferrars, on being condemned

for murdering his servant petitioned to be beheaded. His request not being granted, he rode to the gallows in his own coach, and was *hanged in a silken rope.* Lord Lovat, when told that his head should not upon certain conditions be stuck on a pole, manifested rather more indifference, if we may judge by his answer. The gallows in England is a very democratick sort of machine. There is no greater leveller of distinctions. Two offenders were condemned to be hanged at Tyburn on the same day. The first was sentenced for an exploit on the highway. The latter, who was a chimney-sweeper, was about to suffer for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in gay apparel, and mounted the cart with alacrity. Smut followed with slow and reluctant steps. As the clergyman was fervently praying, the former was very attentive, which the chimney-sweeper observing, and being willing to participate in the same spiritual benefit, he approached near to his fellow sufferer. This liberty was met with a repulsive look from his companion, which for some time kept him at a distance. But unmindful of this angry check, when he presumed to advance a little nearer still, the gay robber disdainfully said, "Keep farther off, can't you?" "Sir," replied the indignant sweep, "I won't keep off. I have as *much right* to be *here* as *you.*" Customs differ strangely in different countries. In Spain and Portugal, a man who is an executioner entails eternal disgrace on his posterity. He is obliged to live by himself. No one will speak to him or associate with him, and his sons, if he is so unfortunate as to have any, are obliged, like the tradesmen in China, to follow their father's profession. Now, in Circassia people of quality exercise this office, and deem the employment an honour. So far from being accounted infamous, it reflects lustre on a whole family. A Circassian will boast what a number of *Hangmen* he has had among his ancestors Religious executions have of late years become much less terrible than formerly. The authority of the inquisition, which was once so dreadful, is now very seldom exerted. Several years have passed since the Portuguese have been gratified by their national spectacle, an *auto da fè.* It used to be a principle with the inquisitors, that it was much better for many good catholicks to suffer, than for one heretick or Jew to go unpunished, for by the life of the latter numbers might be per-

verted: whereas, by putting a true believer to death, you only secured his salvation. By means of this christian-like doctrine, many days of amusement were afforded to the good people of Lisbon. Within the last fifty years the burning of a Jew formed their most exquisite delight. They thronged in crowds to behold this triumph of faith, and the very women shouted with transport as they witnessed the writhings of the agonizing martyr. Neither age nor sex could save this race from persecution. The best of the Portuguese dramatick writers, Antonio da Silva, was burnt solely because he was a Jew. The last that suffered by this tribunal was a half crazy Israelite, who probably was more of a fool than rogue.—He pretended to be a magician, and took in several credulous people before he was discovered by the spies of the holy office. He gave out that he had known Nebuchadnezzar very intimately; that Job and he had been cronies, and partners together in the same misfortunes. He said that he had carried on a brisk trade as a wine merchant near two thousand years ago in Jerusalem, but was at length swindled out of his property by Judas Iscariot! The Jews were banished from Spain, in 1482, by Ferdinand and Isabell. All who would not consent to embrace Christianity were ordered to depart the realm within four months, under pain of death. The greater portion of them took refuge in Portugal, where they were received upon certain conditions by John the second. For a large sum of money they obtained this monarch's permission to remain in his dominions until ships to carry them away could be provided. John readily took their money, which when he had got he retracted his promise. He allowed no ships to receive them, and as soon as the stipulated term had expired, he sold them to his subjects for slaves, and confiscated their property. His successor Emanuel set them at liberty, but ordered them soon after to depart the kingdom under pain of servitude for life, unless they were baptized within a specified time. When the period for their departure arrived, the king ordered all their children under fourteen years of age to be taken away and baptized by force. Numbers of the miserable parents, to prevent this, destroyed their children, and afterwards themselves. Not content with this, Emanuel would not allow any to embark, but offered them the alternative of baptism or slavery. The

wretched victims of bigotry chose Christianity in preference to servitude, and upwards of three hundred thousand persons submitted to be baptized. Notwithstanding this apparent acquiescence, the Mosaick law was and is still secretly transmitted from generation to generation, and that aversion to a religion which they were thus forcibly compelled to embrace, became more inveterate. The tyranny of the inquisition, the persecution and death of so many of their race, has not in any degree abated their fondness for the faith of their fathers. It has rather tended to fix them more strongly to it, and to render them more bigotted, although they have found it necessary to be more circumspect. You now know a Jew by his extra Catholick devotion, and the veritable Israelitish *phiz* is seen in half the people. The Marquis de Pombal was once opening a fountain in Lisbon, and a great concourse were assembled around him to witness the ceremony. One of his *court flies* observed to him, "See, my lord, like Moses you make the water flow from the rock." "Aye," said the minister, "and like him I am surrounded by the children of Israel."

October 26.

HAVING a strong desire to see the far-famed village of Cintra, as well as to visit the celebrated palace at Mafra, before I left Portugal, I took the first opportunity which my leisure afforded of accomplishing my wishes. On Sunday last, in company with three gentlemen, I undertook this long-contemplated excursion. As we had been pretty well satisfied with the conduct of *Senor Baltazar Pacheco*, the muleteer who escorted us in our trip to St. Ubes, we engaged the same gentleman to go with us on this expedition. He is a native of Gallicia, and though sufficiently mulish in his disposition, we find him rather less difficult to deal with than the Portuguese of his fraternity. As we had found the calesa an uneasy vehicle, we hired for this journey a coach and six, thinking it would prove a more comfortable method of travelling. In this expectation, we were, however, most grievously disappointed. The six mules attached to the machine were harnessed with ropes. Their heads were as gaily bedight, and their rumps as ingeniously ornamented as the animals that carried us on our former jaunt. If possible, we travelled more musically than before;

each mule having twenty bells about his head and neck. After we had seated ourselves in the coach, we took notice of a trifling defect, of which we were not previously aware, viz. that our eyes, as we sat, were elevated about six inches higher than the tops of the windows. This was exceedingly well calculated for enabling us to enjoy the prospect, and for seeing the country to advantage. Being uncertain how we might fare on the road, we lay in a sufficient stock of provisions before we set out. In doing this our friend Balthazar was of considerable assistance to us, and notwithstanding it was a fast day, he procured us several articles by stealth; his conscience not being more nice in this respect than was that of Sancho Panza. At this season the weather is so hot, that travelling is disagreeable except in the morning and evening. We therefore proposed to rest during the heat of the day at *Quelus*, and to proceed to *Cintra* as the sun declined. The country around Lisbon is agreeably diversified with orange and lemon trees, vineyards and *quintas*. The roads are mostly paved with large stones. The greater part of the country about the town is covered with large gardens, which are surrounded with lofty walls. You will sometimes travel for leagues without seeing any other object. The eye not only soon gets wearied by such a dull monotony, which is a remnant of the morose taste of the Moors, but you are in continual danger of mistaking the road. The appearance of these walls is more like fortifications than gardens. Strangers are particularly struck with the hedges by which the roads are skirted in this country. They are formed of the *aloes* and the *Indian fig tree*. The former is used here only for hedges. This shrub is difficult to confine within bounds. It is easily planted, and will grow on the worst soil. The hedges formed of it are impenetrable to cattle. In September and the present month, when the aloes is in bloom, its high stems are covered with flowers, and it forms a very beautiful object. The stem at this time is twelve or fourteen feet in height. It blows the sixth or seventh year. As soon as the flowers are completely blown, the leaves begin to decay, and shortly wither and die. Numerous young sprouts are continually produced about the old plants. A kind of thread is made from the leaves of the aloes by pressing out the juices and

scraping them until the nerves and ligaments become separated into fine threads. When this is done, they are hung over a cord in the sun to dry. The thread is not strong, and rots easily on being wet, yet it is employed for many purposes. The Indian fig-tree, called *figo do inferno* by the Portuguese, on account of its prickles, does not form so good a hedge as the aloes, but it will grow on a soil equally barren. This shrub is said to be originally from the Indies. It grows every where without cultivation, in the crevices of rocks where there is scarcely earth enough for it to take root. The flower is about the size of a carnation, and of a deep orange colour. It produces a pleasant fruit, resembling the common fig, which is sold in the streets of Lisbon. We saw in the hedges many pomegranate trees. Notwithstanding we set out at an early hour, it soon became excessively warm. The sun at this season generates all sorts of reptiles. The hot weather hatched into life myriads of flies, gnats, beetles, and musquitoes.

"The air
"Was peopled with the insect tribe that float
"Upon the noon-tide beam."

We saw great numbers of lizards of different sizes. Some were small and apparently harmless. Others were so large and fierce that they turned about and hissed at Balthazar's bandy-legged dog. He barked at them most valiantly, though he seemed very unwilling to come to a closer encounter. The mouths of many appeared large enough to swallow a hen's egg. I took one in my hand. It was as cold to the touch as ice, and was beautifully speckled with blue, green, and yellow spots. The tail breaks off from the body, and continues a long time alive. Every where by the road side and in the fields we saw snakes basking in the sun.

"—The green serpent from his dark abode
"Which e'en imagination fears to tread,
"At noon forth issues."

These reptiles are not confined to the country. They even infest the houses of Lisbon. You will frequently see lizards crawling on the walls of your bed chamber, where vipers also often penetrate. One of them having been discovered in the apartment of a lady, she searched for it a long time ineffectually

At last accidentally casting her eyes on the serpentine fluting of her bed-post, she perceived that *the green and gilded snake had wreathed itself* about it. The way in which they exterminate these unpleasant inmates is by sending for a priest, who exorcises them, and sprinkles holy water about the house.

At Quelus, in an enclosed solitary vale environed with hills, stands a royal palace. This edifice, which was a favourite residence of the Prince Regent, is spacious and richly furnished, though low and without regularity of design. It has within the last year been fitted up by Junot with great magnificence, for himself, or for whichever of his satraps Napoleon may have designed to place on the throne of Portugal. In the great hall of the palace, which is beautifully painted, he caused a magnificent throne to be erected. The decorations of this apartment are unusually splendid. Its walls are hung round with mirrors from the famous manufactory of St. Idelfonso, of vast dimensions.

"in which he of Gath,
"Goliah might have seen his giant bulk
"Whole without stooping, towering crest and all."

The palace is at present occupied by part of the British staff.

The amazing length of the leagues deceived us, and we were benighted. It grew very dark, and just before we reached Cintra, there came on a violent storm of thunder, lightning, rain and hail, in the midst of which our equipage broke down. Luckily no bones were broken. I thought Balthazar would have gone mad. He invoked St. Antonio and the holy Virgin to lend him their assistance, consigning his mules to all the devils in hell, whom he requested to come and carry off the coach. Seeing no signs which indicated the approach of the former personages, we left the driver of mules to get out of his difficulties as well as he could, and made the best of our way to the village, where we arrived, drenched to the skin. At the inn, which is kept by an Irish woman, we found ourselves amply compensated for the disaster which had befallen us. The landlady shewed us the most assiduous attention. The excellence and neatness of her house cannot be exceeded even in England. We met with every luxury, both of bed and board. When we had dried our clothes, we found a most excellent supper provided for us *a l'Angloise*. We had a beef-steak dres-

sed to perfection. It was the first I had eaten since I left England, and equal to Dolly's. Our hostess seemed indeed perfectly to understand the mode in which it should be cooked, as well as the rule laid down by the immortal bard:

"—If it were done—when 'tis done,
"Then, 'twere well it were done *quickly*."

Balthazar came in while we were at supper, having, by the assistance of some peasants, got his coach along. These gentlemen looked at us as we eat with a sort of astonishment, regarding us apparently as cannibals. I heard one of them remark to another, *the cavalheros are eating raw beef*. Our hostess provided us with excellent beds, where we slept unannoyed by bugs, and undisturbed by mules. On going down in the morning we found a most luxurious breakfast spread out for us under an arbour in the garden, overshadowed by grape vines. The clusters of grapes which hung in the greatest profusion, we plucked as we sat at table. In addition to the novelties of toast and butter, we had fruits of all kinds gathered fresh from the trees.

The village of Cintra, which has recently become famous in a political point of view for the memorable convention, was always celebrated for the romantic and singular beauty of its situation. It lies at the base of a stupendous mountain on the north side of the ridge which terminates in the rock of Lisbon. The ridge is full of peaks, here and there covered with scanty herbage. The craggy and conical summits of the mountains which half encircle the village, are topped with huge blocks of granite, piled up in the most picturesque forms. Cintra derives its name from a temple which once stood on the promontory, dedicated to Cinthea or the moon. The mountains were called by the ancients, from this circumstance, *Montes Lunae*.

We visited the palace. It is an old irregular pile, and has been a favourite residence of several kings. We were shewn the apartment in which Alphonso the Sixth was imprisoned, after being robbed by his brother of both crown and wife. The brick floor is worn deep by the steps of the captive monarch. In the great hall of the palace, where the grandees in former times were wont to assemble on state affairs, we saw the chair in which Don Sebastian sat when he announced to his counsellors

his unfortunate and fatal expedition to Africa. It was in this hall that Alphonso the Fourth, surnamed the Brave, received from his nobles that memorable reproof which produced so beneficial an effect on his subsequent life. The chivalrous and heroic spirit which in those days animated the great men of the nation, has many ages since become extinct. The *shadow* of the freedom which Portugal once enjoyed, has long ceased to exist. Even the memory of it has passed away, and "her glory is eclipsed forever." Alphonso ascended the throne in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention. His confidants and favourites encouraged him, and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of Cintra, while the concerns of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep the sovereign in ignorance. His presence being necessary at a council, he entered the hall with all the impetuosity of a young sportsman, and instead of attending to affairs of the nation, with great familiarity and gaiety he entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up. "Courts and camps, Sire," (said he) "were allotted for kings. They were not designed to be habitants of the forest. Even the affairs of private men are in jeopardy when recreation is preferred to business; but when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We are not assembled to hear the exploits of a huntsman. Such discourse is intelligible only to falconers and grooms. The motive which has summoned us hither is to deliberate on the publick weal. In attending to this your majesty will have ample employment. If your majesty is disposed to listen to the wants of the people, and to remove the oppressions under which they are groaning, you will find them submissive and loyal. If not—" The king, starting with rage, interrupted him, "If not—What then?" "If not," resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, "they will look for another king." Alphonso in the highest transport of passion expressed his resentment, and hastened out of the room. In a little while, however, he returned calm and reconciled. "I perceive, (said he) on reflection, the justice of your rebuke. A sovereign indifferent to the welfare of his people cannot expect their affec-

tion. He who will not execute the duties of a monarch, cannot long have good subjects. Remember from this day you have nothing more to do with a sportsman. Henceforth you shall find me a king." He was as good as his promise, and became afterwards, as a politician and warrior, the greatest sovereign that had ever swayed the sceptre of Portugal.

We went to see the gardens of *Penha Verde*. I took notice of a stone on the wall inscribed with these words, which may have some signification, but my philosophy cannot find it out.

Oculis
Quam
Naribus
Melior.

The garden contains a noseless, mutilated image of a sleeping Venus. A pious old lady mistook it for the Virgin Mary, and used daily to pay her devotions to it. An Englishman being in the Campidoglio at Rome, made up to the statue of Jupiter, and bowing down before it almost to the ground, exclaimed, "I hope, worthy sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember the respect I paid to you in your adversity." The motives which induced this gentleman so to speak, were very different from those by which the old lady was actuated. Her pious respect was owing to mistake alone, and proceeded solely from ignorance of the quality of the personage to whom she was addressing her prayers. Of course her devotion would go for nothing in case the *ancient regime* should be again established.

Penha Verde was once the magnificent seat of Don Juan de Castro. His heart is preserved in an urn in the garden, on which the following epitaph is inscribed.

Cor sublime, capax, et Olympi montis ad instar
Amplius orbe ipso cor brevis urna tegit.
Cor sanguineo concors comparque Joanni
India cui palmas subdita mille dedit.
Cor virtutis amans, cor victima virginis almae,
Corque ex corde pium, nobile, forte, valens.
Non pars, sed totus, latet hoc Saldanha sepulchro,
In corde est totus, cor quia totus est.

The palace at Mafra is an amazing structure, but it is in a bad scite, being close by the high road. The royal park which

we passed on our right as we entered the village, is three leagues in circumference, environed by a wall eighteen feet high. The building is constructed of a kind of white marble. We visited it soon after we arrived. It is more indebted to magnificence of extent than to beauty of architecture for effect. This palace was founded by Don John the Fifth, in consequence of a vow made by him to St. Antonio, in case his queen, through the saints' intercession, should become *as women wish to be who love their lords*. The convent belonging to it contains cells for three hundred monks. In the centre of the fabrick the church is placed, having the palace on one side, and the convent on the other. John, in erecting this pile, was no doubt actuated by a double motive; first, a desire of religious fame; and secondly, a weak and vain ambition to rival the ostentation of Philip the Second, who built the Escurial. There are, according to the printed description, in the whole building, eight hundred and seventy rooms, and two thousand five hundred windows. It covers more space than the Escurial, and is said to be more highly decorated, and richer in marble. There are thirty-seven windows in front. The edifice is quadrangular. Each side of the quadrangle is upwards of seven hundred feet. The extent of the palace is the external square. The church and convent form the internal. The architect of this stupendous structure was one *Frederico Ludovici*, a German. The design affords no very favourable idea of his taste. The architecture is a spurious kind of Dorick, of which order it has all the gloomy effect, without its grandeur of design or exactness of proportion. There is a grand flight of stairs projecting a hundred and fifty two feet into the square before the building. Under the entrance are twelve gigantick statues of Italian marble very well executed. The portico is of two orders of architecture, each of six columns. The first is Ionick; the second Composite. The church has a cupola of the Corinthian order. The entrance into the church is by five doors. There are six altars, over each of which is a marble basso relievo. At the principal altar are large tables of black marble so highly polished, that they were used by the founder as mirrors. The columns of the church are exceedingly grand. They are of very fine

marble, each hewn out of a solid block. The effect within the church produced from

> " —The high embowed roof,
> The antique pillars massy proof,
> The storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light," MILTON.

is uncommonly impressive. There are prodigious suites of apartments in the palace. The room appropriated to the library is very spacious, and elegantly decorated. It is three hundred and eighty-one feet in length, and forty-three in breadth. Its shelves are loaded with

> " Unwieldy volumes, and in number great,
> And long it is since any reader's hand
> Has reach'd them from their unfrequented seat,
> For a deep dust, which time does softly shed,
> Where only time does come, their covers bare,
> On which grave spyders streets of webs have spread,
> Subtle and slight as the grave writers were."
> DAVENANT'S GONDIBERT.

The French, it is said have robbed the library of some valuable manuscripts and rare works. An English gentleman who was residing at Mafra, having for some time frequented this library, without ever meeting any one there to interrupt his solitude, said to the person by whom he was introduced, "It would be very fortunate for this nation, sir, if your prime minister dealt with the king's treasury as the honest monks of this convent do with the library here. They scorn to turn the use of it to their advantage." The whole of this gigantick edifice is covered with a flat roof, flagged with tiles. This platform affords a very agreeable terrace for walking. There is a choice collection of plants in the gardens of the palace, which have however latterly been entirely neglected, and overrun with weeds. The whole of the space allotted for the royal chase, which contains upwards of a hundred thousand acres, is enclosed by a high wall. All the members of the royal family have been remarkable for their attachment to the pleasures of the chase, the object of which is generally the wild-boar. The prince regent is *a mighty hunter before the Lord.* His mother also, when she was *in her right mind*, was a perfect female Nimrod. Her majesty was quite as remarkable for her dexte-

rity and perseverance in hunting, and for her expertness at the gun, as her catholick brother. She used to ride *astride* in *leather breeches* and boots. We found the inn at Mafra, considering it was a Portuguese estalagem, pretty good, that is, as far as relates to the eating part of it. As for sleeping, we were not so extravagant as to expect much of that luxury. They gave us for dinner a favourite Portuguese dish, and of all their messes it is the most tolerable. It was lean pork seasoned with garlick, and steeped in port wine. Eight or nine looking glasses were hung round the walls of our dining room—For what purpose I do not know, for by my admeasurement their height from the floor was ten feet. They are no doubt wisely kept for show, as no man under the stature of O'Brien could see his face in them without stilts. The room where I lay was furnished with one solitary chair, of which but half the bottom was serviceable. My toilet was an old chest. The bark on my bed-posts had never been stripped off, and the head of the bed was beautified with a huge crucifix, which seemed to be a monumental cross in memory of some unfortunate wight cruelly murdered and eaten up by the bugs and fleas. Several very edifying and ingenious pictures adorned the apartment. One was a representation of Christ walking on the sea. He was seizing hold of Peter by the collar as he was in the act of sinking. The crew of the ship were as tall as the mast, and yclad in red jackets. Another was intituled *Nosso Senhor de Brasil—Our Lord of Brazil.* It represented Christ crucified. The figure on the cross was *an Indian!* We could procure no candles at the inn. They used only lamps. While we were at supper I desired the waiter to bring me some oil to dress a sallad. He took down a lamp which hung over the door, and was proceeding to pour out its contents into the dish, had I not fortunately discovered his intention time enough to prevent his carrying this purpose into execution. They never eat oil here except it is rancid. Florence or French oil a Portuguese will not touch. He says it has no taste. The same kind of oil which they eat is burnt in lamps, and it often happens that there is no other flask for it in the house. They use it instead of butter and fat with all kinds of food. The quality of the oil is rendered much worse than it otherwise would be, by the manner in which it is prepared. In France the olive is plucked by

the hand. Here they beat the branches of the tree with long poles. The fruit as it falls is sometimes received in cloths extended beneath, but more generally it is suffered to fall on the ground, by which it becomes bruised and dirtied. There is also a great want of cleanliness in the presses. Every kind of filth gets mixed with the olives. Oftentimes, instead of putting the fruit into the press immediately on its being gathered, it is thrown into heaps, and strewed with salt. Here it is suffered to ferment, in order to produce a greater quantity, which is of inferiour quality. The oil presses are worked by oxen. They pickle in this country only the ripe brown olive, than which to my taste nothing can be more villanous. You will however meet at the English houses only the unripe Spanish olives.

In the morning we set out on our return. Just before we got into the coach, we witnessed a battle between our charioteer and another driver of mules. They fought with the palms of their hands like women. The battle was short, but had like to have proved bloody. Balthazar's antagonist, who appeared to be considerably worsted in the engagement, as he was retreating took up a great stone and threw it with all his might at the head of his adversary. Luckily it did not hit the object at which it was aimed, for if it had, in all probability he would have fought no more battles in this world. We arrived at Lisbon in the evening without any accident.

LETTER FROM L'ABBE DE LISLE AT CONSTANTINOPLE TO MADAM . . . AT PARIS.

Extracted from the 7th Vol. of Maty's Review.

MADAM,

It is at once the duty and consolation of the banished, wherever they are thrown by fate, religiously to celebrate the solemnities and feasts of their country. You know how sacred the Tuesdays have ever been to me. I can no longer celebrate them with you, but I join body and mind with those who enjoy that happiness. I also recal to memory certain Mondays, the objects of very scrupulous attention, and the week appears very long, since it has those two days less in it.

If you take interest enough in us to be desirous of knowing news of our navigation, you will forgive the length and nonsense of this letter, and will bear in the lump what you would have borne by pieces on the Tuesdays, if we had remained together. Our voyage was very fortunate. The wind carried us to Malta in five days, by the finest wind, and under the finest sky imaginable. I was very curious to see this city; its superb port, its great white walls, (which in a week, would have made me quite blind) and its fine streets paved with hewn stones which form beautiful staircases, by which you ascend them, struck me with admiration; but I was still more desirous to be acquainted with its manners and constitution.

We left Malta for a more barbarous, but more interesting country, the beautiful land of Greece, where regrets are at least a little softened by recollections. The first island we meet with is Cerigo, so well known by the name of Cythera. It must be allowed, that it ill deserves its reputation. Our writers of romances and operas would be a little surprised, if they were to know that this island, which is so delightful in their writings, is only a barren rock. In truth, he did well who first placed the temple of Venus there; for without a little love, there would have been no great amusement in the place.

The other islands deserve their reputation better; the fruitfulness of their soil, the advantage of their position, the beauty of the sky, and the softness of the climate, heightened by every thing that is interesting in mythology and history, present one of the most splendid spectacles that ever struck the human eye; but alas, I could not enjoy it as the rest did; and all my companions increased my affliction, by describing to me the beauties which they saw. There, said they, is the country of Sappho, of Anacreon, of Homer. Alas! I was blind like the latter, and never had felt more cruelly the loss of my sight; still, however, I made shift to make out the situation of places, and saw things a little better than I had done in my books.

Finally, a contrary wind, obliged us to put in; if that can be called a contrary wind, which gave us the time to see Athens.

I will not attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure I experienced on setting foot on this celebrated land. I wept for joy. I saw what I had hitherto only read; I recognized what

I had known from infancy; all was at once familiar and new to me; but what I shall never forget is, the sensation I experienced on the sight of the first monument of this ever interesting country.

You may have observed, Madam, that when we read all the wonders told us of the ancients, a mixture of incredulity, at least of mistrust, creeps in, which spoils our pleasure, and makes us uneasy under our admiration; the very greatness of the things is against them, and we are apt to think that there may be a little more fable than history in what we are told. In consequence of this prepossession, many a traveller has gone into Egypt, with doubt of all that had been told him concerning its ancient magnificence;—but the pyramids are standing; they bear sufficient witness to all the rest, and there is no incredulity which these enormous blocks do not shiver to pieces.

Such were my feelings at Athens. It is less gigantick indeed in its monuments, but more truly great than Egypt; it is true that the manners, the customs, the government, alas! even the city of the Athenians, are only now to be guessed at by a few ruins; yet hardly had I beheld these ruins, than an idea of grandeur impressed itself on all I had not seen, and on all I could no longer see. The three only remaining columns of the temple of Jupiter, rendered every thing I had read of probable to me, so striking are these remains for their magnificence and simplicity. I could never be satisfied with looking on these great and beautiful columns, of the most beautiful marble of Paros; so interesting by their own beauty, by that of the temples they decorated, by the remembrance of the splendid periods they remind us of, and more particularly because the more or less exact imitation of their fine proportions ever has, and ever will be the just measure of good and bad taste in all times, and with all people; I ran over them, I touched them, I measured them with insatiable avidity; it was in vain that they had fallen, and were falling to ruin, I could not help believing them imperishable; *I trusted to make the fortune of my name, by engraving it on their marble*, but I soon perceived my mistake; these precious remains have more than one enemy, and time is not their most terrible foe. The barbarous ignorance of the Turks sometimes destroys in a day, what ages had respected; I saw one of the fine columns, I have just been

mentioning to you, stretched out before the door of the commandant; an ornament of the temple of Jupiter, was about to decorate his Harem! The temple of Minerva, the finest work of antiquity, the magnificence of which made Pericles, who had built it, unable to lay his accounts before his countrymen, is shut up in a citadel, partly built at its expense; we went up to it by a staircase, composed of its ruins. As we walked upon basso relievos worked by Phidias and Praxiteles, I walked on the edge, or took four steps together, in order not to be an accomplice in this profanation. Near the temple is a magazine of gunpowder, which blew up in the last war with the Venetians, and threw down several columns, which till then had been in perfect preservation. What put me almost out of my senses, was the order given, as we were coming down, to fire the cannon, in honour of the ambassador; I was fearful, lest the commotion occasioned in the air should finish the temple, and Mr. de Choiseul was in a tremour with the honours that were paid him. The temple of Theseus, which, but for some columns that have been moved a little out of the perpendicular by an earthquake, united all the freshness of a new building, to all the interest of the most venerable antiquity, has fallen, as we are told, a prey to the same barbarity. Its beautiful marble pavement, respected by so many ages, and trod by so many great men, has been taken away, by order of the same commandant, who is much too ignorant to know the mischief he is doing.

Besides these temples, one still sees with pleasure, seventeen columns of fine marble, the remains of one hundred and ten which supported, as it is said, the temple of Adrian. Near these is a threshing floor, which is paved with the magnificent ruins of this monument. There one discovers with infinite grief, numberless fragments of the superb sculpture, which adorned the temple.

Between two of these columns, there resided, six years since, a Greek hermit, who was prouder of the homage of the populace, who fed him, than the Miltiades and Themistocles had ever been of the acclamations of all Greece. The columns themselves call for pity, amidst their magnificence; I asked who had thus mutilated them, for it was easy to see that the

devastation was not the bare effects of time ; I was told that they made lime of these ruins. I wept for rage.

The same cause of grief obtains all over the city. Not a pillar, not a stair, not a door threshold, but what is of antique marble, which has been torn by force from some ancient monument. Every where the whim of the modern buildings is a singular contrast to the magnificence of the antique. I saw a mechanick resting a bad deal board on columns, which had supported the temple of Augustus. The courts, public places, and streets, are strewed with these ruins. The walls are built of them. As you walk along the city, you are alternatively struck by an interesting inscription, by the epitaph of a great man, the figure of a hero, or a head or foot which belonged to a Minerva or Venus ; here the head of a horse which still breathes, there superb Caryatides locked into the wall like common stones. As I was passing along, I saw a marble fountain in a court. This tempted me in, and I found it an ancient sepulchre, ornamented with fine sculpture. This put me on my knees, and I kissed the tomb. Unluckily in the madness of my admiration, I overturned the pitcher of a child who was laughing at my frolick. The accident turned his laugh into a cry, and as unluckily I had nothing about me to appease him, he would not have been comforted, had not some good-natured Turks threatened to beat him, to make him easy.

I must tell you another superstition arising from my love for antiquity. In the first moment of my entering Athens, its smallest reliques appeared sacred to me. You know the history of the savage, who had never seen any stones. I did like him. I filled the pockets of my coat, then those of my waistcoat with fragments of marble ; and when I had done, threw them all away like the savage, but with more regret than he. To finish all, the Albanese have lately made a fatal invasion on these coasts. Walls were necessary for defence. Poor antiquity was taxed again, and the defence of the new city cost the old one more than one treasure.

Excuse, madam, this long account, the dulness of which will, I fear, cause you to hate the country, which I would make you love ; but in order to make your peace with it, you will soon receive wine from these fine islands, made of grapes, ripened by their fine sun. Remember me when you drink it

with your friends. Mr. de Choiseuil desires your husband, whom he is better acquainted with, than he is with you, to make you accept of a small flask of essence of roses. More roses have gone to make it, than there are in all the gardens I have sung. My unhappy sight grows dim again ; I can write no more, and it makes me a little dull.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE ROMAN POETS.

No. 15.

JUVENAL.

I AM not prepared to make any remarks on Owen's translation of Juvenal, and therefore pass to a recent and popular version of this satirist by William Gifford, Esq. My observations on this work will not be very far extended. It has been ably and critically examined, as well in one of our own,* as in foreign journals, and its excellences and defects have been sufficiently illustrated.

It must be acknowledged, that Mr. Gifford's versification is sometimes unharmonious, and even harsh ; that, like almost every other translator, he too often has recourse to *eking words* in order to complete his measure, and that his rhymes are frequently imperfect and faulty. There might also be selected from his version a long catalogue of unauthorized exclamations, and of low, and obsolete, and far-fetched terms. He might be asked why he puts into the mouth of Juvenal such phrases as these : *O passing strange ! tip the wink, damning proofs, come along*, &c. or what induced him to adopt such words as *nonce, guerdon, orts, maw, tut, amort*, &c. some of which are grovelling, and others long since obsolete ; and some have been in almost undisturbed repose from the time of Shakespeare or Ben Jonson. The frequent use of triplets should also be remarked as a defect. There is an aspect of poverty in seeing a third line begging a place, already filled, as if it could not find a fellow. It is as awkward as an irregu-

* See Literary Miscellany, Vol. ii. p. 171, &c.

larity in a procession, or inequality of numbers in the ranks of a battalion.

Whatever may be the defects of Mr. Gifford's translation, it will hardly be inquired, whether he has excelled his predecessors in the same task. I believe Owen has not been pronounced by any one to be his superiour in the attempt to present Juvenal to the English reader in an appropriate style and manner: and as for the motley mixture, the true *farrago libelli* of Dryden and his associates, though it may be read with pleasure, it is well known, that the authors were more anxious to be witty than to be correct, and more solicitous for sprightliness than for fidelity.

If Mr. Gifford lay under any necessity of making an apology for publishing his version of Juvenal, that which he offered must be deemed satisfactory. It is true, that, in proposing to give the whole of Juvenal, he hazarded something too much, and exposed himself to criticism which his work will not bear, and which we should not wish it to bear. In ascertaining whether he has performed his promise, it is but just that we should suffer him to be the expositor of the text, in which he announces that he is to give the whole of his author. In one place he does indeed assert his determination to render Juvenal entire, and reprobates any thing short of this. I am not very anxious to prove that he is altogether consistent with himself, and the attempt would probably be difficult of accomplishment. But his own explanation exculpates him from any gross violation of his promise.

"Shame and sorrow," says he, "on the head of him, who presumes to transfer the grossness of Juvenal into the vernacular tongue. Though I have given him entire, I have endeavoured to make him speak as he would have spoken, had he lived among us."

"I have said above that the whole of Juvenal is given: this must be understood with a few restrictions. I have sometimes taken the liberty to omit an exceptionable line. These *lacunae* do not in all amount to half a page."

After this explanation we are so far from blaming Mr. Gifford for obscuring some of the grosser images of Juvenal, that we should not pronounce him less faithful to the spirit of his

promise, if he had still more frequently drawn the veil over the disgusting pictures which continually occur.

In the assimilation of style and manner to the original, which is next in importance to a faithful transfusion of the sense, Mr. Gifford has been charged with metrical defects. In harmony of versification, in a dignified and commanding manner of delivering precepts of moral virtue, and in keenness of sarcasm, all of which are characteristicks of Juvenal, his translator has been accounted far inferiour, and has been thought in many instances to have attempted, wholly without success, an imitation of these distinguishing features. But though there is no inconsiderable cause for censure in these particulars, he has on the whole preserved as much of the spirit of his author, as the wearisome work of a translator, and the necessary deference to the more refined character of satire in our times can well admit.

From the third satire, where, in the person of Umbritius, a voluntary and disgusted exile from Rome, the poet utters an animated invective against the vices and corruptions of the city, the following passage is selected.

Sat. III. 58.

Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris, &c.

Who flourish now the favourites of the state,
A supple crew, I must forever hate;
Unawed by fear, and unrestrain'd by shame,
I hasten now to show;—nor thou my transport blame:
I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see
Rome dwindling to a Grecian colony.
Grecian! O, no: to this vast sewer compared,
The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth regard.
Long since the stream, that wanton Syria laves,
Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves,
Its language, arts; o'erwhelmed with the scum
Of Antioch's streets, its minstrels, harp, and drum.
Hie to the Circus! ye who pant to prove
A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love;
Hie to the Circus! there in crowds they stand,
Tires on their head, and timbrels in their hand.
Father of Rome, behold! thy rustick wears
A fencer's garb, and on his oil'd neck bears
A paltry prize, well pleased, while every land,
Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alebaud,

Tralles, and Samos, and a thousand more,
Thrive on his indolence, and daily pour
Their starving myriads forth; hither they come,
And batten on the genial soil of Rome;
The minions, then the lords, of every princely dome,
A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of fluent tongue, and never blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
That shifts to every form, and shines in all;
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Geometer, cook, conjurer and physician;
All arts his own the hungry Greekling counts,
And bid him mount the skies;—the skies he mounts.*
You smile—was't a barbarian then that flew?
No, 'twas a Greek, 'twas an ATHENIAN too!
Bear with their state who will: but I disdain
All converse with the proud, the upstart train,†
Wretches who, stowed in some dark lighter's womb,
With rotten figs were lately borne to Rome,
Yet now above me sit, before me sign,
Their friendship and their faith preferred to mine!
And is the privilege of freedom lost?
And is it nothing, nothing then, to boast,
That from the first, the breath of life I drew
In Roman air, on Roman olives grew?
But no, the Greek applauds, with winning grace,
His patron's folly, and his Gorgon face;
Admires his voice, that grates upon the ear
Like the shrill scream of wanton chanticleer;
And equals his crane neck and narrow chest
To Hercules, when, straining to his breast
The giant son of earth, his every vein
Swells with the toil, the more than mortal pain.

This is on the whole a faithful translation; though here and there we find a slight and harmless interpolation, and a little filling up for the exigencies of the verse. The passage abounds with a fault in the versification, for which Mr. Gifford has been justly condemned; and it is, if the expression may be allowed, the running of the lines into each other; or the want of

* All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
JOHNSON'S LONDON.

† The only foundation for this translation in this couplet, is the brief question—*Horum ego non fugiam conchylia?*

suitable pauses at the end of the verse, occasioned by extending the sense beyond the line or couplet. Where this frequently occurs, or where the experiment is unskilfully managed, the versification becomes prosaick, and destitute of that harmony, which constitutes a peculiar charm of poetry.

The tenth satire, on the vanity of human wishes, closes in a manner solemn and dignified. The satirist gives efficacy to his previous disciplinary chastisement by assuming the style of a purely moral and contemplative poet, and changing his severity for tenderness and benevolence.

Sat. X. 346.

Nil ergo optabunt homines ? &c.

Say then, must man, deprived all power of choice,
Ne'er raise to Heaven the supplicating voice ?
Not so ; but to the gods his fortune trust :
Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
What best may profit or delight they know,
And real good for fancied bliss bestow ;
With eyes of pity they our frailties scan ;
More dear to them, than to himself, is man.
By blind desire, by headlong passion driven,
For wife and heirs we daily weary Heaven ;
Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know,
If heirs or wife will bring us weal or woe.
But that thou may'st (for still 'tis good to prove
Thy humble hope) ask something from above ;
Thy pious offerings to the temples bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy pray'r.
O THOU, who seest the wants of human kind,
Grant me all health of body, health of mind ;
A soul prepared to meet the frowns of fate,
And look undaunted on a future state ;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care ;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides' toils and cruel pains
Superiour to the feasts, the wanton sport,
And morbid softness of the Assyrian court.
This, thou to give thyself may'st well suffice :
The only path to peace through virtue lies.
O Fortune, Fortune ! all thy boasted powers
Would shrink to nothing, were but prudence ours :
But man, fond man, exalts thee to the spheres,
And clothes thee in the attributes he fears.

The notes of Mr. Gifford are chargeable with more asperity than comports with the character of a generous critick: But it is not always misapplied. They are indeed multiplied, according to the fashion of the times, beyond what is necessary, and beyond our wishes. But, if we are compelled sometimes to exclaim—*Difficiles nugae!* we are often constrained to express our gratitude to the author for criticisms, which lead us to a more familiar acquaintance than can be derived from any other English commentator, with the most vehement and intrepid moral satirist of any age or country.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

GEORGE COCKINGS.

It is probable, few of the readers of the Anthology are advised that in the year 1762, S. Adams of Boston printed a book entitled, "War; an heroick poem, from the taking of Minorca by the French to the reduction of the Havannah by the Earl of Albemarle, Sir George Pocock, etc. The second edition, to the raising the siege of Quebeck; with large amendments and additions by the author, George Cockings." Indeed this motley performance never came within the periphery of our acquaintance until lately, or perchance it would have received an honourable notice in our Retrospective Review lately deceased. Of the author and his works, other than the present, we are utterly ignorant, except, that on the authority of a late aged clergyman, he is said to have lived some time at Quebeck, and afterwards at Boston.

The poem of Mr. Cockings, as it celebrates uncommon deeds of prowess, may justly be accounted heroick; but forasmuch as it spurns at the unities so extolled by Aristotle and the minor criticks, it may not challenge for itself the name of epick. But though it does not rest on this stage, it is because it mounts higher, and aspires to more uncommon excellence; for it needs no argument to prove that twenty heroes are better than one, and that he who brings Port Mahon, Senegal, and Calcutta into the same verse, has a more active imagination than one who confines his scene to a single spot. The first book contains inter alia, "The rout at Dettingen—Pitt, rising like the sun from behind a thunder-cloud, to make Britannia smile—

Great Britain rousing to war like a lion rousing from his den, who sees his cubs sprawling among the dogs."* Under the burthen of such various and important matter, it is not remarkable that the author should assume a little modesty, and no one will be disposed to accuse him of improper timidity when he asks,

> Can I while these victorious onward roll,
> In nervous thund'ring diction trace the whole?

But his muse was far from being coy, and eight books attest her fertility. It would be useless to give an analysis of this poem. Let it suffice to know, that Wolfe, "Who well deserv'd his dread *voracious name*,"† Watson, Pocock, Moore, Clive, Draper, Marsh, Keppel, Mason, Barrington, Sayer, Saunders, and sixteen more, are the heroes of the poem, that the author changes his scene from one continent to the other in the twinkling of an eye,

> Ut magus modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

Laying aside, then, all hope of following him in his extensive excursions, I shall confine my remarks to particular passages, occasionally running a parallel between this our American epick, and the graver poets of the other hemisphere.

Sir Richard Blackmore, when he represented Mount Aetna in a fit of the colick (I adopt the interpretation of the laborious Scriblerus) had no conception of torments equal to those which agitated the bowels of Wolfe on the heights of Abram.

> His mighty soul within his bosom raged,
> And *war intestine with his body waged.* p. 75.

Compared with this, how weak and tame is Virgil's

> Ingentes animos augusto in pectore versant. Geo: 4. 84.

* By introducing the "cubs" in this truly pathetick posture, Mr. Cockings has unquestionably gained no unimportant advantage over Homer, who on a similar occasion merely says that the lion defended its young; looking cautiously on every side.

> . . . Ως τις τε λεων περι οισι τετιηοτι
> Ω ρα τε νηπι' αγοντι συναιτησονται εν υλη
> Ανδρες επακτηρες, ο δε τε σθενει βλεμεαινει,
> Παν δε φ' οπιθευνιον κατω ελκεται, οσσε καλυπτων.
>
> Ilias. 17, 132.

† Of the race of *Garagantua*, I suppose.

It is grievous to consider that poets are liable to be misinterpreted and abused, as well as other men, but among the senseless mistakes of the vulgar, who are disposed to turn the most solemn subjects into occasions of unhallowed merriment, none can be more palpable than that from the following lines it has been frequently supposed the great Earl of Chatham had but one leg; whereas it is a notorious historical fact that he was as well provided in this respect as the rest of the world.

> Next him with manly soul great Pitt commands,
> And on a *Legge* well fixt most firmly stands. p. 15.

"Equity," says Christopher Saint Germain, "is a right-wiseness which considereth all the particular circumstances of the deed," which description most aptly applies to a metaphor in the hands of an epick poet. That Mr. Cockings in virtue of his poetick capacity (called by the ancients *vaticinium*) foresaw the late shower of stones in Connecticut, I dare not say, inasmuch as in matters of this sort I am nothing expert; but, in the sentence following, all must think him as cubning of knowledge as acquainted with all the graces of poetry.

> As oft are known the meteors of the sky,
> With burning tails descending from on high,
> *To dash through houses with amazing force,*
> And rive and kill in their impetuous course. p. 40.

If a comparison be instituted between this and a parallel passage in Tasso, we shall have new proof that sublimity and terrour are frequently produced by the accurate delineation of minute circumstances, for our indigenous poet completely distances the foreigner, merely because the latter suffers his tremendous machinery to fall quietly to the ground, without doing any sort of injury to man or beast, person or property:

> Tal suol, fendendo il liquido sereno,
> Stella cader della gran madre in seno. Ger. Lib. 9. 62.

It is an old saying among criticks, that the genius of a poet is best tested by his similes and descriptions, the ground of which opinion I do generally approve, and upon it I purpose to show the transcendant merits of Mr. Cockings. Ex. gr.

> The Tilbury no longer can sustain
> The rough assault of the tempestuous main:

Her cables part (whilst angry tempests roar)
And, *like a horse unbridled,* leaps on shore. p. 25.

Now, Virgil in his most elaborate description of a shipwreck has only

Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet:

And Homer, when he puts in jeopardy the life of his favourite hero, could construct no lines more appalling than the following:

Ὡρσε δ' ἐπι μεγα κυμα Ποσειδαων ἐνοσιχθων,
Δεινον, τ' ἀργαλεον τε κατηφορις ἡλασε δ' αὐτον.

Odys. 5, 366.

Periphrasis is a figure, with which our author appears to have been very familiar, and it will probably be difficult to produce, from the body of modern poetry, a finer example than may be found in p. 34. on gunpowder—

With *loads of sooty grain** to fling the bombs from far.

No one can hesitate for a moment to decide that this is a great improvement on Milton's description of the same composition in his sixth book, inasmuch as "*sooty grain*" is a more elegant phrase than "smutty grain."

Homer frequently overwhelms his heroes with a shower of darts, and Milton has gone further, and made the angels of God suffer from their desecrated antagonists:

No drizzling shower,
But rattling *storm* of arrows barb'd with fire. 6. 546.

Excited by these illustrious examples, of whose reputation he was undoubtedly emulous, Mr. Cockings has, as usual, advanced one step farther in the road of sublimity, and fairly drowned the French in a shower of *swords!*

Beneath their ponderous blows the French troops reel,
Depress'd and *drown'd* midst *showers of northern steel.* p. 34.

After the observations I have made, and the parallels I have run, I presume the sagacious reader will be able and willing to

* As it has become very common for criticks to trace resemblances so remote as to derive nearly all their similarity from the imagination, I cannot refrain from observing that Darwin must have had this passage of our poet in his eye when he wrote:

Pent in dark chambers of cylindrick brass,
Slumbers in grim repose *the sooty mass.*

give Mr. Cockings his rightful and elevated rank among the poets of the world. He can now decide whether our *heroick* shall displace the Iliad or the Æneid; whether Tasso or Milton shall be pushed from their stools to make room for Mr. Cockings; and on this ground I leave it without fear or reluctance, equally careless of the censure of its enemies and the applause of its friends. Transeat in exemplum.

SILVA, No. 76.

Praecipitesque trahit silvas. Æn: 2, 307.

ORIGINALITY.

A COINCIDENCE between writers in thought or expression is by no means an unfrequent occurrence. In many instances it is the consequence of design, and in many of accident. An indiscriminate and censorious criticism is too apt to confound these causes, and to attribute to intentional plagiarism every second use of a phrase or idea. There are few criticks who have not at some time prided themselves on their vigilance and dexterity in bringing up from a remote or unexpected quarter some parallel thought or expression, for the purpose of confronting an unfortunate felon with indisputable proofs of his guilt. The writer thus detected and exposed, though he may have been altogether guiltless of intentional crime, and utterly unconscious of the borrowed plumes in which he has shone; yet as it is extremely difficult for him to evince his innocence, he must stand furtivis nudatus coloribus, an object frequently of censure and ridicule.

If originality were as easy an attainment as its practice has been thought necessary, a writer would be more culpable for appearing on foreign ground. But in the present advanced age of literature, when almost every field in the regions of fancy has been already surveyed and appropriated; no one can feel secure that he does not encroach on premises not his own, or labour on the ground which others have cultivated before him. Indeed if any one could grasp within the compass of his knowledge an acquaintance with the whole mass of writing now extant, it is doubtful whether he would not find himself

excluded by the previous occupation of others from almost every part, the possession of which might be viewed as desirable.

To exemplify the liability of every man, who meddles with a pen, to commit unconscious larceny of this kind, I would select an instance from one of the most beautiful little poems in our language, "The Hermit," of Dr. Beattie. The two following verses are conspicuous for their elegance, harmony, and irresistible effect.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn—
Kind nature the embryo blossom shall save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn,
O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinct a dim crescent displays;
But lately I mark'd, when majestick on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
But man's faded glory no change can renew;
Ah fool, to exult in a glory so vain.

It is not probable that Dr. Beattie, while penning the above inimitable stanzas, was under the conviction that he was committing plagiarism. Nor will any one place a less value on them, because similar sentiments have been previously expressed in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, and probably in most other languages. The contrast between the life of man, which when lost is irretrievable, and that of the vegetable kingdom; or the career of the heavenly bodies, which terminates only to be renewed; affords a sentiment too obvious and too beautiful not to have successively occurred to many different individuals. That it has, the following citations will shew.

FROM JOB. CHAP. 14.

There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease; but man dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he. He lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more.

FROM MOSCHUS.

Αι, αι, ται μαλαχαι μεν οπαν κατα καπνον ολουνται,
Η τα χλωρα σελινα, το τ' ευθαλες υλον ανηθον,
Υστερον αυ ζωοντι και εις ετος αλλο φυοντι·
Ἀμμες δ' οι μεγαλοι και καρτεροι η σοφοι ανδρες,
Ὁπποτε πρατα θανωμες, ανακοοι εν χθονι κοιλα
Ἐυδομες εν μακρα μακρον ατερμονα νηγρετον υπνον.

FROM CATULLUS.

Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

FROM SPENSER.

Whence is it that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lieth buried long in winter's blade?
Yet soon as spring his mantle hath displayed,
It flowreth fresh, as it should never fail.—
But thing on earth that is of most avail,
As virtue's branch and beauty's bud
Reliven not for any good.

FROM HORACE.

Frigora mitescunt zephyris; ver proterit aestas
Interitura simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant celestia lunae;
Nos ubi, decidimus
Quo pius Aeneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

FROM PETISSON.

Le bois qui parent nos montagnes,
Le prés, les jardins, les campagnes,
Se renouvellent tous les ans
Nous n' avons pas meme avantage.
Et jamais le cours de notre âge
N'a q'un hyver et q'un printemps.

Le soleil se couche et se leve
Sa premiere course s'acheve
Et bientot une autre la suit;
Mais quand la fiere destinée
Finit notre courte journée
C'est par une eternelle nuit.

POPULATION.

It is curious to observe the different proportion of inhabitants distributed to the different quarters of the world. It is undoubtedly a general rule that the mild and temperate climates bordering on the tropicks have a more compact population than the rest of the world; but the causes why countries which are separated only by a mountain, or a river, or an imaginary line of latitude, differ so much in their comparative population, are more evanescent, and must be sought in circumstances which at first appear unimportant. Few minds are capable of detecting and demonstrating these causes; but, any one who will take the trouble to calculate, may see that the following statement is correct, although almost every one will be astonished at the disproportion between the sparse population of Iceland, and the multitudes which throng the little turbulent island of Malta. Montesquieu assigns a curious reason for the phenomenon in this last island.

Upon an equal space where one man subsists in Iceland, three men subsist in Norway; fourteen in Sweden; thirty-six in Turkey; fifty-two in Poland; sixty-three in Spain; ninety-nine in Ireland; one hundred and fourteen in Switzerland; one hundred and twenty-seven in Germany; one hundred and fifty-two in England; one hundred and fifty-three in France; one hundred and seventy-two in Italy; one hundred and ninety-two in Naples; two hundred and twenty-four in Holland; eleven hundred and three in Malta.

ORPHEUS.

There is a strange mixture of Paganism and Christianity in the spurious fragments which pass under the name of Orpheus. They contain many sublime conceptions which could have been derived only from the sacred scriptures. The unity and spirituality of the Deity, and his superiority to Fate, are directly opposed to every system of Pagan mythology. In the fragment translated below, the use of ἀγγελοι in the sense of heavenly messengers, fixes its date within the Christian era.

> Earth, air and ocean own thy sway, O God,
> And high Olympus trembles at thy nod!
> In realms of night the dead thy laws fulfil,
> And Fate obedient executes thy will.

Thine anger shakes the spheres. In cloud and storm,
Mingled with fire, thou veil'st thine awful form.

But, high in heaven, beyond where planets roll,
In life and light, and joy beyond control,
Where circling angels hymn thy holy praise,
And dwell in light too strong for mortal gaze,
Thy throne, O God, is fixed.——

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MOSCHUS ON THE DEATH OF BION.

Translated from the Greek.

The encomiums which this beautiful poem has received from sources of the highest authority, leave room only for regret that it is so difficult to exhibit in an English dress the spirit and pathos of the original.

LAMENT, ye groves, your tears ye fountains shed,
Ye Dorian rivers, mourn your Bion dead.
Sad be your hues, ye flowrets of the vale;
Ye roses weep him, and ye plants bewail.
Your signs of woe, ye hyacinths, assume,
And hang in sorrow o'er the shepherd's tomb.

* Shrouded in leaves, ye songsters of the air,
Beside Sicilian Arethuse declare,
Bion the swain is gone, and with him fled
The harp's sweet power, the Dorian muse is dead.

Strymonian swains beside the waters wail,
And fill with plaintive notes the passing gale;
Such notes as once in sweet succession rung
Along your shores, when matchless Bion sung.
Tell the Ægrian and Bistonian maids,
The Dorian Orpheus seeks the Stygian shades.

Belov'd of flocks no more the swain shall play,
Nor pour mid lonely oaks his melting lay;
In Pluto's realms, Lethaean banks along,
He swells unheard a deep oblivious song.
But here the hills are mute, the herds recede
Mourning their shepherds, and refuse to feed.

* The burden of the song, Αρχετε Σικελικαι του πενθους, αρχετε μοισαι is omitted, as likewise some of the less interesting parts, for the sake of brevity.

Lamented bard; Apollo's self deplored
Thy timeless fall; their tears the satyrs poured;
The sad Priapi deck'd in black attire,
And weeping Pans* thy absent voice require;
Mute Echo sits the silent rocks among,
And grieves no longer to repeat thy song.
The trees reject their fruit, the blossoms die,
Their milky store the sorrowing herds deny,
From teeming combs no nectar drops distill,
Nor more shall honey flow, since thy sweet voice is still.

Who on thy reed, lamented swain, shall play,
Or daring strive to imitate thy lay?
Even now that reed scarce ceases to prolong
Thy dulcet breath and soft enchanting song.
Still Echo lingers on the reedy plain
To catch thy notes and banquet on the strain.—
To Pan thy pipe be given; yet Pan shall fear,
Lest to thy power inferiour his appear.

But most fair Galatea shall complain,
The nymph so oft delighted with thy strain.
Ne'er with the Cyclop could her soul agree,
Him the coy virgin fled, and fled to thee.
Now thou art gone, she seeks the sea-girt mead,
And knows no pleasure save thy flocks to feed.

With thee, sweet bard, the muses' voice is dead,
The maids' fond kiss and lovers' vows are fled.
Thy early tomb afflicted loves deplore,
Venus Adonis wept, but weeps thee more.
O first of streams, resounding Meles, know
Another loss is thine, a second woe.

Great Homer first, the muse's herald, fled,
And all thy waves bewailed their offspring dead.
Now falls thy second son, and whelmed in woe,
Thy troubled waters murmur dark and slow.
Dear to thy streams, each poured alike his lay,
And both thy fountains charm'd with equal sway;
That sung of wars, in Helen's cause begun,
Achilles brave, and Atreus' warlike son;
But this no battles sung, no dire alarms,
But taught the shepherd's life, the country's charms;
And well he knew the roving flocks to feed,
Or draw their milk, or shape the unfinish'd reed;

* Και Παιαν σοταχωνται το σον μελος.

To love's soft power he raised the votive strain,
And heavenly Venus doated on the swain.

Alas! the frailest flower that decks the fields,
The meanest plant prolifick nature yields,
Waked by returning spring shall reappear,
And bloom and ripen in another year.
But man, the great, the brave, the strong, the wise,
When once he falls, he falls no more to rise;
Pent in the narrow earth, and doom'd to keep
A lonely, dark, interminable sleep.
Even thou the sweetest bard that ever sung,
Thy voice is silent, and thy harp unstrung.

Ah, to thy mouth the murderous poison came,
Swelled in thy veins, and shook thy manly frame.
What poisoned draught of power so strong and strange,
Could touch thy lips, and not to honey change?
What savage hand the deadly bowl could raise,
Nor melt with pity at thy melting lays?

Unerring vengeance shall the deed o'ertake.
But I for thee the song of grief will wake;
And had I power, like Orpheus I would go
To hear thy musick in the shades below.
Oh, when thou meet'st Proserpine the fair,
Awake some ancient, soft, Sicilian air.
For she has strayed Æmean groves among,
And knows the magick of a Dorian song.
Sure she will melt to hear the heavenly strain,
And send thee pitying to thy fields again.
Even I, had I the power like thee to sing,
Would seek the Stygian realms, and tempt the dreadful king.

TRAVESTIE OF THE SAME.

Ye woods, and brush, and sticks, and stubble,
And brooks along the mead that bubble,
Your tears for once by hogsheads shed,
And weep and wail, for Bion's dead.
Ye weeds, and grass, and pinks, and roses,
Onions, and leeks, and other posies,
Hang down your heads with bodies bent,
And spread about a dismal scent;
'Tis meet your fiddler's loss to rue,
For death at last has brought him to.

CHORUS. Sicilian muses, split your throats,
With grunts, and groans, and doleful notes,

Ye screech owls perched on old pine trees,
That hoot and howl to every breeze;
Now tune your throats for proper use,
And tell the waves of Arethuse,
Bion the old ploughjogger's dead,
And muse and harp have gone to bed.

Stymonian swans, both one and all,
Now stretch your necks, and croak and squall;
Make a worse noise for Bion's sake,
Than he himself knew how to make;
Tell all the girls he ever knew,
Ægrian and Bistonian too,
Since death has laid his clutches on him,
They'll never more set eyes upon him.

No more for beasts the lout shall play,
To lounge his precious time away;
Nor twang his fiddle, pipe or horn,
To scare the hogs out of the corn;
For now old Pluto's got him fast,
And makes him blow a doleful blast;
But here for once the hills are still,
And cows and pigs go where they will.

Bion, 'tis wondrous droll to hear
The noise they make about you here;
Apollo frets with all his might,
And satyrs growl by day and night;
Priapus' self has learned to bellow,
And Pan to bawl like lusty fellow.
Among the rocks miss Echo sits,
And pouts, and pines, and scowls, and frets,
Because, though sore against her will,
Her endless clack must now be still.
The trees, and fruit, and blossoms die,
And cows and honeycombs are dry.
No musick now for honey passes,
Though yours was reckoned mere molasses.

Who now will touch your dirty pipe,
Whose mouth you never thought to wipe.
Sure one must be a tasteless fool,
To smear his lips with such a tool;

Even now it scents us half to death,
With your old quids and wheezing breath.*
Even tagtail Echo stands aloof,
Quite satisfied with former proof.
If Pan can stomach, let him have it,
No god or mortal else will crave it.

Poor Galatea's quite outrageous,
Since now your tunes no more engage us:
The Cyclop never pleas'd her whim,
She stuck to you and jilted him.
Now quite forlorn and quite forsaken
At the French leave which you have taken,
To seem consistent in her preference,
She only treats your hogs with deference.

Who would have thought when you departed,
So great an uproar would be started.
There's greater noise among your cronies,
Than Venus made to lose Adonis.
Even Meles' horse-pond boils and blubbers,
To lose so soon two favourite lubbers,
Who to its banks did oft repair,
To fish for frogs and tadpoles there.
The first was Homer, known of old
For lying stories sung and told,
'Bout how Achilles try'd to slay us,
To please one bully Menelaus.
The next was Bion, simple loon,
He kept to quite a different tune;
Instead of wars and bloody noses,
He sung "the prophets," and "Vicar and Moses;"
Venus would never venture near him,
And none but brutes would stay to hear him.

'Tis strange that every weed that grows,
Is killed by winter's frosts and snows,
Yet thawed by spring it straight revives,
And seems, cat-like, to have nine lives.
But man, poor, honest, clever soul,
When once he goes, goes for the whole;
And when the clods have pressed his snout,
He'll have good luck to get it out.
Even thou, old Clodpole, on thy back,
Has ceas'd thy everlasting clack.

* —and wheezing breath.—The original is και το σον ασθμα,

O Bior, brandy did it all!
That lurch for grog produc'd thy fall!
Why was not thy allowance shorter,
With less of rum and more of water?
Or what vile wretch, his grog shop hid in,
Could sell thee rum when thrice forbidden?

But law shall catch the rascal soon—
And I meanwhile will catch thy tune;
And if like Orpheus I could reach thee,
I'd go to hear old Pluto teach thee.
But, sirrah, if thou playest there,
As thou wast wont in upper air,
Dame Proserpine will take offence,
And pack thee off post haste from thence.
E'en I should like to stand without
The door to see them kick thee out;
Nay, even I'd lend a hand, if able,
And lug the base, while you squeal treble.

THE

BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

JUNE, 1811.

Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi quae commutanda, quae eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. Plin.

ARTICLE 28.

Review of Griesbach's New Testament.

(Concluded from page 114.)

We sincerely regret, that a passage in our review of Griesbach's Greek Testament was so expressed, as to convey a sense, to the minds of many of our readers, different from our real meaning. For if it be understood, as it has been interpreted by the writer in the Panoplist for the last month, it fixes upon us the reproach either of great ignorance, or great baseness. No man, who has so much as dipped his feet in sacred criticism, can be rash enough to place the common reading of the three texts in Acts, Timothy, and John's 1 Epistle on a level in point of *authority ;* and yet, from the words of the following passage in our review, we may be thought to have done this.

"It has always struck us with astonishment, that many of those who maintain the most rigid notions of inspiration, and exclaim most vehemently against the glosses, evasions, and forced interpretations of hereticks, should have discovered so little solicitude to ascertain the true text even of the New Testament, and have felt no more dread, than they seem to have done, of adding to the word of God. To what is it to be attributed that even at the present day, 1 John v. 7. is quoted in proof of the doctrine of the Trinity, and even taken as a text of discourses ; when it ought to be known, that it has not more authority in its favour than the famous reading of the seventh

commandment in one of the editions of King James' Bible; thou shalt commit adultery. The same may be said of Acts xx. 28. and 1 Tim. iii. 16. which ought to be no more quoted in their present form as proof passages, by any honest and well instructed theologian."

Now, our meaning was not that the *same might be said* of the *degree* of *authority* of the received readings in Acts and Timothy, which could be said of the well-known interpolation of the *three heavenly witnesses*; this would have been too gross a misrepresentation of facts to have been swallowed even by our friends; and, as we should have hoped, too gross to be imputed to us even by enemies. Our meaning certainly was, that the texts in Acts and Timothy, were, *like that in John*, STILL QUOTED *in proof of the doctrine of the trinity*, and as we thought with great impropriety; and this was the only circumstance, in which we intended to represent them as in the *same* case. However; our words have appeared to convey another meaning, the very falsehood and rashness of which we hope will rescue us from the suspicion of having intended it. In the mean while, the sentence would have expressed the whole of our meaning, if it had read thus—"the same may be *asked* (i. e. to what is it to be attributed that they are still quoted) with respect to Acts xx. 28. and 1 Tim. iii. 16. which ought to be no more quoted in their present form as proof passages, by any honest and well instructed theologian."

Now, though the writer in the Panoplist says, that such an assertion as ours appears to be, "admits of no excuse or palliation;" perhaps he may have himself sometimes found in the haste of composition, that two sentences are connected in a manner very plain to the author, whose head is full of his subject, and who therefore refers every word to its proper antecedent; while the words suggest to another reader a very different meaning, in consequence of his referring them to an *immediate*, and not to a remote antecedent. However, lamenting as we do that our language has conveyed to any readers a meaning which we did not intend, and especially one which has called forth such a pitiless pelting of hard names from the critick in the Panoplist, we still beg to call the attention of our readers to that assertion which we had chiefly in view in the passage in question, and which remains unhurt, viz. that these

texts, as well as that in John, "ought to be no more quoted in *their present form*, as *proof passages*, by any honest and well instructed theologian." Whether the *authority* of the text in John is a little more or a little less than that of the curious errour in King James' Bible, we are not solicitous to show; it is enough to justify the comparison, that the text of the heavenly witnesses is not found in a single Greek MS. written before the invention of printing, and has been established in our bibles by a series of frauds and mistakes. The "profaneness," and "indecency" of the comparison we expect to feel, when our censors feel the weight of evidence against the passage in question. But even of this we have some hopes, as they have already ventured to say, that they "do not *aver*, that no man can honestly reject the text as spurious." We hope they will have no compunctions for this most safe and liberal concession.

Before we examine this critical *tentamen*, we should be glad to know, where the writer found a passage, which he has included in marks of quotation p. 506. which, as it now stands, may be inadvertently supposed to be an extract from the review to which he is replying. He says that "among many things which have been alleged, this is one; that "Griesbach, like all other great critics, rejects the doctrine of the Trinity, and has expunged from the New Testament all the principal texts by which this doctrine is supported." Now, we beg leave to ask, where this declaration is to be found? who has made it? or, is it an absurd allegation, invented for the occasion by the writer, for the sake of enjoying a childish triumph in exposing it? This may be one of the pious artifices which are lawful in support of the truth; if we called it *disingenuous*, we should only return the language of the Panoplist: but we know, and these gentlemen know also, that every intelligent Unitarian considers the trinitarianism of Griesbach, which is well understood, as a circumstance of the highest importance, when his authority is appealed to in the case of the doubtful texts, which are thought to affect the Trinitarian controversy.

The credit of Wetstein suffered, though in the opinion even of Michaelis very unjustly, in consequence of his *suspected* heresy. Now as Griesbach has confirmed almost all Wetstein's

opinions, especially on the reading of controverted texts in the trinitarian controversy, no heretick could have wished for a circumstance more favourable to the credit of Griesbach with the orthodox, than that for which an authority is produced by the Panoplist from his first edition of the New Testament in 1775.

The critick in the Panoplist undertakes to give his opinion of the value of the late *Manual* edition of Griesbach, and thinks, that, compared with the large, or Editio Halensis, it is of about as much value "as the Edinburgh 18mo edition of Horace, compared with Bentley or Gesner's." As we have never had the good fortune to see or hear of an Edinburgh 18mo critical edition of Horace, containing, like Griesbach's New Testament, a corrected text and selection of various readings, we do not presume to judge of this comparison; but though we have no reason to call it "profane" or "indecent," we are much inclined to think it very absurd.

After hinting, that suggestions have been made, that the Cambridge Griesbach is not a faithful copy of the German original, which however, the critick has not the heart to believe, though he has no objection to repeat, if not to *invent* them, he goes on to give an opinion of Griesbach's merit. "In our opinion, his judgment is highly respectable." Still however he has difficulties. "There are cases, in which we believe he has marked his texts incorrectly; that he has made mistakes in citing his authorities—is what may be satisfactorily shewn." p. 506. This charge he promises to support.

We confess that in casting an eye on the following pages, in which we expected to find the proofs of this assertion, we were at first so much surprised at the unusual *étalage* of erudition, that we did not know, but the fate of Dr. Griesbach's edition was decided at last in the Panoplist, and that the poor publishers would have to remove their whole stock on hand into the lumber room of authors out of date. We could not account for this unusual phenomenon of criticism, till we found toward the close of the second part of the review, that an English magazine had been made to contribute to this purpose; and if any one wishes to read almost the whole of the criticism in the Panoplist on the two texts in Acts and Timothy, before it was subjected to the petty clips and touches of these gentle-

men, let him turn to the eighth volume of the Christian Observer.

From the tone of assurance in which the Panoplist reviewer expresses his great estimation of the large critical edition, we were led to suppose that he knew something about it; and that he had taken the pains to examine Griesbach's authorities with relation to the texts in question; but we soon found that (notwithstanding the great outcry made about "resting faith on the *ipse dixit* of another") he takes every thing as he finds it in the Christian Observer. Such are the criticks, who say "we wish access, and to satisfy us at all, we *must have access* to the authorities by which Griesbach himself professes to regulate his opinions." p. 506.

One of the proofs of G's inaccuracy is thus stated from the Christian Observer. "Griesbach says that the reading, (the church of the Lord and God, Acts xx. 28) is in the Arabick Polyglott; but this is an errour. The reading of that version is *the Lord God*." Now, Griesbach in his note on this verse expressly quotes the Arabick of the Polyglott for the various reading Κυριὸς Θεὸς, and does *not* quote it for the reading Κυριὸς καὶ Θεὸς; as any one may see who will consult his large critical edition, vol. ii. p. 113. Who is here in an errour?* (What the Arabick Polyglott is, the gentlemen will no doubt tell us when they have found it.)

The next attempt to convict Griesbach of a mistake is found in this passage. "Among the versions, which have *the church of the Lord*, Griesbach is disposed to rank the *Ethiopick*, because that version generally agrees with the Armenian and the Coptick, which exhibit this reading; and because the Ethiopick word here used *(egziabeker)* is employed to express both Κυριος and Θεος. Griesbach says, that this word is *always* employed in the Ethiopick in rendering both of these Greek words. *But this is a mistake;* and the conclusion built upon it may therefore be unsound."

The last sentence belongs entirely to the Panoplist reviewers; the rest of the passage is from the Christian Observer.

* Though Griesbach, in citing his authorities on this verse, has made no mistake, there is a passage in his note, which we confess we do not know how to reconcile with his authorities. It may be found in page 115. "Versio nulla," &c.

Howsfar Griesbach is disposed to rank the Ethiopick version among the authorities in favour of the reading *Church of the Lord*, the reader may judge from his own words, on Acts xx. 28. "Aethiops habet vocabulum, quo semper utitur, sive Θεος in Graeca veritate legatur, sive Κυριος. *Neutri* igitur lectioni, si solus spectetur, favet." In another part of his note he adds, "ambiguum enim vocabulum Aethiopicum h. l. pro Κυριω positum fuisse, e consensu versionum Copt. & Arm. probabile fit." Now what is Griesbach's mistake? He does not say, that the Ethiopick *always employs the same word* in rendering both Κυριος and Θεος; i. e. as these gentlemen would make him say, that this version *invariably* renders Κυριος wherever it occurs, by *egziabeher*, (not *egziabeker*, as the Panoplist prints it, no doubt by mistake.) The bare inspection of the Ethiopick version, in this very chapter alone, would prove such an assertion to be false. All that Griesbach says is, that the Ethiopick translator has, in this verse, a word which he continually employs (quo semper utitur) in rendering both Κυριος and Θεος: that is, as we understand him, not every where and without exception, but (according to a natural and common meaning of *semper*) *perpetually*, *usually*, in the same way we use the adverb, *always*, in English.

We know of no conclusion, built upon the mere use of this Ethiopick word, except the following assertion of Griesbach, "neutri igitur lectioni, si solus spectetur, favet;" and how this "may be rendered unsound" by the circumstance, that the Ethiopick word in question does not always stand for Κυριος, we are not wise enough to discover. If the reviewer had transcribed a little further from the Christian Observer, instead of the remark which he has ventured to make of his own, we might have had the following fair acknowledgment. "It is *sufficient*, to shew that the Ethiopick in this place is *ambiguous*, if the word which it employs is put, sometimes for God, sometimes for the Lord." That it is put for both, cannot be unknown to any one, who has ever looked at the version. The Christian Observer not only acknowledges this, but produces Philip. iv. 5. and Rev. xiv. 13. in the Ethiop. vers. to prove that the same word is there used for *the Lord* where Christ is certainly meant.* Now, in these circumstances, Griesbach's rea-

* Mr. Wakefield's mistake arose in his note on this verse from his hasti-

son for thinking it probable, that the ambiguous Ethiopick word here is a translation of Κυριω rather than of Θεω, is this;—that the testimony of the Armenian and Coptick versions, *with which the Ethiopick generally agrees*, is in favour of Κυριω; and till something is produced to render *this* improbable, Griesbach's accuracy and impartiality are not in the least affected; although these reviewers, from some imperfect glimpses of the subject, seem disposed to suspect them.

There is then given a summary from the Christian Observer of the testimony of the Fathers, which summary we have no inclination to examine; especially as we find at last, that, even in the opinion of the Panoplist reviewers, "the weight of evidence appears to be in favour of the *Church of the Lord*." Whether then the common reading of a text, which has the weight of evidence against it, ought to be quoted any more "as a proof passage by any honest and well instructed theologian," it will not take common men of honesty long to determine. How *strongly* the "weight of evidence" lies against the reading Θεω in this verse may be understood by the following extract from Griesbach's note, which we are happy to offer in confirmation of the judgment of the Panoplist.

Griesb. vol. ii. p. 115. "From the preceding statement it clearly appears, that not a single manuscript can be produced in favour of the reading Θεω, which either from its antiquity, or its intrinsick excellence, deserves the character of a competent and uncorrupt witness. It is not found, except in modern MSS. and these, either thoroughly contemptible, or, in many places at least, wretchedly interpolated. Neither can it be defended by the authority of versions. For no translation has Θεω except the modern Vulgate, (disproved however by the more ancient copies of the Latin) and the Philoxenian Syriack version, made in the 6th century; which however still gives Κυριω in the margin. In fine, neither are there any certain vestiges of this reading to be discovered in the Fathers before Epiphanius and Ambrose. How, therefore, the reading Θεω, so desti-

ly supposing, because the Ethiopick translator here uses the word which he commonly employs to express the supreme Jehovah, whether Κυριος or Θεος in Greek, that he must therefore have *read* Θεος; whereas it only shows how he probably *interpreted* the passage.

tute of all legitimate authority, is to be defended without a violation of the laws of criticism, I indeed do not understand."

The reviewer proceeds to give us from the Christian Observer the authorities for the different readings Θεος, ος and ο, in the controverted text 1. Tim. iii. 16. In this statement, the words of the English magazine are sometimes altered, and phrases inserted or curtailed, as best suits the purpose of the reviewer, who ventures upon the whole to conclude, against Griesbach, that "Θεος has a predominant claim to be admitted as the reading best supported;"—a conclusion which his guide the Christian Observer does not venture to make.

In the course of this statement we expected to find some new proofs of the assertion confidently thrown out, that Griesbach "has made mistakes in citing his authorities;" but this, instead of being "satisfactorily shewn," as was promised, is not so much as pretended. The reviewer only happens to be of opinion, that some of the MSS. which read Θεος are of more weight than Griesbach has allowed, when, in giving the result of his inquiries, he says that Θεος "is supported only on the authority of the greater number of modern MSS. chiefly belonging to the Constantinopolitan edition." Griesb. vol. ii. p. 429.

Who is the best judge of the value of these MSS. our readers must determine for themselves; we only say that here ends the semblance of an attempt to show, that Griesbach has made some mistakes. That inaccuracies have crept into so large a work may be previously supposed; but that this writer has supported his charge, no one we imagine will believe but himself. It requires something more than a study of the Christian Observer to show this "satisfactorily;" and it would not be amiss before attempting it again, to pay a little attention to Griesbach itself, which it is easier to praise or to blame, than to study.

In giving a summary of the authorities of the Fathers under the former text, the Panoplist reviewer had nothing to do but to transcribe from his original; but here not having the work done to his hands, he has undertaken to make the summary himself; in which there are about as many mistakes, or misrepresentations, as there are lines.—He says the Apostolical Constitutions have *clearly quoted* the text in question with

Θεος. Now any one who reads the extract either in Griesbach or the Christian Observer, may satisfy himself that Θεος is not *quoted* there at all. The same may be said of Lactantius. The reviewer does not seem to understand the difference between a clear quotation of a passage, and the use of some of the words contained in a passage.

He says that Gregory Nyssen quotes Θεος in the text in question "very clearly." Griesbach asserts the very contrary. "Atque huc referendus (that is, to the class of those who have been improperly or doubtfully quoted for Θεος) esse videtur Gregorius Nyss. cui *editores* quidem attribuunt Θεος εφανερωθη, qui vero, &c. Itaque ὁ legisse videtur, aut etiam ὁς." (Griesb. vol. ii. p. 431.) The reviewer then proceeds to mention Ignatius, Hypolitus, and Basil, as having "probably" quoted Θεος in this controverted text; a representation which is not justified even by the statements of his great authority, the Christian Observer. Griesbach after giving the extracts which have been supposed to justify this representation, very properly remarks; "e talibus igitur phrasibus et e locutionum in commate hoc extantium ad Christum applicatione *neutiquam* colligere licet, patres hosce legisse Θεος." Griesb. p. 430. And so much for the "trembling solicitude which becomes us" in a question of such high importance. It is very easy to see, that all the solicitude is lest the texts should be given up.

We have said that the Christian Observer is made use of with such omissions and alterations as suit the purpose of the reviewer. Take the following amusing specimens.

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.	PANOPLIST.
Versions. "Of these the Polyglott Arabick, the *most corrupt*, and the Sclavonian *the most modern* have Θεος."	Versions. In favour of Θεος the Polyglott Arabick and Sclavonian.
"From the evidence hitherto stated it is difficult to form a decisive opinion either for or against the common reading. If Θεος is in a far greater number of MSS. the relative pronoun is in the most ancient. Yet with respect to one of these (the Alexandrine,) it must be confessed, that it has been so	"From the evidence hitherto stated, it is difficult, *perhaps*, to form a decided opinion for or against the common reading, Θεος is in a far greater number of MSS. but the relative pronoun *appears* to be in *some* of the most ancient. The Alexandrine, however, has been so much altered as to render its pri-

much altered as to excite a doubt about its primitive reading."

"Abp. Newcome thinks that a different construction may be allowed: 'Great is the mystery of godliness: he who was manifested in the flesh was justified by the Spirit,' &c. whereas the incarnation itself is the mystery."

mitive reading very doubtful.

"Newcome thinks a different construction may be allowed. He would translate it: 'Great is the mystery of godliness: he who was manifested in the flesh, was justified by the Spirit, &c.' A conclusive objection in our minds, against this construction is, that it represents the mystery of godliness, as consisting of justification by the Spirit, &c. whereas the incarnation itself is the great mystery.

After shewing the difficulties that attend the interpretation of the passage if read with ὃς or ὅ, the reviewer undertakes to say, after the Christian Observer, that the common reading Θεὸς "is encompassed *by no such difficulties*; the construction is grammatical; the MEANING PERSPICUOUS." The proof of its perspicuity is found in the following attempt to tell what it is. "Christ, who is *God* over all, *was manifested* to us *in the human nature*; [or the Word, who was *God, was made flesh*;*] justified by the Spirit, &c. &c." And these are the criticks who think, forsooth, that every *other* construction is harsh and uncouth!

That Θεὸς is *not the true* reading in this verse, we think every *attentive* reader either of Griesbach, the Christian Observer, or even of the Panoplist, may satisfy himself. Griesbach says, that, to be consistent with himself, he has taken ὃς instead of Θεὸς into the text, ("salvo tamen uniuscujusque lectoris judicandi facultate pollentis judicio,") for the rules of criticism require it. Now, though ὅ appears to us to have greater claims than Griesbach has allowed it, yet here, as every where else, we would take Griesbach's text for a standard, and give the reading, which we may individually happen to think preferable, in the margin. But we should never think of making use of this text with either Θεὸς, ὃς, or ὅ, as a "*proof* passage" in any theological controversy.

The strong impression left upon our minds by reading Sir Isaac Newton's letter on this verse, was altogether in favour of the

* Added by the Panoplist.

reading ὁ. The fact, that the *Latin fathers without exception have constantly read* QUOD, is not to be explained in any other way, than that they found ὁ in their Greek MSS. and Sir Isaac Newton says, ' to read ὁ, and interpret it of Christ, as the ancient Christians did, without restraining it to his divinity, makes the sense very easy. For the promised and long expected Messias, the hope of Israel, is to us the great mystery of godliness. And this mystery was at length manifested to the Jews from the time of his baptism, and justified to be the person whom they expected." The same thing is said by Griesbach. "Ad Christum referri potuit hoc dictum a Patribus [Graecis] sive ὁ legerent sive ὅς, ut a Latinis factum hoc esse jam notavimus. Hinc Christum ipsum nonnulli μυστηριον nominare solebant," for which he quotes several fathers:—and, whether is it easier to say, GOD was manifest in the flesh, GOD was justified by the spirit, GOD was seen by angels, GOD was taken up into glory, or to adopt the interpretation of Sir Isaac Newton, and of almost all the ancient fathers, referring *mysterium* to Christ; or even that of Grotius, who supposes the *gospel* to have been the mystery, hid from ages, which was made known by frail and mortal men, confirmed by spiritual gifts, into which the angels were desirous to look, preached to the Gentiles, credited in the world, and gloriously exalted?

There is another subject relating to this text, on which the reviewer in the Panoplist demands an explanation. It seems, that Griesbach, in the edition which has been reprinted at Cambridge, and which is the subject of our review, and which we shall call the *manual* edition, puts Θεος in his margin, among the various readings but leaves it without any mark expressive even of the lowest degree of probability; though in his large critical edition (or editio Halensis) he had given it the same mark of probability which he had affixed to ὁ. This variation we pointed out; and, for the satisfaction of the Panoplist, we have carefully ascertained, that no mistake has been committed in copying the German original. Now the question is, which edition is to be considered as expressing Griesbach's *ultimate* opinion of the probability of the reading Θεος?

Several instances of the same kind, we have found, of apparent differences between the large and small editions, in mark-

ing the degrees of probability. A hasty inspection has furnished us with the following, some of which are precisely parallel to the one in Timothy; Rom. ii. 17. vi. 1. x. 1. xi. 19. 1 Cor. i. 29. iv. 2. v. 13. 2 Cor. ix. 10. xii. 19. Philip. ii. 30. iii. 12. 1 Thess. ii. 14. Several hundreds no doubt may be found of these minute variations in the course of the work.

In this text where every little circumstance is made of importance, we should be glad to know Griesbach's *final* judgment of the probability attached to the reading Θεος. But to ascertain this, the circumstance that the preface of the *manual* edition bears date April 1805, and that of the *critical* edition April 1806, is nothing to the purpose. For it appears from the preface to the 2d vol. of the critical edition, (p. iv.) that this volume had been begun in the year 1799, and in that year the book of Acts was printed. From p. vi. it appears also, that the catholick epistles, which *constitute the latter part* of this 2d vol. had been sent to the printer, before Griesbach had received White's edition of the Philoxenian version, which was published in the year 1800. It appears therefore that the *greater part of the 2d vol. was printed long before this manual edition*, and therefore the latter has every claim to be considered as containing the last results of Griesbach's studies. The reason of the delay in completing the 2d vol. of the large edition is explained in the preface.

If the reviewers in the Panoplist had carefully read even the preface to the *manual edition*, they might have explained this difference of dates. It there appears that the *manual* edition, with its preface bearing date 1805, was then first published in Germany *incomplete*, i. e. without the Catholick Epistles and the Apocalypse. "Although," says Griesbach, (p. viii. Ed. Cant.) "*this* edition is *not yet finished*, but I am still employed in *revising* and *forming* the text of the Catholick Epistles and Apocalypse, yet, as I have poor health and bad eyes, and should not be able within many months to bring this troublesome labour to a close, I have concluded to publish in the mean while the first volume embracing the four gospels, and the former section of the 2d volume, containing *all Paul's epistles*; and the remainder will appear as soon as possible, with the 2d vol. of the Editio Halensis, and the rest of Göschens' splendid work."

Thus it appears that the text of the manual edition, through the greater part of the volume, is *really subsequent* to the critical edition; which was many years in passing through the press; and that the dates of the two prefaces differ in consequence of one's being written when the work to which it is prefixed was unfinished, and the other's being delayed till the large edition was completed, ready for publication, and all printed off.

As to the reading which has given rise to all this suspicion, it may be fairly conjectured, even from the large critical edition, that Griesbach considered the reading Θεος as *less probable than* ὁ: he has intimated this by placing ὁ *first* in the inner margin, though Θεος was the received reading, and therefore entitled to the first place, if it had been *equally* probable with the other in the opinion of the editor.—Now if, as we conjecture, he considered Θεος less probable than ὁ, he had no method of marking this *shade* of difference in the manual edition, but by the *position* of Θεος among the various readings; *after* ὁ with the *same* mark of probability; or *before* ὁ, without *any* mark, as he had none signifying less to prefix. He has adopted the latter method; and we presume for sufficient reasons. The only errour in the case is, we suspect, our own want of attention to the subject.

Before we leave this topick, however, we would hint to those who use the manual edition, not to be surprised at finding its text occasionally differing from that of the large. Griesbach, whose caution is worthy of all praise, sometimes retained words in the *text* of his critical edition, which in his opinion ought *rather* to be referred to the inner margin; at the same time printing the words, which he really preferred upon the whole, with a particular mark in the inner margin. Speaking of the contents of this margin, he says (vol. 1. p. xciii.) "quicquid minusculo charactere expressum est, lectioni vulgo receptae a nobis vel *praefertur*, vel *aequiparatur*, vel ulteriori saltim examine dignum judicatur." Now in many of these cases, where the authorities are very nicely balanced, Griesbach has in this manual edition followed more decidedly his own preference, and taken the reading of the inner margin into the text:—so that the text of the manual edition is not *verbatim the same* with that of the Editio Halensis. We have before observed that slight shades of probability appear to be

differently marked in the two editions in many cases. The only effect of this should be to induce the reader, where he finds any difficulty, to consult the large edition for the authorities.

Here we hoped to close our remarks, as far as relates to the vindication of Griesbach; but the Panoplist, in another number, has called our attention to the verse of the *three heavenly witnesses*, and thinks, indeed, "that it is worse than rashness to speak so contemptuously on this subject as we have done." In reading the remarks of the reviewer on this, as well as the other texts, we have been often reminded of a passage quoted by Marsh from Bengel; "male strenuos ii se praebent in bellis Domini, qui ita animum inducunt: *Dogmati elenchoque meo opportunus est hic textus: ergo me ipse cogam ad eum protinus pro vero habendum, et omnia quae pro eo corradi possunt obnixe defendam.*

It seems that these gentlemen think, that the controversy on the authenticity of this verse is not yet settled; and particularly, that the "matter is brought anew upon the tapis," by some late "investigations" of Mr. Butler and Dr. Middleton.

We were not ignorant of what had been said on this text, by both these modern scholars; but notwithstanding the opinion of the Quarterly Reviewers, and of the Panoplist itself, we are not sure, that any increase of probability has been gained for this interpolation. It has been the fate of this memorable verse, to have its advocates successively driven from all the intrenchments, in which they hoped to make a final stand; and we are much inclined to suspect that the argument from the African Confession, and from the use of the Greek article, which Messrs. Butler and Middleton seem disposed to maintain, will share the same fate with Stephens' semicircle, the MSS. of Valla, the Codex Ravianus, and other auxiliaries, which have successively been put to flight, or have been turned against their employers.

Charles Butler, Esq. whose letter to Professor Marsh the reviewers in the Panoplist have printed as containing a *new* view of the argument for the controverted verse, drawn from the Confession of African Bishops, is an English Roman Catholick, of learning and candour; but it is easy to see, that his reluctance to give up the text is in a great measure owing to

the bias of his communion in favour of the Vulgate which contains it, and of which it is, if the expression may be allowed, a favourite child. What reply Dr. Marsh may choose to make to his letter, we know not. We have not yet heard of his having given it any publick notice ; but any man who is acquainted with the controversy will perceive, that Butler has brought forward *no new* facts ; nor, as we can discover, has he presented the old ones in any stronger light. He professes, indeed, to give the arguments of the opposers of the verse, against the fact in question ; but any one who reads Porson's and Griesbach's observations on it, will see, that he has stated their arguments neither fully nor fairly. Proceeding as he does upon the presumption, that the catholick bishops without doubt actually read, signed, and presented the confession containing a quotation of the disputed verse, according to the relation of Victor Vitensis, he asks triumphantly, "now, is it probable the catholick bishops would have exposed themselves to such indelible infamy ?" i. e. as to quote the verse if it were really spurious.

There is not a single argument in Mr. Butler's letter, which had not been already brought forward by Travis, and considered by Porson and Griesbach—and it would really be tedious to transcribe, or to abridge the replies of these learned men on this article. We will only observe, that, before this African confession can be offered as good authority for the existence of the verse in the Latin copies at the end of the 5th century, the advocates for the verse must give some answer to the following questions. 1. Is the authority of Victor, whose history is full of absurdities, to be depended on, especially as he contradicts himself and the edict of Hunneric in his statement of this very transaction ? 2. Who was the author of this confession ? Victor does not say. Gennadius attributes it to Eugenius, the head of the bishops ; but internal evidence makes it probable to have been a forgery of Vigilius Thapsensis, a famous fabricator of treatises under fictitious names, and the suspected forger of the Athanasian creed about the beginning of the sixth century. 3. What proof is there that the confession which has been published as that of the African bishops, was *subscribed* by them ? Victor, the author of the rest of the story, is entirely silent on the subject of subscription. (See

Griesbach's Diatribe on the 1 John. v. 7. p. 20.) Lastly: how is it possible, if the text of the three heavenly witnesses was at *that* time truly quoted from John's epistle, that Eucherius was ignorant of it fifty years before, and Facundus equally ignorant of it fifty years after? When all or any of these questions are fairly answered by the Panoplist, we doubt not that we shall be ready to answer Mr. Butler's to the satisfaction of these reviewers; and till this be done we shall continue "to speak as contemptuously as we have done" on the subject of this verse, without any "trembling solicitude" for our own reputation.

But it seems that the cause is not yet to be given up; for Dr. Middleton, "in his masterly essay on the Greek article, has proved that it is an established rule of construction in the Greek language, that the article must subserve the purpose of *reference* or *hypothesis*; and as hypothesis is here out of the question, it remains to inquire, to what τὸ is in the 8th verse *refers*. If it does not refer to ὁ in the 7th verse, and thus come under the rule respecting *renewed mention*, above described, we acknowledge ourselves unable to divine to what it does *refer*."—And what then? Does this render it any more probable that the 7th verse is authentick? Does it prove any thing more than that Middleton has found an example which he cannot fairly reconcile with his *theory* of the article?

We have read (we do not profess to have made ourselves thoroughly masters of) the elaborate work of Dr. Middleton on the Greek article. The application of his theory to some passages of the New Testament promised some new aid to the cause of orthodoxy, at which, as well as at Mr. Sharpe's rule about the article, its friends have eagerly caught. We are by no means competent to judge of Middleton's theory. This only we know; that it wants one characteristick of truth, that is, simplicity. But if the reviewer in the Panoplist will take any recommendation from us, we entreat him, before he leans on this new reed, to ponder well an examination of Middleton's work on the article, contained in the Monthly Review for May, June, July, and August, of the last year. It is written by one of the first Greek scholars in England, who has other requisites for criticism than mere research; a perspicacious and philosophical mind. If this criticism should not diminish

the reviewer's estimation of Middleton's work, it may render him less confident in the application of this theory, as well as of the rule of Mr. Sharpe, to particular texts.

But whether Middleton's theory of the article be true or not, the reading το εν in the 8th verse will not give even a shadow of probability to the interpolated seventh, if either of these two things can be shown ;—that similar cases of the article occur in the New Testament, or elsewhere, where no reference is discoverable ;—or (if το εν *must* refer to something) that the reference may be explained from the preceding or following unsuspected verses.

Now, though we do not profess to be thoroughly versed in the doctrine of the Greek article, we think that an examination of Schmidius' Concordance has furnished us with one example at least, where precisely the same phrase occurs, and where we venture to say no more reference is discoverable, than of the το εν in the 8th verse of John. It is the clause το εν φρονουντες in Philip. ii. 2. *thinking the same thing*. Dr. Middleton, we find, was aware, that this was a stubborn text, which would hardly bend to his theory. Now let any one attend to the manner in which he endeavours to get rid of the difficulty here, and judge whether it is not quite as easy to explain the article in this 8th verse, without calling up the 7th verse from the dead. By Middleton's own concession, the article prefixed to εις, or any similar word, may refer to something following, as well as to something which precedes ; why may it not refer then to μαρτυρουν in the following verse ? It is no objection that μαρτυρουν is of a different gender, as any one may satisfy himself, who attends to Middleton's explanation of his doctrine of reference.

If too we may be allowed to judge of Middleton's theory from the view given of it by the critick in the Monthly Review, it seems just as proper to say, of the *English* translation of το εν φρονουντες, *thinking the same thing*, that there *must* be a reference to some particular thing previously or subsequently mentioned, as that the same phrase in *Greek* must of necessity have a reference.

Dr. Middleton, in the first part of his work, which contains his theory, with the exceptions, and with the examples to justify it, says of some cases, which he adduces, " in these cases

the reference of the article is more *obscure*, than in the case of *renewed mention* strictly so called; but yet is explicable on the same principle: for in all of them it is to something which is easily recognized, though not hitherto *particularly* mentioned." We are not sure, that this observation will not serve to explain the instance in question. If we were urged to say "to what does the το εν of the 8th verse answer except the εν in the 7th verse," we might reply that it refers to the testimony, (μαρτυριαν) *implied* in the 6th verse; where, after the water and the blood have been mentioned, it is said, "also the spirit bears testimony" το πνευμα εστι μαρτυρουν—and then it is added in Greek, as we should say in English, "therefore there are three witnesses, the spirit, the water, and the blood; and these three agree in *the same* [testimony.]" Whether this is a satisfactory explanation, others must judge. In any case, it ought not to be forgotten, that it is far *more* probable, that the article and the clause in the 8th verse are *spurious* than that the 7th is *genuine*. Dr. Middleton allows that they *may* be; Grotius thought they were.

We wish that we had room to discuss the text in Hebrews i. 8. But our publishers warn us, that it is time for the Anthology and our review to come to a close. We cannot leave the subject, however, without observing, that whatever interpretation the analogy of the Greek language in this text may be supposed to require, (and we are inclined to agree with our reviewer as to this analogy) the original Hebrew is unquestionably ambiguous. Whether the Hebrew be translated, *thy throne, O God*, or, *God is thy throne*, we are entirely of Calvin's opinion, that the 14th Psalm, from which the quotation is taken, *originally* and literally refers to Solomon. If the *mystical* meaning relates to Christ, then Christ is called by a title, (Θεος) which is also given to Solomon. Let any man read this Psalm for the first time, without having been informed, that any part of it had been applied by way of accommodation to Christ, and we venture to say, that he would discover in it no more of the marriage of Christ and the church, than in Solomon's Song. We hope the reviewers will not call this an "indecent" allusion.

It is *not* so clear a case as they suppose, that all the ancient Jewish Rabbies applied the Psalm solely to the Messiah: Gro-

tius, and others, assert the very contrary. It is *not* certain that the clause in the epistle to the Hebrews is *addressed to* the Son. The preposition used is προς ; which in the preceding verse is rendered *of*, ("and of the angels he saith.") Now as προς μεν in the former verse, and προς δε in this answer to one another, interpreters admit that it may be properly rendered, *But of the Son he saith.*—This however is nothing to the main question ; any more than is the ignorance of the Panoplist reviewers in ascribing to *Bp. Pearce* an extract from James Peirce the learned dissenter, relating to this passage. The only question between us is, whether Griesbach has discovered any want of judgment or impartiality in printing the words, without insulating ὁ Θεος by commas. Now the MSS. of the New Testament are probably not pointed so as to determine the question ; and as the passage is quoted by the writer of the Hebrews from the LXX. where Θεος in this place has *never* been made to appear in the vocative by means of commas, Griesbach has very properly printed it as it stands in the Greek version of the Psalm, ὁ θρονος σε ὁ Θεος, &c.

This is all that we have room to say in vindication of Griesbach. The unfortunate ambiguity of a passage in our review gave so fair an opportunity for the attack and the mode of attack in the Panoplist, that we have forborne to retaliate reproaches ; and have neglected to notice all the occasions of censure and cavil, with which their attempt at criticism would have furnished us. What we have here written is intended not to produce a popular effect, but for the examination of those, who are disposed freely to explore the text and the interpretation of the New Testament by the rules of just criticism, unbiassed by the authority of names or parties, and to promote the careful, but unsuspicious use of Griesbach's invaluable labours.

ARTICLE 29.

An Eulogy on John Hubbard, Professor of Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy, in Dartmouth College, who died August 14, 1810. *Pronounced at the College, September*, 1810. *By Elijah Parish, D. D.* Hanover ; C. W. S. and H. Spear. 1810.

"GENIUS," says the admirable Dennis in his remarks on Prince Arthur, "is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul on the conception of an extraordinary hint." If we may judge from the composition now before us, Dr. Parish is exactly such a genius as is here defined, for it is marked with an incoherency and extravagance which would almost induce us to think its author afflicted with something worse than a mere fervour of the imagination. Whether he has fallen into this unlucky manner of writing by endeavouring to pursue some methodistical model, or whether he has sought in vain for the impassioned style of the French pulpit, or whether finally he has erected a standard of imaginary excellence which he has failed to attain, but would have succeeded better if he had attempted less, we can neither decide nor conjecture. We propose to show merely the ground he now occupies, without undertaking to trace the path by which he reached it, for we dare not risk a fall by following his flight.

After a paragraph of introduction, he devotes two pages to the history of eulogies, which he traces to the earliest Egyptians ; but cites no proof for his assertions, except that he once refers to Bingham's antiquities, and once, with unparalleled *modesty*, to *his own* geography. The last reference is somewhat curious. He here mentions "the annual solemnity in Thibet and Bengal to make publick lamentation for the dead," and thinks "this custom might conveniently and *profitably* be introduced to our Christian churches." If we understand this passage, it will require no great ingenuity to prove it but ridiculous, and inconsistent with another part of the pamphlet. Whether he had been reading the little pastoral of Cervantes, as translated and altered by Florian, we know not ; but this kind of yearly mourning is introduced there among an Arcadian society to considerable effect, and on a much more fascinating system than is proposed in the eulogy. There seems to

be some congruity between the simple manners we ascribe to shepherds, and the simple expression of their feelings by periodically visiting the tombs of their departed friends; but there is something at once ludicrous and revolting in the idea of making a formal mourning for the dead a part of the Christian ritual, like our fasts and thanksgivings. There is also personal inconsistency in the system, for Dr. Parish seems now to have none of those hypochondriack fears which oppress his imagination, in page 22, lest we should be devoured by "the dragons of Paganism." To be sure, we do not suppose there is any reason to fear that Christendom will ever relapse into idolatry; but there would certainly be more danger of it from the introduction of this fashion, than from a frequent perusal of the classicks: and we do believe, that we should more easily "imbibe" the catholick heresy of praying to the dead, or even the heathenish practice of worshipping them, from the system of Dr. Parish, than we should "the spirit of Paganism from an incessant familiarity with the Greek and Roman writers." There is indeed something consummately ridiculous in either supposition; but still, if it be possible to conceive any hazard, it is from the first. The steps of such a transition are skilfully pointed out by Farmer,* who supposes the whole machinery of ancient mythology originated in an improper respect for the dead, as an instance of which, he selects the very custom of Thibet, here so strongly recommended.

Nothing occurs in the remainder of this performance which we feel disposed to notice, unless it be two pages near the conclusion, devoted to the abuse of classical learning. This, it is true, is not the first time Dr. Parish has assumed a character so unworthy a liberal mind; but still we were not prepared to find him breathing this polluted spirit within walls consecrated to learning, where every hand ought to be raised to oppose the innovation, and chastise its author. The substance of the respectable part of his reasoning on this subject is taken from a note on the fifth letter of Foster's fourth essay; but when he protests against reading Homer because, in consequence of it, the "mind" of a Christian "at a funeral" is often absent

* "Worship of human spirits among the ancient heathen nations."

on the plain of Troy, attending the more magnificent obsequies of Patroclus," or because "the ferocious Achilles" is rendered respectable "by the magick of poetry," and against the whole system of mythology because it gives the student "feeling, *in a great degree, pagan*, and benumbs his religious sensibilities"—in such folly, we trust, he has neither predecessor nor coadjutor. It may be well enough for declamation, but if it is intended for reasoning, it proves nothing, or too much. When pursued to its ludicrous consequences, it not only excludes us from what he calls "unsanctified science," but also from the most unexceptionable Christian poets; for the same arguments will apply to Tasso, because he has introduced the gorgeous apparatus of magick, and even to Milton, because he has redeemed the character of Satan from the reproach and inconsistency of unqualified depravity, by giving him a few severe virtues. Indeed, we do not know where this system will relax its comprehensive grasp, for it would be difficult to find a single production of value, ancient or modern, which is not marked with some of the faults for which Dr. Parish would exterminate classical literature.

The life of Professor Hubbard was meagre of events; but his eulogist, by inserting episodes on musick, on the satisfaction of being a judge of probate, on a religious education, and on several other subjects, has contrived to extend it through many pages. These are, perhaps, legitimate means for making a book, and we should not complain, if they were not abused.

We should here close the pamphlet and our remarks, if a fault of a more amusing kind did not obtrude itself on our notice. We expose the following plagiarisms, not only because they are such, but to show how indistinct the boundary is, which separates sublimity and pathos from bombast, and with what wonderful facility Dr. Parish reduces every thing to the level of his own style. Bossuet, after exciting his audience by an uncommon degree of vehemence, ventures on the following bold apostrophe:

"O nuit desastreuse, O nuit effroyable! où retentit tout-à-coup comme un éclat de tonnerre cette étonnante nouvelle: Madame se meurt, Madame est morte!".

Oraison funèbre de Henrietta a' Angleterre.

This produced such an effect as might be expected from the hazardous attempt of a man who never attempted in vain; for we are told by his editor that this passage overcame both the speaker and his audience: Ici Mons: Bossuet fut interrompu par les larmes de toute l'assemblée et par les siennes. It may be doubted whether such a sentence could be translated into English so as to retain its spirit and power; but there can be no difference of opinion respecting the value or effect of the parody of Dr. Parish, introduced without any previous preparation, and followed by an almost burlesque mutilation of a very beautiful text of scripture:

"Was there ever an evening of more dismay, an hour of more sincere sorrow, than when it was reported from room to room, "Professor Hubbard is dying; Professor Hubbard is dead?" Was ever the tolling of the bell more dismal? In your most serious hours, in the awful moment of dissolution, will you not say, Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like *that of Professor Hubbard.*" p. 15.

Bossuet has also the honour of being imitated in the conclusion of the eulogy, where the following idea is borrowed from the last sentence of the Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bourbon:

"Having discharged this last, last office of friendship, I am seriously reminded not only by his death, but my own grey hairs, that I may never stand in this place again." p. 26.

Addressing himself to the dead body of the Prince of Bourbon, the French orator says:

"Vous mettriez fin à tous ces discours: au lieu de dèplorer la mort des autres, grand Prince, dorénavaut je veux apprendre de vous à rendre la mienne sainte. Heureux si averti par ces cheveux blancs du compte que je dois rendre de mon administration, je resèrve au trompeau que je dois nourrer de la parole de vie, les restes d'une voix qui tombe et d'une ardeur qui s' éteint."

We do not accuse Dr. Parish of travelling up to the original French, in order to rifle and mar these splendid passages, because they were rendered much more accessible by one Nancrede, who, several years ago, published a book called the Pulpit Orator, in which he inserted a very bald translation of both these Eloges. To this book we refer the English reader, not only as the source of our author's plagiarisms, but as the foun-

tain from which he has probably drawn some of his false rhetorick.

For a fair specimen of the eulogy we extract a part of one of its episodes, beginning p. 15.

"As the heavens are above the earth, so are the thoughts of God above our thoughts, and his ways above our ways." He forms the noblest agents, the most dutiful sons. They are the lights of the world, the pillars of the world. He breaks these pillars, he extinguishes these lights. We exclaim, 'Wherefore destroyest thou the hope of man? At one time a mighty Genius arises to direct the destiny of nations, to chain the demon of war, to cultivate the arts, to be the guardian of religion. In another period, a celestial spirit is fired with apostolick zeal; like an angel, he flies through the earth, spreading the triumphs of the cross far and wide. He plants the banner of salvation on the strong holds of satan. Tartary, Persia, India, listen to the glad tidings of redemption; Ethiopia stretches out her hands; the isles of the sea welcome the faith of the gospel to their shores. Anon, a luminary of *science* arises; he is the delight of human kind; youth are formed to science and rational religion; a golden age is commencing. In a moment these hopes vanish. From the cottage of Joseph, the son of Mary goes through the villages and cities of Palestine. The inhabitants throng around him; they crowd the house, they cover the roof, where he is; they follow him to the fields and mountains. The lame, the sick, the blind, are healed; the dead are raised. Let a Physician go through the country; he finds no patients; the Son of David has been there. Men hope that disease, and death, and misery, will vanish from the world. Devout souls exclaim, 'Let the Son of David reign; let him extend his travels over the world; let him live forever." While they pray, they behold a multitude ascend mount Calvary; the Prince of Life is nailed to the cross; he bleeds, he dies; disease, and misery, and death, cover the land."

"Perhaps," says Dr. Johnson, "if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason." We submit it to the decision of our readers, whether Dr. Parish wrote the eulogy on Professor Hubbard in a lucid interval.

INTELLIGENCE.

PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DAVY ON HEAT, LIGHT, AND COMBUSTION.

From the London Monthly Magazine, April 1, 1811.

THE opinions advanced by Dr. Davy, during the present lectures at the Royal Institution, relating to combustion, and the nature of heat and light, vary so much from the received doctrines, and are so interesting and important, that we shall here endeavour to give an abstract of them from his different lectures.—Combustion, according to these new doctrines, is not the result of the combination of oxygen with other bodies, by which the oxygen is condensed, and the light and heat given out, as the French chemists assert; nor are heat and light specifick substances, differing from other matter. All bodies, which have a strong chemical affinity or attraction for each other, are found to possess two different states of electricity. Thus, acids are negative, and the alkalies positive. Zinc and mercury, and other metals which possess strong chemical affinities, are also in different states of electricity. This difference in the natural states of electricity, Dr. Davy considered as the cause of chemical affinity. Combustion is the effect of chemical action. In such bodies as combine rapidly together, the particles are violently agitated; and, being separated from each other by their polar repulsions, are thrown off in straight lines through free space, and become radiant heat and light. According to Dr. Davy, the particles of all bodies possess polarity. With many bodies oxygen has a most powerful affinity, and combines with great rapidity; and, during this violent chemical action, much light and heat are produced. Some of the French chemists have asserted, that oxygen is the only support of combustion, and that the light and heat given out comes from the oxygen alone. But light and heat are produced in a variety of instances without the presence of oxygen. Indeed, in all cases where bodies rapidly combine, the phenomena of combustion takes place.—The new metal potassium, or the metal of potass, was placed in a glass vessel

filled with carbonick acid gas; by the heat of a spirit lamp applied to the glass, the metal inflamed in this gas, and gave out a brilliant light. Charcoal was deposited on the side of the glass. In this experiment, it may be said, that the oxygen of the carbonick acid combined with the potassium; but it ought to be recollected, that this oxygen had given out its light and heat. According to Lavoisier, when it combined with charcoal to form carbonick gas, it ought not, therefore, to give out a second time what it had before lost.—In another experiment, potassium and arsenick were placed in a close retort, containing nitrogen gas; by the heat of the spirit lamp they combined rapidly, and, during their combination, much light and heat were produced. Here, if the experiment was properly made, no oxygen was present.—Metals also inflame spontaneously in chlerine gas, (improperly called oxymuriatick acid gas). This gas, Dr. Davy stated, was a simple uncompounded substance, containing no oxygen. His experiments on this subject we shall afterwards mention.—Heat is radiated from the surfaces of all bodies, but in different degrees, according to their nature and colour. Black surfaces absorb and also emit radiant heat more rapidly than others. If a polished surface of metal, and an equal surface of charcoal, be heated to the same degree, and a thermometer be placed at the same distance from each, the charcoal will raise the thermometer more rapidly than the polished metal. This radiation of heat Mr. Leslie had attributed to certain aerial pulsations. Dr. Davy stated, this could not be the case, for heat was more powerfully radiated in vacuo than in the open air. He placed a platina wire in vacuo, and a thermometer at a certain distance from it; the wire was then ignited by means of the voltaick pile; the effect on the thermometer was greater and more rapid than when the same experiment was repeated in the air. All the metals are fused more rapidly in vacuo than in the open air, when acted upon by the voltaick pile, and give out a more intense degree of heat and light. Charcoal, in the same circumstances, ignites with a most brilliant light; and this light may be continued for any length of time, without any change or decomposition of the charcoal. The light and heat, in these experiments, cannot proceed from combinations of oxygen, but may be supposed to originate from the vibrations or violence of action of the

particles of the bodies, which are thus operated upon. This opinion was also adopted by Hooke and Boyle. The experiments of Dr. Herschel had shewn, that the sun constantly emitted invisible rays, (distinct from light,) which produce heat; other invisible rays are also emitted, which have the property of reviving metallick calces. The one he calls, heat making rays, the other, deoxydizing rays. Dr. Davy's opinions respecting light, and other rays emitted from the sun, imply, that he does not believe any of these phenomena will admit of an explanation by the pulsations of an ethereal medium. His observations lead to the supposition, that the particles of light and of other bodies possess polarity.

CATALOGUE,

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR JUNE, 1811.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. *Mart.*

NEW WORKS.

* A Sermon preached on Trinity Sunday, at Trinity Church, by John S. J. Gardiner, rector—in which is proved that the greatest writers in the English language have borne testimony to their faith in the Trinity, viz. Lord Bacon, Tucker, Jenyns, Johnson, Sir William Jones, Edmund Burke, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Young, Cowper. Boston; Munroe and Francis.

* The Principles and Maxims on which the security and happiness of a republick depend: A Sermon, delivered before the Governour, the Lieutenant Governour, the Council, and the two Houses composing the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, May 29, 1811, being the day of General Election. By Thomas Thacher, A. M. A. A. S. pastor of a church in Dedham. Boston; Munroe and French.

* A Sermon delivered at the interment of the Rev. William Emerson, pastor of the first church of Christ in Boston, who died May 12, 1811, in the 43d year of his age. By Joseph Stevens Buckminster, pastor of the church in Brattle Square, Boston. Published by request. Boston: Joseph T. Buckingham.

* An Address to the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society; delivered before the members, at the seventeenth anniversary meeting, May 31st, 1811. By Benjamin Pollard. Boston; Russell and Cutler.

* An Inaugural Dissertation on Insanity: submitted to the publick examination of the trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in the State of New York, Samuel Rand, M. D. President, for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, on the 14th day of May, 1811. By Theodoric Romeyn Beck, A. M. Licentiate in Medicine, of the Medical Society of the county of New York. J Seymour.

*Such books, pamphlets, etc. as are designated by this mark (*) may be found at the Boston Athenæum.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Missionary, an Indian Tale, by Miss Owenson, with a portrait. New York; the Franklin Company.

* A correct Map of Vermont State, from actual Survey; exhibiting the county and town lines, rivers, lakes, ponds, public roads, &c. By James Whitelaw, Esq. surveyor general. Boston; John West and Co.

* A popular and easy introduction to Botany, in a series of familiar letters, with twelve illustrative engravings; by Priscilla Wakefield, author of Mental Improvement, Leisure Hours, &c. &c. Boston; Joshua Belcher.

Report of the Trial of George Ryan, before the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, for Highway Robbery. Boston; John West and Co.

An Introduction to Algebra; with Notes and Observations, designed for use of schools and places of publick education. By John Bonycastle. 2d American edition, revised and corrected. Price $1. New York; Samuel Wood.

T. B. Wait and Co. have just published Vol. I. of a Geographical and Historical View of the World: exhibiting a complete delineation of the natural and artificial features of each country; and a succinct narrative of the origin of the different nations, their political revolutions, and progress in arts, sciences, literature, commerce, &c. The whole comprising all that is important in the geography of the globe and the history of mankind. By John Bigland, author of "Letters on Ancient and Modern History," "Essays on various subjects," &c. &c. in five volumes. Vol. II. of the same work is in press, and will be published in a few weeks.

W. Wells and T. B. Wait and Co. have published the Christian Observer for January, February, and March, 1811. The number for April is now in press.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

J. Low, New York, proposes publishing by subscription, Meditations and Contemplations on the Sufferings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in which the history of the passions, as given by the four Evangelists, is connected, harmonized, and explained: with suitable prayers and offices of devotion. By J. Rambach, D. D. late of the university of Goshen.

Isaiah Thomas, jun. has in press the sixth volume of Dr. Lathrop's Sermons, being a collection of that celebrated divine's Occasional Sermons, preached on various important occasions, and interspersed with several original ones, which have never before appeared in print.

Samuel T. Armstrong proposes to print by subscription, in one volume 12mo. Sermons to Mariners, by Abiel Abbot, A. M. pastor of the first church in Beverly. It will comprize about 270 pages, at $1, bound and lettered.

T. B. Wait & Co. have in press, The Philosophy of Rhetorick. By George Campbell, D. D. F. R. S. Edin. Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. A new edition, with the author's last additions and corrections.

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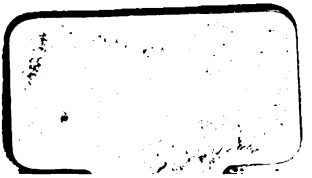
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